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THE JOURNAL
OF
MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

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MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, 1884.

THE JOURNAL
OF
MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

TRANSLATED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY
MATHILDE BLIND.

WITH TWO PORTRAITS.

VOL. I.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:
LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.
1890.
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INTRODUCTION.

AN autobiography such as this Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff—a book in the nude, breathing and palpitating with life so to say—has never, to my knowledge, been given to the world. In some sense, therefore, its publication may be looked upon as a literary event. To read it is an education in psychology. For in this startling record a human being has chosen to lay before us “the very pulse of the machine,” to show us the momentary feelings and impulses, the uninvited back-stair thoughts passing like a breath across our consciousness, which we ignore for the most part when presenting our mental harvest to the public. Is it well, is it ill done to make the world our father confessor, to take it into our most intimate and secret confidence? Difficult to say, but in any case it is supremely interesting. For it is like possessing one of the much envied fairy gifts which enabled one to see through stone walls and to hear the thoughts as they passed through a man’s head. We may like this book or not; we may find the personality revealed in it adorable or repellent; but no one can deny that it is a genuine addition to our knowledge of human nature. “In any case,” as its young author says, with striking penetration, “it is at least interesting as a human document,” and more particularly so as a document about feminine nature, of which as yet we know so little. Indeed, most of our knowledge comes to us second-hand, through the medium of men with their cut-and-dried theories as to what women are or ought to be.

Now here is a girl, the story of whose life as told by herself may be called the drama of a woman’s soul; at odds with destiny, as such a soul must needs be, when endowed

with great powers and possibilities, under the present social conditions ; where the wish to live, of letting whatever energies you possess have their full play in action, is continually thwarted by the impediments and restrictions of sex. A girl with the ambition of a Cæsar—as she herself says—smouldering under her crop of red golden hair, has a hard time of it, though her head repose on down pillows edged with the costliest of laces ; such a girl may well be fretted into a fever by the loving care of her affectionate aunts and uncles, and grandparents, &c. &c. Did we but know it the same revolts, the same struggles, the same helpless rage, have gone on in many another woman's life for want of scope for her latent powers and faculties.

But Marie Bashkirtseff is too complex and versatile a nature to be taken in illustration of any particular theory ; she is made up of heterogeneous elements, and her mutability of mood is a constant surprise to the reader. She never wholly yields herself up to any fixed rule of conduct, or even passion, being swayed this way or that by the intense impressionability of her nature. She herself recognises this anomaly in the remark : " My life can't endure ; I have a deal too much of some things and a deal too little of others, and a character not made to last." The very intensity of her desire to seize life at all points seems to defeat itself, and she cannot help stealing side glances at ambition during the most romantic *tête-à-tête* with a lover, or of being tortured by visions of unsatisfied love when art should have engrossed all her faculties. For she wants everything at once—whatever success Fortune has to offer its favourites, the glamour of youth and beauty, rank and wealth with their glittering gifts, the artist's fame, the power of a queen of society—all, all, or nothingness ! She hardly realised in her passionate self-absorption and egotism how much she asked, or what a niggard Fate is to the claims of individual man. I was strangely reminded of her on my return from Paris last autumn, where I had been to see her pictures and

the house with its splendid studio where the last years of Marie Bashkirtseff's life were spent. Near me, on the Calais boat, sat a beautiful little French boy between three and four years old, staring intently at the sea below. Suddenly he looked round and asked, as if the thought had just struck him, "Is this the sea, Mamma?" On her replying in the affirmative, he said in the most matter-of-fact tone, "Mamma, I want to drink up the whole sea."

"*Maman, je voudrais boire toute la mer,*" said this delicate, golden-haired mite of a boy, his earnest eyes fixed on the welter of waters just lit for a moment with the stormy crimson of a sudden sunset. This wish—childish but not unnatural where the limits of personality are unrealised—seemed like an echo, the mocking echo of Marie Bashkirtseff's life.

Did not she too want to drink up the whole sea, the whole of life, embracing the entire circle of sensations, but finding only a few poor pitiful spoonfuls doled out to her instead, dash herself to pieces, in her ineffectual rage at the obstacles she encountered. How well she knew herself is shown by her saying, "If I could keep a little quieter I might live another twenty years." But she was too intensely modern for repose. Born in an age of railways and electric telegraphs, she wanted to live by steam. Terribly moving, when we remember the sequel, is that bitter cry of hers, the very burden of her Journal: "Oh, to think that we live but once and that life is so short! When I think of it I am quite beside myself, and my brain reels with despair"

"We live but once, and my time is being wasted in the most unworthy fashion. These days which are passing are passing never to return.

"We live but once! And must life, so short already, be shortened still further; must it be spoilt—nay, stollen—yes, stolen by infamous circumstances?"

This violent temperament, full of stress and tumult, may

be partly due to the opposing tendencies of heredity and actual circumstances. For Marie Bashkirtseff, although in a measure the product of modern French life, and moulded by cosmopolitan influences, is nevertheless intensely Russian. Her personality is a singular mixture of untutored instincts joined to an ultra-modern subtlety of brain and nerves. She has the wild Cossack blood in her veins, but on her back the last fashionable novelty by Worth. Her religion offers the same curious compound of primitive idolatry and philosophical reasoning. Not only is she apt, as Mr. Gladstone so happily expresses it, "to treat the Almighty as she treated her grandfather, *en égal*," the nature of her prayers is essentially similar to a savage's worship of his idol—inclined to be extremely devout if his requests are granted; but likely to turn restive and make away with his fetish if the latter remains deaf to him. And the singularity is that while she is acting her religious part with immense fervour, devoutly saying her prayers as she kneels on the floor, she doesn't believe in God at all. Indeed, she acutely dissects the nature of religious beliefs, while continuing in her half-belief; for, as she says in her naïve cynicism, "*cela n'engage à rien.*" Yet she was full of profound intuitions—unexpected flashes of insight that opened out perspectives into the infinite mysteries of spiritual experience. She startles the reader every now and then in the very midst of her wounded vanities and lamentations over her wasted life of sixteen summers by assuring him that she is not to be taken quite seriously, that, after all, it is not so very sad, and that the sadness itself and the sighs, the tears and the wringing of hands, are part of the play, at which the other Ego—the over-soul as Emerson would say—is all the time present as at a spectacle. This unknown factor of human consciousness, aloof and indifferent to misery and pain—nay, even enjoying misery and pain—is often referred to by the youthful writer, showing that Marie was

above all a born critic of life—love and sorrow, passion and pain serving but as the raw material for the development of thought and analysis. In this respect her Journal is a far more complete expression of her individuality than her pictures are. And it is possible that the novel—the most modern of all forms of art—might have afforded the fullest scope for the development of her genius. For the novel, treated with the conscientious precision of scientific analysis, is the distinctive feature of Russian literature. But the question is whether she was not too much taken up with herself to enter into other lives with the sympathetic insight required for the delineation of human character. Be that as it may, she has produced a book of more absorbing interest than any novel can ever be—a book with all the attraction of romance, and yet a mirror reflecting life in its passage from day to day. Indeed, the unique interest of this Journal arises from the fact that the writer, in the very ardour of the moment, finds relief in recording her impressions; and while in the act of experiencing a variety of sensations, she is yet able to treat herself, and others in contact with herself, as objects of dispassionate observation, to be used with minute fidelity in the representation of human existence.

In order to understand this composite, abnormal, prematurely-developed nature, it is necessary to have some knowledge of her family and circumstances. Marie Bashkirtseff was born at Poltava, in the Ukraine, on the 11th of November, 1860. The vast steppes and stirring traditions of her native land form the appropriate background for this extraordinary child, full of quenchless ardour and explosive force. Her father, the son of General Paul Gregorievitch Bashkirtseff, was a wealthy landed proprietor, belonging to the Russian gentry, and Maréchal de Noblessé, in the above-mentioned town. In some respects he seems to have been a specimen of that type of Russian noble which Tolstoi has so inimitably portrayed in Oblonsky, the brother of Anna Karénine, the gay Lothario who

makes love to his wife's governess, and drives poor Dolly to distraction. M. Bashkirtseff, some members of whose family had died of consumption, took to wife a Mlle. Babanine, a tall, healthy, and beautiful young girl, whose family were of older nobility than his own, being of supposed Tartar origin, "of the first invasion." Marie's maternal grandfather was a fine specimen of the nobleman of the generation which had been stirred by the poems of Poushkine and Lermontoff. He was enlightened and studious, had written verse in Byron's style, and served in the Caucasus, and, while still very young, got married to a girl of fifteen, a Mlle. Cornélius, who bore him a family of nine children. The union of Marie's parents not proving a happy one, chiefly owing to M. Bashkirtseff's persistence in sowing his wild oats after marriage, the young wife left him after a few years of wedded misery, and returned to her parents, with her two children, Paul and Marie. They lived all together at Tcherniakowka, M. Babanine's country house, whose exquisitely laid-out grounds evinced the artistic taste of their proprietor. Marie, then a frail and delicate child, became the idol of her grandmother and of her aunt—the unmarried sister of Mme. Bashkirtseff. A fortune-teller, whom Marie's mother consulted, predicted: "Your son will be like the rest of the world, but your daughter will be a star."

In 1870, after the death of her mother, Mme. Bashkirtseff left Russia, accompanied by her father, her unmarried sister, her little niece Dina, Walitzky, the faithful family doctor, governesses, nurses, and dogs of various descriptions. They went to Vienna, travelled through Germany, and became henceforth part of that floating Russian population which drinks the waters at Baden-Baden, stakes its thousands at Monte Carlo, and looks upon Paris as its earthly paradise. Thus, from the age of ten, Marie may be said to have begun seeing the world; and she kept her eyes and ears wide open all the time, taking object lessons in life, learning many things which might have been more wisely left unlearned. Glimpses of fashionable

society at Baden-Baden gave her many a pang of unsatisfied vanity. Yet her thirst for distinction did not suffer her to rest idle. From the age of four, we are told, visions of future greatness had haunted her brain. She imagines herself in turn the first dancer, the finest singer, the most accomplished harp-player in existence; she electrifies masses of men by the magnetism of her eloquence; she dreams of marrying the Czar, and so saving his throne by inaugurating social reforms which shall bless the Sovereign and his people. True, this was in her nursery days, if such days ever existed for her. But, in any case, she is determined to play a leading part on the stage of life.

Her Journal, the earlier portions of which she destroyed, opens at Nice in January, 1873, when she was twelve years old. It is written in French, as Marie possessed but an imperfect knowledge of Russian. Like most great poets, from Dante to Byron, she was bound to fall in love at this early stage of her existence. But no rapt and saintly vision clothed in the purity of dawn passes across her vision; this child of the nineteenth century is of the earth earthy, and fully alive to the value of a coronet. For she fixed her affections on an English duke, the most conspicuous figure amid the brilliant throng driving along the Promenade des Anglais. It is difficult to make out how much of her adoration is due to the classical features of this horsey Briton, and how much to the faultless appointment of his four-in-hand. Of course, they had never met or exchanged a word, and the noble duke was ignorant of the very existence of this funny little girl in short frocks within whose soul his memory burned like a lamp. A poor ideal at the best for a devotee to kneel before, but such as it was it was kept alight for a couple of years or so, being finally quenched by the announcement of the duke's marriage, which rudely dispelled the day-dream once for all. Marie suffered agonies for a time, agonies quite different, she confesses, from "what I

formerly endured when a wall paper or a piece of furniture displeased me."

But amid the distractions of imaginary love-dreams, of change and travel, this young girl managed to acquire a surprising amount of knowledge. She threw herself into study with the same passionate intensity that marks her life in all its phases. At thirteen she drew up a plan of study which she had thought out as carefully as though she were preparing to take a degree. She learned English, Italian, and German, Latin and Greek, drawing and music. But music was her most engrossing interest at this time, for her magnificent voice might have helped her to realise her wildest dreams had it not been early impaired by the fatal disease which ultimately ruined it. Education in the moral sense of the word—which would have helped to supply that moderation and harmony of the faculties, for want of which she probably perished earlier than she otherwise might have done—she had absolutely none. There was not a member of her family, indeed, capable of guiding or controlling her, and while acquiring knowledge and accomplishments of all kinds with intuitive facility, she remained in regard to moral training as undisciplined as a wild colt of the steppes. She was too keen an observer not to admit some years later that while her family had spoilt her in her childhood, it had done nothing to aid her development. For in spite of their eccentricity they were commonplace people after all, indolent as only Russians know how to be, given to endless procrastination, enough to drive an energetic nature crazy. Though always more or less on the move, it took them weeks before they fairly got under way, and this interregnum, when the furniture would be stowed away, the domestic arrangements upset, the boxes ready packed in the passage, used to drive Marie, who hated interruptions, half frantic.

The journey through Italy, with the sight of its churches, palaces, museums, and picture-galleries, was a new and thrilling

interest to Mlle. Bashkirtseff a born artist down to her pretty pink finger tips ; her fashion of seeing, admiring, criticising the most celebrated masterpieces of painting and sculpture is refreshingly amusing and original. She takes nothing on trust. She is undaunted by names that have gathered authority from the suffrages of centuries. What most closely resembles nature, she says, pleases her most. The ideality of Raphael, the magic of Titian, the haunting mystery of Leonardo, leave her unawed, and she utters strange heresies—which give the relish of a sauce piquante to her crude and youthful criticisms, containing always a considerable admixture of truth, as when she is speaking of the card-board painting of Raphael, and the magnificent but stupid Venuses of Titian—enough to make the orthodox in art shudder ! Why should this young observer take it for granted that those old masters are so impeccable ? She comes of a new race and looks at things from a new point of view. She has little reverence, less awe, no gratitude for the sacred debt we owe to the past. She, a child of fifteen, pronounces judgment on the masters of Venice and Florence. But how difficult it is to steer clear between abject conformity and parrot-like repetition of long accepted verdicts on the one hand, and on the other an originality of view which leaves you entirely at the mercy of your personal idiosyncrasy. However eccentric at times, Marie Bashkirtseff's opinions have, at any rate, always the merit of being home-made.

It may be said she was a born impressionist. Long before she had ever heard of the existence of such a school she belonged to it. It was in the air ; and being as sensitive as a thermometer she answered to all the changes in the intellectual atmosphere of her time. Nothing is more singular than the way in which she reflects the political events of the day. She seems intuitively to feel the public pulse, and without any personal object in view to change as it changes as naturally as a chameleon alters its colour according to the objects by which it happens to be

surrounded. In this respect she would have made a capital leader writer. Indeed, among her innumerable ambitions was that of writing for one of the French papers, and one of the finest pieces of style in her Journal is unquestionably the glowing description of Gambetta's funeral. At such times the excessive egotism which fills the universe with her personality is obliterated, and her enthusiasm and eloquence carry everything before them. For she has the power of letting her soul be swept out by the wave of some great national emotion ; only to recoil back upon herself, as, for example, when she confesses to wondering whether some caller had given her credit for the tears she had shed over Gambetta's death.

But to take up the biographical thread again. The stay at Rome in 1876 marks a fresh period in Marie Bashkirtseff's development. The city of the Cæsars and the Popes, with its historic greatness fallen into decay, yet so glorious still, acts upon her like strong wine. "Its beauties and ruins intoxicate me," she exclaims in her enthusiasm, and with her wonted impulse to become that which she admires, she wants to be "Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Caracalla, the Devil, the Pope!" Her brain and blood were on fire, her beauty increased in charm, her intellect in subtlety ; with her unique power of assimilation she became a portion of that fierce, dreamy, enchanted Roman life. Wonders of art and history, rides on the Corso, balls and masquerades of the Carnival, with youth and love and beauty sweetening the whole—what more can mortal want ? A romance with all the accessories complete ! Pietro A——, the dark-eyed young Roman "with a moustache of twenty-three," was in turn passionate and playful, soft yet daring, with that finished grace and perfection of manner which come natural to the thoroughbred Italian. This nephew of a powerful Cardinal, possibly of a future Pope, was not a suitor to be wholly scorned nor yet to be heartily accepted. He had no great career in view, was still

dependent on his family for support, and skimmed along the surface of life like the gay butterfly he was. But this *fichu fils de prêtre*, as she mockingly calls him in her diary, had a potent charm for the ambitious young Russian—a charm which made her loth to let him go, and long for his return. Was it first love or the fancy of an hour, the caprice of a coquette or an experiment in love-making? Perhaps a little of all these, for with so complex a nature, analytical at once and emotional, it was difficult for her to be quite genuine and simple. But since her own account of the matter is a mass of contradictions, how shall any outsider determine whether her heart had been really touched, or merely the "feminine envelope" which was so excessively feminine. There is the description of that wild ride in the Campagna; of those long evening hours when sitting apart from the rest she listened to Pietro's passionate declarations of love with his burning eyes thrilling her pulses; of that secret midnight interview at the foot of the staircase in the gloomy old palace, with its inane repetitions of "I love you" and the bewildering glances and heart throbs; and that kiss on the mouth which, for months and years afterwards, stung her with intolerable shame whenever she remembered it—all these glowing moments seem to rise up with an assurance that she loved her Roman lover for the time being—probably the happiest time of her life. But she never lost herself in her love. Either it was not strong enough, or she was too strong for it. Her egotism, her microscopic analysis of her own and her lover's feelings, her craving ambition, which made her regard marriage as the ladder by which to reach the palaces, pictures, jewels, all the glittering accidents of fortune for which she thirsted—all these counter currents of her nature acted as opposing influences, and diminished her capability for love. For the rest, some years later, she declares love to be an impossibility to her. "Would you really know the truth?" she cries "Well, then, I am neither painter, sculptor, nor musician,

neither woman, daughter nor friend! Everything finally resolves itself into a subject for observation, reflection, and analysis. A look, a voice, a face, a joy, a pain, are immediately weighed, examined, noted and classified, and when I have noted it down I am content." What is this but saying in other words that she is a poet, a painter, a psychologist, and that her brain, in its enormous activity, draws to itself and consumes all the other elements of her being. In her poem, "A Musical Instrument," Mrs. Browning has expressed something of the same kind by that metaphor of the reed that has had the pith taken out of it, and henceforth gives forth the sweetest sounds at Pan's bidding, but will never grow again "As a reed with the reeds in the river."

Everything was tending to concentrate Marie Bashkirtseff's thoughts on art. It opened to her a refuge in which her self-tormenting soul might find some peace by giving her an outlet for her restless energy. The great match she had sometimes planned with cool worldliness, seemed beyond her reach. Even the journey to Russia, whither Marie went to bring about some sort of reconciliation between her parents, with a view to her own settlement in life, had no result so far. She boasted many devoted slaves, admirers who gratified her insatiable vanity, but most of them, man-like, after having been attracted by her personal fascination, dropped off frightened at her vast superiority to themselves. As for her, she would none of them, and one after another of her parents' matrimonial arrangements fell to the ground. After the brilliant experiences of Nice, Rome, and Paris, provincial life in Russia, when the first novelty had worn off, proved rather flat.

The manners and customs of her countrymen repelled, and shocked her in many ways. During her second visit in 1882 to Gavronzi, her father's country house, two young princes, Victor and Basil, came to see them, evidently appearing on the scene as desirable suitors for Marie's hand. They

were apparently men of the world, the eldest having an air of distinction, and she had taken a good deal of pains with her own appearance in honour of these young nobles. But what were her sensations when she saw the youngest, the Prince Basil, kicking and digging his spurs into his coachman, who had got drunk according to his wont. No wonder she had a creepy feeling down her spine, and was eager to get away from a country whose people crawl in the dust before such men as these.

Art, always the delight, now became the master-passion of Marie Bashkirtseff, and in 1877 she finally determined to devote her life to it. About this time she speaks quaintly enough of the old age of her youth; indeed, living as she did so much faster than ordinary mortals, years were hardly the measure of her age. At any rate, she had already outlived many illusions, cast many things behind her, and knew a good deal of what was going on behind the scenes of life. When she entered Julian's life-school in Paris, where women, though working in a separate *atelier*, enjoyed precisely the same advantages as the male art students, she registered a solemn vow: "In the name of the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost! I have decided to live in Paris, where I shall study, and in the summer go for recreation to the springs. All my fancies are over, and I feel that the time has come for me to take a step. This is no ephemeral decision like so many others, but a final one; and may the Divine protection be with me!" From a life of change and excitement she now passed to the monotony of real hard work. Each morning at nine she was driven to the studio, going home for the twelve o'clock *déjeuner*, and returning at one for the afternoon. Her astonishing capacity became a wonder to her masters, who would hardly believe that she had had no previous instruction save the regulation school-girl "lessons. Her daily progress is minutely recorded in the Journal with constant changes from elation to despondency. She flung

her whole ardent soul into her work with a fierce determination to conquer the technique of her art, and she had every encouragement to persevere, Julian assuring her one day that her draughtsmanship, considering the shortness of time she had been at work, was actually phenomenal. "Take your drawing," he said, "take it to any of our first artists, I don't care whom, and ask him how much time is required to draw from the life like that, and no one—do you hear?—no one will believe it possible to have done it in less than a year; and then tell them that after a month or six weeks you draw from the life with that solidity and power." After eleven months of study the medal was awarded to Mlle. Bashkirtseff by Robert Fleury, Bouguereau, Lefèvre, Boulanger, and Cot.

Little by little a great change came over her. She grew more serious, concentrated, and profound. A deeper sympathy stirred within her, a keener perception of the many-coloured humanity around. Her bosom-thoughts were not entirely given to the favourites of fortune, she dwelt occasionally on the outcast by the wayside, on the child-waif housed by the street. True, there was a picturesqueness in dirt and rags which she looked for in vain in the fine mansions and spacious avenues of the Champs Elysées. But the attraction which these sights possessed was deeper rooted than that. It had its origin in a vivid feeling for the tragic contrasts in man's lot, and later on might have turned her into a painter, with so profound a grip of reality as to invest the everyday life around with the impressiveness of history. There are passages in her Journal, describing the drama of the street, that are like flashes of inspiration. She reads subtle meanings in the looks, the attitudes, the movements of passers-by, and suggestions of human tragedies in many a face caught sight of in the crowd. Mothers with children in arms, *boulevardiers* smoking in a *café*, the sight of a pretty girl leaning on a counter selling funeral wreaths with a smile on her lips—these things strike her as the very

stuff to be turned to the artist's use, and as fit for the brush as when

—“Some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.”

Indeed, it was a keen delight to Marie Bashkirtseff to escape from her elegant world and go prowling through the Quartier Latin, looking for rare old editions, for plaster casts, for skulls. The music shops, the bookstalls along the Seine, the busy throng of students and workpeople, appealed to her artistic sense, and the contradictory creature even took to chiding her luck, in that she had been born to wealth and luxury. This change of mood was partly due to her rivalry with one of her fellow-students, the most gifted of them—a young Swiss lady called Breslau, who, living plainly and laboriously in true art-student fashion, appeared to her rival more fortunate, in being wholly free from worldly distractions. This promising artist, who had begun some years earlier than Marie, was a thorn in her side, for she continually tested herself by the attainments of the former, making careful calculations as to whether, at such and such a date, her work had been equal or superior, or the reverse, of what she was capable of producing herself. Indeed, one of the worst traits of Mlle. Bashkirtseff's character is her abiding jealousy, nay envy—though she repudiates the word—of her fellow-student, whose success robbed her of sleep, whose failure gave her a thrill of relief. She seems to have been incapable of that glow of enthusiasm which in youth at least cements the comradeship of followers of the same art. But in extenuation we may say with Blake—

“The poison of the honey bee
Is the artist's jealousy.”

In speaking of Marie Bashkirtseff as a born impressionist, I referred to her instinct and temperament even more than to her bias as an artist. For she belongs to the naturalist rather than the impressionist school. To reproduce the real

as faithfully as may be, to catch hold of the life of to-day, the common life of the streets, vagabonds, gamins, working-people, strollers, convicts, and what not—this is her great object. She asks to be face to face with actual facts, instead of dealing with figments of the fancy; to present the “living life” through the medium of colour as she so triumphantly managed to convey it through that of words. What she aims at above all therefore is expression—truth of expression. Not beauty, not invention, not—

“The light that never was on sea or land.”

That light is precisely what she scorns. No, no, give her the light as it slants across a dingy wall in a narrow Parisian back street, on which a boy has scrawled a gallows; or the rain dully beating on a tattered umbrella. That is nature, the nature we see most commonly about us, and which we can render with the greatest accuracy of presentment.

For she is an enthusiastic disciple of Zola, the master of a school which has set the ugly in the place of the beautiful, as Milton’s Satan called on evil to be his good. In reading some of the novels, and looking at some of the pictures produced by the latter-day followers of this gospel of the gutter, one would say that nature was one universal chamber of horrors. There is enough and to spare, no doubt, but it would be well to remember sometimes that the sun is still shining in the sky, and man not absolutely a brute. Even in our own day, with our own eyes we have seen the angel in the man; the names of Mazzini, of Gordon, of Damien, have made us sad and glad, and it is as well to remember that they are as much part and parcel of human nature as the drunkard of “L’Assommoir” and the scoundrel of “L’Immortel.” Yet in justice it must be said that the reading of the former novel called out Marie’s sympathies for the sufferings of the people in a way that nothing else had ever done, the description of their misery making her positively ill, and leaving a permanent mark

behind. If she seemed by preference to select ugly subjects for presentation, it must not be forgotten that she went in for rendering what she saw, and that she lived in the Paris of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Had she remained in her native Ukraine it might have been different with her, for she might have found subjects to her hand as full of character as they were of beauty and originality. Indeed, she was intensely sensitive to the beauty of life, as her jubilant admiration of Spain proves very conclusively. A word must be said here about her journey to that country, which was the turning point of her career as an artist. She was a pupil when she went there, a painter on her return. Formerly she had only seen the drawing and the subject. Now she seemed suddenly to have acquired a new sense, and atmosphere and colour stood revealed. Velasquez took her by storm. His unrivalled technique, his brush-power, the monumental realism of his work, made her raise "herself on tip-toe to catch the secret of his divine truthfulness." Fashion may have had something to do with this unbounded enthusiasm. For though original in her judgments, Marie Bashkirtseff is the most impressionable of human beings, and the name of Velasquez was the rallying cry of the naturalists.

Not only Velasquez, however, the entire country stirred her artistic faculties as nothing else had ever done before. The fantastic old churches and palaces born of the marriage of Moorish and Gothic art, the fairy-like gardens full of the murmur of fountains falling between beds of violets; the grace of the black-eyed Spanish women and supple-limbed gipsies in the tortuous streets, turning into pictures with every chance grouping and accident of light and shade—here, indeed, the common stuff of life was food for the painter's canvas. Pen and pencil became equally inspired, and her descriptions of Spanish life and scenery, of the bull-fights and cigarette makers and convicts, are among the most powerful and picturesque pieces of writing in the Journal. There is an aptness

in her phrase, a crisp clearness of outline and vigour of presentiment making these passages worthy of a master of style.

The fire of inspiration caught from the genius of Velasquez and Ribera, and the architectural marvels of Toledo and Granada, burned with a steady flame during the short span of life still left to this marvellous girl.

In August, 1882, she painted *The Umbrella*, remarkable for the striking truth and precision in the delineation of character, the Holbeinlike accuracy of the drawing, the vigour of the pose. It is the picture of a girl of twelve wrapping her old shawl round her as she stands impassive, with wind-blown hair facing the rain under a bent umbrella of Gamp-like dimensions. The expression of the stolid face full of that pathos of mute suffering which occasionally startles one in the looks of animals is a piece of admirable realism. The same vigour and solidity of handling are evinced in *Jean et Jacques*, exhibited in the Salon of 1883. Two boys, the elder brother holding the reluctant little one by the hand, trudge to school with unwilling steps. Jean, sucking a leaf between his lips as a make-belief cigarette, his cap rakishly on the back of his head, and umbrella tucked under his right arm, has the business-like air of those children of the poor who are left in charge of babies from the time they could toddle. A more ambitious effort in the same line, and a really fine picture, *Le Meeting*, was begun in April, 1883. The title was a stroke of wit, when applied to half-a-dozen lads discussing the use to which a piece of string is to be applied with the excitement of politicians over a question of state. We know them, these gamins de Paris, these young habitués of the gutter, flocking together like hungry sparrows, picking up their food anyhow, yet managing to grow in a devil-may-care sort of way. Little love, less learning, falls to their share, yet the great city is their schoolmaster, and for aught we know they may hear "sermons in stones," though not sermons of the orthodox, but rather of the Louise Michel kind. But they

are not altogether a bad sort. True, that big, thin legged fellow with the fox-like look, laying down the law to the audience, may grow up to brew mischief in the State, but at present the lucky find of a stray nest or length of stick yields him a throb of satisfaction. A set of ugly, unwashed, badly-clothed ragamuffins. You or I passing them in the street might have looked another way to avoid seeing their dirty rags. Yet how interesting, how full of life and character they are, just a group snatched out of the busy throng, and still warm and breathing, translated into the language of art. Though grey and sombre in colour this picture is harmonious, nay, even brilliant in tone. It has a real atmosphere, and the figures stand out vigorously from the gloomy background of the street, partly blocked up by a wooden paling. The naturalness of the composition, the admirable truth of the general effect, the vigour of the execution, the sense it gives us of latent force instinctively assimilating and reproducing the pictorial elements of common life, combine to make *Le Meeting* a memorable performance for a girl of twenty-two who had only started on her artistic career five years previously.

Expression being her *forte*, as might be expected portraiture is one of Mario Bashkirtseff's strong points. She has done nothing more successful and admirable than the pastel of her cousin *Dina*, to be seen in the Luxembourg, as well as *Le Meeting*. Her portraits of Mme. P. B., her sister-in-law, of Bojidar Karageorgevitch the Servian Prince, and of Mlle. de Canrobert, bear the unmistakable stamp of being characteristic likenesses. The latter is particularly noticeable for the ease and freedom in the lines of the figure; though rough in workmanship there is style in the pose, and in the treatment there seems a suggestion of Mr. Whistler's manner.

Landscapes with figures also attracted the young artist; and the word-painting of some of her projected works in

that line—such as the description of the funeral of a peasant girl in spring, whose coffin is carried to its last resting place through a blossoming apple orchard—is as lovely a piece of writing as we know. She imagines the delicate harmonies of pale pinks, the infantine green of the new leaves and untrodden grass, the delicious blue of the rain-washed April sky, hues that have the soft and soothing effect of a flute heard across the waters of a lake; and amid all that glory of young leaf and blossom the bier of the dead girl, and some rough old country people by the wayside, as gnarled and rugged as the bronzed trunks of the apple-trees.

The two subjects of that kind which she actually did paint are full of charm and suggestiveness. The one is an avenue in autumn, breathing of desolation and decay. There is something almost human in the miserable look of the trees stripped of their sumptuous clothing, and shivering in their bones, so to speak. A dull, deadly mist steals up the path like a shroud which invisible hands are bringing to cover the earth. The ghostly air of abandonment fully gives the sentiment of this phase of nature; and, indeed, landscape painters agree that autumn, with its mists and rich discolourations, is the most pictorial of all the seasons. The other, called *Spring*, painted at Sèvres in April, 1884, was the first of her pictures which found its way to Russia; and that, too, in a manner most flattering to the artist, for it was bought, early in the year 1888, by the cousin of the Czar, the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinowitch, not only a distinguished connoisseur, but himself something of a painter and poet. It is now in his gallery at the Marble Palace, which contains several works of the highest merit. In this picture Marie Bashkirtseff attempted to express the inmost spirit of spring by line and colour—the rush of sap in the vegetation, the exquisite modulations of green, the little yellow flowers in the grass, the sheen of white and pink blossoms; in short, the mysterious fermentation of revival

culminating in the person of a rustic girl half asleep under an apple-tree. She is meant to express that "drowsy numbness" of extreme physical enjoyment which Keats so magically describes in the "Ode to a Nightingale." A frame of mind in which, as the downright painter says, she would easily have succumbed to the first young boor who would see her sitting there.

But we do not realise Marie Bashkirtseff's astonishing energy, power of work, and devotion to her art, till we have seen the quantity of sketches, designs, and studies from life, which she managed to produce between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. These have been carefully preserved by the pious love of Mme. Bashkirtseff in the house where her daughter spent the two or three last years of her life in a kind of artistic delirium, laying in a picture, modelling in wet clay, improvising wondrous tunes, studying Homer, Livy, and Dante, stretching the hours into days by the number of sensations she managed to cram them with.

Well might Marie say that there was nothing wanting to her artist's happiness in the way she was lodged. She had a whole storey entirely appropriated to herself. The spacious *atelier* has a splendid light, and a gallery running round it, the whole being crowded from floor to ceiling with her work. There is the first portrait she painted—a woman in a blue dress—of which the most noticeable feature is the treatment of the hands and fair silky hair. *The Study of a Fisherman of Nice*, browned by the sun, with that rich flesh colour, to which the blue sea acts as a foil, is a powerful bit of character. *The Comtesse de Toulouse Reading* shows a more delicate feeling for beauty than is usual with her; the action of the long, white fingers passing through the waves of golden hair being masterly in treatment. So is the sketch of a baby at the breast. There is something almost fiercely realistic about it; only a breast and the infant's face;

but the blue-veined temples, the blue-pink tones of the cheeks and unfinished little nose, the energy of the sucking lips, are caught to the life. The head of the convict she painted at Granada shows the influence of the Spanish school. It is a face full of expression, the sinister physiognomy looking out from the canvas with a strange vividness. The same influence is shown in the masterly study of a pair of hands. They reveal a character, and suggest a story—a tragedy, if you will. I know not what of ages of pain and endurance is conveyed by those long, bony, corded hands, but they are not easily forgotten. More of a finished work is the picture of a child of nine walking through an avenue with a bottle in one hand and a tin pail in the other. The soft blue of the gown harmonises very happily with the neutral tints of the ground and the trunks of the trees. The naïve expression of the child, and the action of the sturdy little feet are admirably true to nature. The general effect is full of poetry of the Wordsworth kind.

But it is impossible here to give a detailed account of the many things of interest contained in this studio. The general impression left on the mind is that Marie Bashkirtseff excels in the vitality of her work. Everything she touches catches life from her fingers. Insignificant in subject, ugly, uninviting it may be, but it lives, and makes you feel that it does. Herein lies her great gift, and one she so highly prized! But she has other qualities as a painter. She can paint atmosphere so that her figures are well detached from the background, and there is no confusion of objects; she is noticeable for her effects of delicate gradations of light, and her colour has a subdued sweetness of tone, rather sober for so ardent a nature.

The fine library leading out of the *atelier* shows what a student and lover of books Marie Bashkirtseff must have been. Valuable editions of the Greek and Roman classics stand in orderly rows along the shelves. The literatures of Italy,

France, Germany, England, and Russia, are represented by all their chief authors. A striking photograph of Zola, for whom this artist entertained so pronounced an admiration, hangs on the wall opposite the writing table. But these rooms contained what seemed to bring Marie Bashkirtseff in the flesh more vividly before me than the books and the furniture, the statues and pictures, and all the rest of it. Only a cupboard full of little shoes—house-shoes, dress-shoes, ball-shoes—but what a world of pathos was there not in those bits of leather or satin which had shod those small Cinderella-like feet, of which the young girl was almost as vain as of her beautiful hands. For Marie was much occupied with her appearance, fond of dress, and had more than the ordinary share of a woman's love of attracting admiration. She had a finely developed figure of middle height, hair of a golden red, the brilliant complexion that usually accompanies a tendency to consumption, and a face which, without being regularly handsome, captivated you by the fire and energy of its expression. Photographs could never do her justice, it seems, as the want of colour deprived her of that unrivalled freshness and fairness which constituted her chief beauty. But her real spell lay in the intense vitality which shone out of her deep grey eyes, as it glowed through all her writing and painting. Even the illness which was to carry her off added fuel to the flame, and she might well say—"I am like a candle cut in four and burning at all ends." For consumption, whose first symptoms had already been discovered by the doctor of some German watering-place when she was only sixteen years old, was unfortunately suffered to spread and undermine her constitution. She would not, or could not, believe in the reality of the skeleton in her cupboard, though a thousand fictitious ones were always driving her distracted. The dark shadow so early cast across her path threw the high lights of life into sharper relief, and no premonitory warning sufficed to make

her realise the imperative need of taking care of herself. If she did so at all, it was only by fits and starts under the stress of an attack of laryngitis or pleurisy. She was the despair of her physicians. Potain, the great chest doctor, who pronounced her the most extraordinary and undisciplined of all patients, refused at one time to have anything more to do with her, for she coquettred with Death as much as with one of her lovers, dallying and luring him on at whiles, but instinctively drawing back when his advances became too marked. Sometimes, however, when she realises his frosty breath so close upon her, she shudders instinctively, crying out in anguish—"To die; great God to die! Without leaving anything behind me! To die, like a dog, like a hundred thousand women whose names are scarcely engraved upon their tombstones!" But this was not all. The trouble that fretted her above all other trials was a growing deafness, which interposed a barrier between her and the outside world. This infirmity seems, in some cases, to accompany the pulmonary complaint, and by robbing human intercourse of its zest, destroyed her hopes of a brilliant social career. On that account it was more horrible to her than the idea of death itself—partly because the misery of it was a dull, dreary, monotonous one: whereas to die young was still to find "an intoxication in death itself."

But before the end came her life burned with a clearer, more concentrated flame than ever before. She herself is taken by surprise at the increasing acuteness of her sensations. Time seemed too limited to reproduce the beauty of the universe. In fact, painting was but one of the forms through which her prodigious sensitiveness found expression. She wished to be a sculptor too, so as to express the beauty of the human form in its completest manifestation. Music was another vent for her intense personality. When she sat down to the piano in the moonlight of May to play Beethoven or Chopin, all other pleasures became tame by comparison.

Then would she glide into strange new harmonies, such as may sound through an opium-eater's dream. "No one," she exclaims, "no one it seems to me, loves everything as much as I do." This passage in the Journal has the same ring of exaltation as Shelley's "Ode to Delight," when he sings his love for

• "The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn,
When the golden mists are born."

The year 1884 now dawned—the year which brought Mlle. Bashkirtseff a striking artistic success; the closest friendship with Bastien-Lepage, the painter she admired above all others of her generation; and the end of all things. *Le Meeting*, the picture already spoken of, was exhibited in the Salon of '84, and attracted public attention. It had press notices in the leading papers, and was reproduced in many of the illustrated ones of France, Germany, and Russia. Dealers and picture-buyers began to look up the rising artist; society papers described her personal appearance, speaking of her as one of the most beautiful girls of Russia. When she went out she came in contact with the intellectual élite of France, and was noticed as a person of distinction, and a young, charming, elegant woman, all in one. Ah, at last, her dreams were translated into reality! She not only felt herself a force, she was recognised as such. The fact gave a new impetus to her whole nature; the greatest triumph of all being Bastien-Lepage's assurance that no woman had ever achieved so much at so early an age.

Marie's admiration for the painter of *Pas Mèche*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Le Soir au Village*, has a suspicious flavour of love about it. At any rate it is the strongest, sweetest, most impassioned feeling of her existence, lending a tender halo to its last phase. Is there anywhere in fiction, indeed, a chapter more pathetic, more thrilling than the

Intimacy of these two impressionist painters as we see it growing and deepening in the closing scenes of the *Journal*? At first the presence of "the great, the only, the unique Bastien" used to make Marie so nervous that she grew awkward and tongue-tied when they met. She even goes the length of protesting that there is a natural antagonism between them, because he acts as a check upon her and she taxes herself with exaggeration for this excessive enthusiasm only due to a master-genius like Wagner. But these doubts and hesitations passed away on Bastien-Lepage's return from Algiers, whither he had gone for health's sake. On his return to Paris in the summer of the year '84, Marie and Bastien met nearly every day, either in the latter's sick room or else in the Bois de Boulogne.

These were days full of solemn sweetness, when the *Moi-Spectateur* sometimes left off looking through the microscope, and Bastien, whose very name had some time haunted her like the refrain of a song, was always so delighted to see her, so disappointed when she stayed away. The two families met almost daily; there was a constant interchange of delicate attentions. The goat which supplied Marie Bashkirtseff with milk provided Lepage likewise; pride, shyness, reserve vanished, and they became simple and trustful like two children clinging to each other when left alone in the dark. She tells of foolish little details, enough to make one weep, indeed, she almost dreads Bastien's recovery, which will put a stop to this intimacy.

Alas! there was no fear of that, as became all too soon apparent to her. The year was on the wane and they were on the wane with it. Day by day the *Journal* initiates us into the mystery of the closing act of life till we seem to witness the change, the gradual relaxation of all earthly bonds and affections. On coming away from the bedside of Bastien, who was sinking fast, Marie often felt quite detached from the earth already. The thirst, "the fever called

living" seemed to be stilled, a painless indifference, the most unusual sensation with her, left Marie resigned to everything. She already felt herself a shadow drifting with Bastien into the shadow land. Indeed, she was very ill herself—so ill, that with all her determination she found herself unable to paint. She had begun a picture of *La Rue*, the subject being a seat on the Boulevard des Batignolles, with its customary occupants. Everything was ready to her hand for beginning this work. A photograph of the corner of the street had been taken, she had made a preliminary sketch, the canvas was placed on the easel; in short, as she pathetically says, "All is ready. It is only I who am missing."

It was on the 12th of October that, growing from bad to worse, Marie was kept in-doors. On the 16th, exhausted with fever, she was only able to move from the easy-chair to the sofa. Bastien, too weak to walk, was carried to her room on the shoulders of his devoted brother Émile. Propped up on cushions the two dying artists lay near each other, finding a supreme consolation in being together to the last. Marie Bashkirtseff, not forgetful of appearances even then, wore a tea-gown of ivory plush with a cloud of soft lace of every shade of white. The artist's grey eyes, "eyes which had beheld Joan of Arc," as she says, dilated with pleasure as he looked at her. She was still beautiful, and his passion for art, possibly his passion for the woman, awoke the longing to fix her image before she had faded away. As he looked his last at the ruddy gold of the hair done up in a simple knot, still so bright above the ardent face with its pale velvety complexion, the deep-set eyes glowing with a sombre light, the light of a soul on fire—no wonder the painter should exclaim impulsively: 'Oh, if I could only paint!'"

That is all. The picture of the year is finished! The Journal breaks off abruptly on the 20th of October, 1884, and eleven days afterwards, on the 31st of the month, shortly before completing her twenty-fourth year, Marie Bashkirtseff

had ceased to be, and was followed shortly afterwards by Bastien-Lepage, so that in their death they were not divided. She lies buried in the cemetery at Passy, where a monument has been erected to her memory, with some verses by M. Theuriet engraved over its portal.

Could Marie Bashkirtseff have known what a sensation she has produced since her untimely end, even her thirst for renown might have been appeased. Could she have known that her chief picture was bought by the State within a year of her death, and now hangs in the Luxembourg along with the masterpieces of modern French art; could she have known that her Journal is an enthusiasm to the few, a curiosity to the many, and is taking rank among the autobiographies the world will not willingly let die; could she have known of the essay which the spell of her personality has drawn from the grand old humanitarian leader of England—could she have known all this, it might have compensated her for much in her life, and would have spared her that haunting dread of perishing with nothing to show that she had been—“*rien, rien, rien!*”

MATHILDE BLIND.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHY tell lies and play a part? Yes, it is clear that I have the wish, if not the hope, of remaining on this earth by whatever means in my power. If I do not die young, I hope to survive as a great artist; but if I do, I will have my Journal published, which cannot fail to be interesting. But as I talk of publicity, this idea of being read has perhaps spoilt, nay, destroyed, the sole merit of such a book? Well, no! To begin with, I wrote for a long time without a thought of being read, and in the next place it is precisely because I hope to be read that I am absolutely sincere. If this book be not the *exact*, the *absolute*, the *strict* truth, it has no right to exist. I not only say all the time what I think, but I never contemplated hiding for an instant what might make me appear ridiculous, or prove to my disadvantage; for the rest I think myself too admirable for censure. Rest assured, therefore, kind reader, that I reveal myself completely, entirely. *I*, personally, may, perhaps, possess but a feeble interest for *you*; but do not think that it is *I*: think, here is a human being who tells you all its impressions from childhood. It cannot help being interesting as a document of human nature. Ask M. Zola, even M. de Goncourt, or Maupassant. My diary begins at twelve years of age, and begins to have some meaning from the age of fifteen or sixteen. Therefore a hiatus remains to be filled up, and I will write a kind of preface which will enable the reader to follow this human and literary document.

There—suppose me famous. We begin:—

I was born on the 11th November, 1860. It is fearful even to have to write it; but at any rate, it comforts me

to remember that when you read this I shall no longer be of any age.

My father was the son of General Paul Grégorievitch Bashkirtseff, who belonged to the gentry, and was a brave, obstinate, hard, and even cruel, man. My grandfather was raised to the rank of general after the Crimean war, I believe. He married a young girl, the adopted daughter of a great nobleman; she died at the age of eight-and-twenty, leaving five children—my father and four sisters.

My mother got married at one-and-twenty, having previously refused many excellent offers. Mamma's maiden name was Babanine, and by her we^{re} belong to the old provincial nobility; her father always made a boast of his Tartar origin, which dated from the first invasion—*Baba Nina* are Tartar words—but for my part, I laugh at it. . . . Grandpapa was the contemporary of Lermontoff, Poushkine, &c. He had been a Byronic, a poet, soldier, scholar; he had been to the Caucasus. Very early in life he married a Miss Julia Cornélius, a very gentle and pretty girl of fifteen. They had nine children, if you please, no more!

After two years of marriage mamma returned to her parents with two children. I was always with my grandmother, who idolised me. Aunt followed her example when my mother did not take her with her; she was younger than mamma, but not pretty, and sacrificed herself and was sacrificed for everybody.

In the month of May, 1870, we started on our travels. My mother's cherished dream was at last carried out. We spent a month in Vienna, enchanted by its novelties, its fine shops, and theatres. We reached Baden-Baden in June, at the height of the season, astir with Paris and all its luxury. Our party consisted of grandpapa, mamma, Aunt Romanoff, my first cousin Dina, Paul, and myself. We were also accompanied by Lucien Walitzky, our angelic and incomparable doctor. He was a Pole, but without exaggerated

patriotism, with the kindest heart, the most caressing manners, and given to caricaturing. He was doctor of the district at Achtirka ; had studied at the University with my mother's brother ; and always made one of the family. When we left Russia we wanted a physician for grandpapa, and carried off Walitzky. At Baden-Baden I began to get an insight into the fashionable world, and was tortured by vanity. . . .

But I have not said enough of Russia, nor myself, which most concerns us. According to the practice of our gentry I had two governesses, one Russian and the other French. The Russian lady, whom I well remember, was a Madame Mcnikoff, a woman of the world, well educated, and romantic, who, being separated from her husband, had elected to turn teacher after the perusal of numerous novels. She became the friend of the family, and was treated like one of us. Every man paid court to her, and she ran away one fine morning after I know not what romantic episode. We are very romantic in Russia. She might easily have said goodbye, and left in the usual way ; but the *Slav* character inoculated with French civilisation and romantic literature is a curious product. This governess, acting up to her part of unhappy wife, naturally adored the little girl entrusted to her care ; and I, already entering into the spirit of the thing, returned her adoration. Indeed, the whole family affected to think that her disappearance must make me ill ; everybody looked at me pityingly that day, and I believe that my grandmother had some special soup prepared for me which is usually given to invalids. I felt myself growing quite pale before such a show of sympathy. I was, in truth, rather frail, delicate, and not pretty—a fact which did not prevent everybody from considering me as a being inevitably destined by fate to become one day everything that is beautiful, brilliant, and magnificent. My mother went to a Jewish fortune-teller.

"You have two children," said he; "the son will be like the rest of the world, but your daughter will be a star."

One evening at the theatre a gentleman said to me, laughing:—

"Show me your hands, young lady Oh! To judge from her gloves there's no doubt she'll be a terrible flirt."

It made me quite proud. Since I can remember, since the age of three (I had a wet-nurse till I was three-and-a-half), I had aspired to future greatness. All my dolls were kings and queens; and my thoughts, and all that was talked of in our family, seemed continually to have some reference to the triumphs which must inevitably come to me.

At five I dressed myself in my mother's laces, with flowers in my hair, in order to dance in the drawing-room. I was the famous ballet-dancer Pepita, and all the family came and looked at me. Paul was hardly noticed, and Dina bore me no grudge, though the daughter of the favourite George. One story more. When Dina was born, grand-mamma, without so much as saying by your leave, took her from her mother, and kept her ever afterwards. This happened before my birth.

Mme. Melnikoff was succeeded by Mlle. Sophie Dolgikoff, a young lady of sixteen. Holy Russia! After her came another French lady, Mme. Brenne, with pale blue eyes and hair dressed in the style of the Restoration—a sad creature with her fifty years and her consumptive habit. I liked her very much. She taught me drawing, and I drew a little church in outline with her. In fact, I sketched a great deal; while the old ones played at cards I sat by and drew on the card-table.

Mme. Brenne died in 1868 in the Crimea. The little Russian governess, treated like one of us, was on the eve of getting married to a young man whom the doctor had introduced, and who was known as having been jilted repeatedly.

On this occasion everything seemed to go on swimmingly, when, on going into Mlle. Sophie's room one evening; I found her dissolved in tears with her nose buried in the cushions.

"Everyone's come," I cried. "What on earth's the matter?"

At last, after copious tears and sobs, the poor child confessed that she never could—no, never! . . . and fresh tears.

"But why?"

"Because, because I can't get used to his face."

The young man heard all this from the drawing-room. An hour afterwards he packed his trunk, weeping bitterly, and departed. It was the seventeenth time he had been jilted. How well I remember the girl's words—"I can't get used to his face!" It came from the bottom of her heart, and I understood perfectly what a horrible thing it would be to marry a man whose face one couldn't get used to.

All this carries us back to Baden-Baden in 1870. War having been declared, we hurried off to Geneva; I, full of discontent and determined to have my turn. Every day, before going to bed, I added the following words in a low voice to my prayer:

"Grant, O Lord, that I may never have the small-pox, that I may be pretty, and have a fine voice; that I may be happy in my married life, and that mamma may live long!"

In Geneva we stayed at the Crown Hotel, near the Lake. I had a drawing-master, who brought me sketches to copy—little chalets whose windows were drawn like trunks of trees, not a bit like the real windows of real chalets. So I would have none of them, not seeing how a window could look thus. Whereupon the good old man bade me simply copy the view from my window. Just then we left the Crown Hotel and went to board with a family from whose house one had a view of Mont Blanc. So I scrupulously copied

what I saw of Geneva and the lake, and the thing stopped there, I can't remember why. In Baden we had had time to have our portraits taken after some photographs, and they appeared ugly to me by dint of being smooth and prettified

When I am dead people will read my life, which to me seems very remarkable. Were it not so it would be the climax of misery. But I hate prefaces and editors' notes, and have missed reading many excellent books on this account. That's why I've wished to write my own preface. It could have been dispensed with had the whole diary been published ; but I think it best" to begin with my thirteenth year, the preceding part being too long. The reader, however, will find sufficient data to go upon in the course of this narrative, for I frequently make references to the past, now for one reason, now for another. Suppose I were to die now quite suddenly, seized by some illness ; perhaps I should not know of my danger ; they would conceal it from me ; and, after my death my drawers would be ransacked, and my family would discover my Journal, and, having read, would destroy it. Soon afterwards nothing would remain of me—nothing nothing nothing ! It is this which has always terrified me. To live, to have so much ambition, to suffer, weep, struggle—and then oblivion ! oblivion as if I had never been. Should I not live long enough to become famous, this Journal will be of interest to naturalists ; for the life of a woman must always be curious, told thus day by day, without any attempt at posing ; as if no one in the world would ever read it, yet written with the intention of being read ; for I feel quite sure the reader will find me sympathetic. And I tell all, yes, all Else what were the use of it ? In fact, it will be sufficiently apparent that I tell everything

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

Monsieur,
Me trouvez-vous
rès - très - hardie
si je vous demande
de m'indiquer un
joli modèle de femme
rès - jolie pour
l'ensemble

THE JOURNAL
OF
MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY (AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE).—NICE—PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS—VILLA ACQUA VIVA, 1873.

AUNT SOPHIE is playing some melodies of the Ukraine on the piano, and that reminds me of our country house. I am carried back thither and all my memories recall poor grandmamma. Tears rise to my eyes; they fill them and begin to flow; they are flowing already. . . . Poor grandmamma! It makes me unhappy that you are no longer here! How you loved me and I you! But I was too little to love you as much as you deserved! The remembrance of grandmamma is venerable, sacred, and beloved, but it is no longer living. God grant I may be happy, and I shall be grateful. What am I saying? Am I not here in order to be happy? O God, let me be happy!

Aunt Sophie is still playing; the notes reach me from time to time and penetrate my soul. I have no lessons to learn for to-morrow, it is the fête day of Sophie. O God, give me the Duke of H—! . . . I'll love him and make him happy; I'll be happy too, and kind to the poor. It is sinful to believe one can purchase the grace of God by good works, but I can't express myself properly.

I'm in love with the Duke of H—, and can't tell him so; even if I did he would pay no heed. While he was here I

had an object in going out and dressing myself, but now ! . . . I went on the terrace in the hope of seeing him, at least for an instant, in the distance. O God, ease my pain, I can't pray any more, but listen to my prayer ! Thy grace is so infinite, thy mercy so great, thou hast done so much for me ! It grieves me so not to see him on the Promenade. He looked so distinguished among the vulgar crowd of Nice.

Mme. Howard invited us yesterday to spend Sunday with her children. We were just going when Mme. Howard told us she had seen mamma and got her leave to keep us till evening. We stayed, and after dinner went into the salon, which was dark, and the young ladies begged me to sing, and went on their knees as well as the children ; we laughed a great deal. I sang "Santa Lucia," "The sun has risen," and a few *roulades*. They were so enchanted that they fell to kissing me most awfully—that's the word. Could I produce the same impression on the public I would certainly go on the stage this very day.

It moves one so much to be admired for something more than one's dress ! I am really quite delighted with the children's exclamations of admiration. . . . What would it be if I were admired by others ? . . .

I was made for emotions, for success ; the best I can do, therefore, is to turn singer. If God would only have the goodness to preserve, strengthen, and increase my voice, I could achieve the success I long for. I could have the satisfaction of being known, admired, famous, and in that way I could secure him I love. If I remain as I am I have little hope that he will ever love me, for he knows nothing of my existence even. But when he sees me famous, successful ! . . . Men are ambitious ! . . . Then, too, I can be received in society, for I shall not be a celebrity sprung from God knows where ! I am of noble extraction and there's no need for my making a living ; this will ensure greater success and enable me to rise

with more facility. Life will be perfect thus. I dream of nothing but fame, of being known all the world over.

Fancy appearing on the boards, of seeing thousands of spectators waiting with beating hearts for the moment you will begin to sing ! To know as you look at them that they'll be at your feet at a note from your voice ! To survey them haughtily ! (I am fit for most things). This is my dream ; this, this is life, happiness, everything. And then in the midst of it all, the Duke of H—— will come, like the rest of my adorers, but he won't be received like the others. Dear, you will be dazzled by my splendour, you will love me ; you will see me famous, and you certainly deserve such a woman as I hope to become. I am not plain, nay, I am even pretty, yes, certainly pretty. I am extremely well-made, like a statue. I have good hair on the whole, and my manners have a coquetry of their own. I know how to behave to men.

I am a good girl, and shall never allow any man but my husband to kiss me, and not all little girls from twelve to fourteen can boast as I can of never having kissed or been kissed by any man. And when he sees a young lady who has reached the highest pinnacle of fame a woman can attain, who is pure and virtuous, and has loved him faithfully from her childhood, he will be so surprised that he will wish to have me at any price, and marry me from sheer pride. But what am I saying ? Why shouldn't I suppose him capable of loving me ? Oh yes, with God's help ! Has God not helped me to find out a way of securing him I love ? I return thanks, O God !

Friday, March 14th.—This morning I heard a noise of wheels in the Rue de France ; I looked out, and saw the Duke of H—— driving four-in-hand towards the Promenade. If he is here he will take part in the pigeon-shooting in April ; I shall certainly go.

..

To-day I've again seen the Duke of H——. Nobody

carries himself as well as he ; he has quite the air of a king in his carriage. I saw G——* several times at the Promenade dressed in black. She is beautiful, owing rather to her dress than to her personal appearance ; everything about her is perfect, nothing is wanting ; all is rich, elegant, in the best taste. She might really be mistaken for a great lady. It is natural that all this should contribute to her beauty :—her house with its drawing-rooms, its little recesses whose light is subdued by draperies or green leaves ; she herself, with hair and dress arranged to perfection, sitting, queen-like, in a magnificent salon, furnished and decorated in a way to enhance her charms. It is but natural she should please him and that he should love her. Given her surroundings, she should look still better. I should be happy with my husband, for I would not neglect myself ; I should pay as much attention to my person in order to please him as I did when I wished to do so for the first time. For that matter, I can't understand why a man and woman should love and try to please each other continually before marriage, and then neglect each other after it. Why imagine that it all passes away with marriage and that all that remains is a cold and sedate friendship ? Why profane the idea of marriage by picturing the wife in curl-papers and dressing-gown, with her nose covered with cold cream, and trying to extract money from her husband for her gowns ?

Why should a woman neglect her appearance before the very man whom she ought to be most anxious to please ?

I can't see why one should treat a husband like a domestic animal, whereas one wished to please the same man before marriage. Why should a woman not always remain coquettish with her husband and treat him as she would a stranger who is pleasing to her ? With this difference, however, that she must suffer no liberties from a stranger. Is it because husband and wife may love each other openly,

* The mistress of the duke.

because it's no crime and because marriage is blessed by God ? Is it because what's not forbidden is worthless ? and because people only like the things they must enjoy in secret ? Dear me, this shouldn't be. I think very differently of these things.

I strain my voice to sing, and spoil it, and have sworn on that account not to sing any more (an oath which I have broken a hundred times) till I shall take lessons and I pray that my voice may be purified, strengthened, and increased. In order to prevent my singing I attach the dreadful penalty to it that I may lose my voice if I do so. It's awful ; but I shall do everything to keep my promise.

Friday, December 30.—Wore to-day an antediluvian frock, my little skirt, and overcoat of black velvet. Dina's tunic and sleeveless jacket does very well. I was much looked at ; it must be because I know how to wear my clothes, and have an elegant carriage (I had the air of a little old woman). I should like to know why people look at me, whether it is because I am odd or pretty. I would give much to whoever told me the truth. I feel inclined to ask somebody (a young man) if I am pretty. I always like to think what's pleasant, and I like to think that on the whole it's because I'm pretty. I may, perhaps, be mistaken ; but if it's an illusion I would sooner keep it, as it is flattering. Why not ? is it not desirable to make the best of things in this world ? Life is so beautiful and so short !

I wonder what my brother Paul will do when he's grown up, what profession he will choose, for he can't spend his life in doing nothing, as so many people—dawdle away his time and then mix with gamblers and *cocottes*, fie ! He can't afford it for one thing. Every Sunday I intend writing him a sensible letter, not stuffed with good advice, but like a comrade. No doubt I shall know how to do it, and with God's help I may gain some influence over him, for he must be a man.

I have been so pre-occupied that I almost forgot the

Duke's absence! . . . (What a shame!) Such a gulf separates us, especially if we go to Russia this summer! It is talked of seriously. How can I believe I shall get him? He thinks no more of me than of last winter's snow; I don't exist for him. If we remain in Nice this winter I may still hope, but I fear that when we leave for Russia all hopes are at an end; everything I thought possible fades away; I suffer a slow dull pain which is horrible, I lose what I hoped might be attainable. I am passing through a sorrowful experience, a transformation of my whole being. How strange it is! A moment ago I was thinking of the delights of pigeon-shooting, and now the saddest thoughts are passing through my head.

Oh God! these thoughts are crushing me; I shall die of misery at the thought that he will never love me! I have no hope, I was mad to wish something so impossible. I wanted what was too beautiful. Ah no, I must not give way thus! Why should I despair! Is there not an all-powerful deity who watches over me? How dare I have such thoughts! Is He not everywhere, protecting us always? Nothing is impossible for Him, He is all-powerful; for Him there is neither time nor distance. I may be in Peru and the Duke in Africa, and if He pleases He may reunite us. How could I even for a minute entertain such desperate fancies, how could I forget His divine goodness for a second? Is it because He does not grant me my wish at once that I dare deny it? No, no; He is too merciful, He will not allow my beautiful soul to be torn by cruel doubts!

This morning I pointed out a coalheaver to my governess, Mlle. Colignon, saying "Do look how like this man is to the Duke of H—." "What nonsense!" she said, smiling. It gave me immense pleasure to pronounce his name. But I perceive that if one never speaks to any one of him one loves, this love grows stronger, whereas if one speaks of him continually (this is not my case) love diminishes; it is like bottled spirits of wine, if corked, the smell is strong, but if

you open it, it gradually evaporates. This is precisely like my love, for I never hear it spoken of, I never speak of it; I keep it entirely to myself.

I am very much depressed; I have no positive idea what my future is to be, I mean I know well enough what I should like but not what I shall get. How gay I was last winter! Everything was full of promise and hope. I love a shadow that I shall perhaps never obtain. I am wretched about my gowns, I cried about it. I went to two dressmakers with my aunt; but they are spoilt. I shall write to Paris, I can't endure the gowns here, it makes me too wretched.

It is the first day of our Holy Week; I was at church this evening and said my prayers.

I must confess there are many things in our religion which I don't like, but it is not for me to think of reforming them. I believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Virgin Mary, I pray to God every evening, and I don't want to be taken up with trifles which have nothing to say to true religion and true belief.

I believe in God, He is good to me and gives me more than is needful. Oh, if He could give me what I so ardently wish for! God will have pity on me; although I could do without that which I ask for, I should be so happy if the Duke noticed me, and I would thank God.

I must write his name, for I neither mention it to anybody nor even write it down. I cannot live any longer. I shall burst, on my honour! It will at least relieve my pain to write it.

On our walk to-day I saw a young man in a hired carriage, tall, thin, and dark; I thought I recognised some one I knew. A cry of surprise escaped me. Oh, caro H——! They asked what was the matter, and I said Mlle. Celignon had trodden on my toe.

He has nothing of his brother about him; all the same I was glad to see him. Oh, if at least we could make his

acquaintance, for through him we might get to know the Duke! I love this one like a brother, I love him because he is his brother. At dinner, Walitzky said, all at once, "H——!" I blushed, got confused, and went towards the cupboard. Mamma blamed me for this cry, saying that my reputation, etc. etc.; that it was wrong. I think she must guess a little, for each time some one mentions his name I blush or leave the room suddenly. She doesn't scold me.

They are sitting quietly chatting in the dining-room, thinking me engaged with my studies. They have no idea of what is passing in me nor what I am thinking of. I must either be the Duchess of H——, the wish I have most at heart (God knows how much I love him), or a celebrity of the stage; but this latter alternative attracts me less than the first. It is no doubt flattering to be admired by the whole world from the most insignificant individual to the greatest sovereigns, but the other! Yes, I'll have the man I love, he is of quite another sort and I give him the preference.

A great lady, a duchess! I would rather be in society than be the first among the world's celebrities, for in that case I shall be of another world.

May 6th.—Mamma is up, and Mlle. C—— too, for she has been ill. It was so fine, so clear after the rain, and the trees looked so beautiful in the sunshine, that I could not go on with my lessons, especially as I have time to-day. I went to the garden, and put my chair near the fountain; it made a magnificent picture, for the fountain has tall trees round it, shutting out heaven and earth. You see a little stream, with rocks covered with moss, and all kinds of trees lit by the sun. The lawn was so soft and green that I was really tempted to roll about on it. The whole formed a kind of bower, so soft and green and beautiful that it would be useless for me to try and describe it, for I shouldn't succeed. If the villa and garden remain unchanged, I shall take him to see the spot where I

have thought so much of him. Yesterday evening in my prayers I entreated God to grant that I might make his acquaintance—that he might be mine—and I wept on my knees. Three times already has He granted my prayers. The first time I asked for a croquet set, and my aunt brought it me from Geneva; the second time I asked His help to learn English. I prayed and wept so much, and my imagination was so wrought up, that it seemed as if an image of the Virgin in a corner of the room were giving the promise. I should even now recognise the image.

I have been expecting Mlle. Colignon for my lessons during the last hour and a half, and it's the same every day. And mamma blames me, and knows not that I am vexed, that my heart is hot with anger and indignation! Mlle. C— misses the lessons, and makes me lose my time.

I am thirteen years old! If I lose my time what is to become of me?

My blood boils. I am quite pale, and the blood suddenly goes to my head; my cheeks burn, my heart beats, and I can't stay a moment in the same place. The tears weigh on my heart, and though I manage to keep them back it only makes me more miserable. All this ruins my health, spoils my temper, and makes me impatient and irritable. The people who pass their lives in peace show it in their faces, but I get irritated every instant! That is to say, in robbing me of my lessons she really robs me of my life.

At sixteen and seventeen preoccupations of another kind will engross me. Now is the time for study. It is lucky that I am not a little girl shut up in a convent, who, on entering the world, plunges madly in the midst of gaieties, and believes whatever fashionable fops may please to tell her, and finds herself disappointed and disenchanted a few months after.

I don't want any one to think that as soon as my studies are done I shall only think of dancing and dressing myself.

No ; but when I have done with lessons I intend seriously to study painting, music, and singing. I have talents for all three of them, and a great deal too ! What a relief it is to write ! I feel more calm. All this annoyance spoils not only my health but my temper and my features. When I get hot like that, and my cheeks burn like fire, they lose their fresh look and rosiness. . . . This colour which I ought always to have leaves me looking pale and ruffled. It is Mlle. C——'s fault, being due to the irritation of which she is the cause. I even have little headaches after getting into this kind of fever. And mamma blames me—says it's my fault if I don't speak English. How provoking ! *

I think that if he reads this Journal one day he will think it foolish, especially my declarations of love. I have repeated them so often that they have lost all their meaning.

Mme. Savelieff is dying ; we are going to see her ; she has been unconscious for two days, and unable to speak. Old Mme. Paton is with her. At first I saw nothing, though I looked for the sick woman in the bed. Then I caught sight of her head, but she has changed from a stout woman into quite an emaciated one. Her mouth was wide open, her eyes glazed, her breathing difficult. People talked in subdued tones. She made no sign. The doctors say that she feels nothing, but I think that she hears and understands everything that's going on around her, but can neither cry out nor say anything. When mamma touched her she gave a kind of groan. Old Savelieff met us on the stairs, and, bursting into tears, he took mamma's hand, and said, sobbing, " You are ill, too, and take no care of yourself ; look to it, poor dear !" Then I kissed him in silence. His daughter came next ; she threw herself on the bed, calling her mother. She has been in this state for five days past. To see one's mother dying day by day ! I went into another room with the old man. How he has aged in these few days ! Everybody else has some

consolation. His daughter has her children, but he is alone ! He has lived with his wife for thirty years, and that is something. Did he live well or ill with her ? But habit counts for much. I went back several times to the sick woman. The housekeeper is quite beside herself ; it does one good to see so much affection for her mistress in a servant. The old man is almost turning childish.

Ah ! when one considers, how miserable is man ! Every beast when it pleases may look as it likes ; it needn't smile when it feels inclined to weep. When it has no wish to see its kind it does not see them, but man is the slave of everything and everybody. And yet I inflict the same thing on myself ; I like to go and see others ; I like them to come and see me.

It's the first time I do a thing against my inclination ; yet, how often shall I be obliged to smile when I feel inclined to weep, and yet it's of my own accord that I've chosen this life —this worldly life ! Ah ! but I shall have no trouble of this sort when I am grown up. When *he* is with me I shall always be gay.

Mme. Savelieff died last night. Mamma and I went to her house. A great many ladies were there. What shall I say of this scene ? Grief to the right, grief to the left, grief up in the ceiling, grief down on the floor, grief in the flame of every taper, grief in the air itself. Her daughter, Mme. Paton, has had a fit of hysterics, and everybody wept. I kissed her hands, and made her come and sit beside me. I wanted to say some words of comfort to her, but could not. What comfort is there except time ! And then all the consolations I could think of seemed stupid and commonplace. I said that the person most to be pitied was the old man who remained alone ! alone ! alone ! . . . Oh God ! what's to be done ? I say all must come to an end. That's my argument. But if one of us died it would have no weight with me.

I had quite a discussion to-day with my drawing-master, M. Binsa. I told him I wanted to study seriously, and to begin at the beginning; that what I was doing taught me nothing; that it was waste of time; and that next Monday I want to begin drawing. He's not to blame if he did not make me study seriously. He thought that I had had lessons before, and had been in the habit of drawing eyes, mouths, etc. . . . And this drawing they showed him was the first one I had done in my life; and *quite by myself*.

This is a day rather different from the others, which are so monotonous and always the same. At my arithmetic lesson I asked Mlle. C—— to explain something to me. She remarked that I ought to make it out for myself. I pointed out to her that what I don't know ought to be explained to me.

"There is no question of *ought* in the matter," said she.

"There is an *ought* in everything," I replied. "Wait a minute and I will try and solve this first difficulty before passing on to the second." I spoke in an extra calm voice, and she was furious to find nothing rude in my words. She robs me of my time; here are four months of my life wasted It's easy to say she is ill; but why should I be the sufferer? She spoils my future happiness by wasting my time. Each time I ask her to explain something she gives me a rude answer. I won't be spoken to like that; she's irritable being ill, but it makes her unbearable. Just at the time when I get very annoyed, nay angry, I grow unnaturally calm. My tone vexed her, she expected an outburst of anger on my side.

"You are thirteen years old; how dare you!"

"Precisely, mademoiselle, because I am thirteen years old, as you remark, I won't be spoken to in this way; don't shout, I beg of you." She exploded like a shell, with all manner of

horrid speeches. To all her incivilities I replied quite placidly, which only enraged her the more.

"It's the last lesson I give you!"

"Oh, so much the better!" said I. When she left the room I heaved a long sigh like one who is delivered from a hundredweight of books tied round his throat. I left the room full of contentment to look for mamma. She ran after me in the passage and began afresh. I stuck to my tactics and said nothing. We went along the passage to mamma's room together, she like a fury, and I with the most imperturbable air. I went to my room, and she asked for permission to speak to mamma.

I had a horrible dream last night. We were in a strange house, when I, or some one else whom I can't remember, looked suddenly out of the window. I saw the sun growing bigger and covering nearly half the heavens, but it emitted neither light nor heat. Then it broke up and one-fourth disappeared, the rest fell into fragments which changed their colour and bathed us in gold; then half of it was covered by a cloud. We all cried out, "The sun is standing still!" Just as if we usually saw it turn round. For a few instants it remained motionless, but dim. Then the earth herself became something unnatural, not that she exactly lost her balance, but it's not to be described, the thing is inconceivable in everyday existence. There are no words to express what we don't understand. Then the sun began to turn round like two wheels one within the other; that is to say the bright sun was covered at intervals by a cloud as round as itself. The confusion grew general, and I asked myself whether the end of the world had come; but I hoped that it might only be for a moment. Mamma was not with us, she arrived in a kind of omnibus, and did not seem afraid. Everything was strange, for this omnibus was not like others. I then began looking out my dresses; we began packing our things in a little box.

But thereupon it began all over again. It is the end of the world, and I ask myself why God has not forewarned me, and I ask myself how I can be worthy to be present at this day, in the flesh. Everybody was frightened, and we got into a carriage with mamma, and returned to I know not where. . . .

What is the meaning of this dream? Has God sent it to prepare me for a great event, or is it simply a matter of nerves?

Mlle. C—— goes to-morrow. It's a little sad all the same; it makes one sad to part even from a dog with whom one has been living. In spite of the good or bad terms we were on, I have a heartache.

In passing Gioia's villa my attention was attracted by the little terrace to the right. There it was that I saw him sitting with her last year in going to the races. He was sitting in his usual noble and graceful way, holding a cake. I remember all those trifling things so well!

We looked at him in passing, and he at us. He is the only one mamma talks about; she is very fond of him and I am delighted. She said, "You see, if H—— chooses to eat cakes, why shouldn't he? he is at home here." I could not yet account to myself for the kind of confusion I felt in seeing him. Only now I begin to understand it, and I remember the least details about him, and his most insignificant words.

When Remi came to tell me at the races at Baden that he had just been speaking to the Duke of H——, my heart gave a leap which puzzled me. And then when Gioia was sitting beside us at those same races and speaking of him, I hardly listened to her. Oh! what wouldn't I give to be able to hear those words to-day. And when I passed the English shops he was there and looked at me desirously as much as to say: "What a funny little girl this is, what can she be thinking of?" . . . He was quite right, I was very funny, with my

little silk frocks—indeed, I was ridiculous ! I did not look at him, and yet every time I met him my heart beat so violently that it hurt me. I don't know whether any one else has experienced the same thing ; but I get frightened when my heart beats so loudly lest any one should hear it. Formerly I used to think that the heart was a mere piece of flesh, but I see now that it's in communication with the mind.

I understand now when one says, "How my heart beats !" Formerly, when I went to the théâtre I paid no attention when some one said so ; now I recognise the emotions which I have experienced.

• The heart is a piece of flesh which communicates with the brain by means of a little string, which in its turn receives the news from the eyes or the ears, and all this causes the heart to speak to you, because the little string is moved and makes it beat more than usual, and sends the blood to your face.

Time passes like an arrow. In the morning I do my lessons ; at two I practise. The Apollo Belvidere that I am about to copy is a little like the duke ; especially when one examines the expression, the resemblance is striking. The same way of holding the head, and the nose exactly like his.

My music-master, Manoti, is delighted with me this morning. I played part of Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor without a single mistake. The next day at the Russian Church, the festival of the Trinity. The church was decorated with flowers and leaves. There were prayers, and the priest prayed for forgiveness of sins ; he mentioned them all as he knelt in prayer. What he said was so applicable to myself that I remained motionless listening and joining in the prayer.

This is the second time I have prayed well in church ; the first time was on New Year's Day. Mass has become so commonplace, and the things spoken of are not everyone's every-

day concerns. I go to Mass, but I don't pray. The prayers and the psalms they sing have no bearing on the feelings of my heart and soul. They prevent my praying in peace, whereas these Te Deums, where the priest prays for all of us, so that each one may find something to suit him, touch me to the quick.

Paris.—At last I have found what I wished for without knowing it. To live means Paris! . . . Paris means to live. I made a martyr of myself because I didn't know what I wanted. Now that I see more clearly, I know what I want. Move from Nice to Paris, furnish a flat, and have horses just as at Nice; to be introduced to society by the ambassador of Russia; this, this it is I want. How happy one is when one knows what one wants! There's something, however, which tortures me; I think I am plain. It's horrible!

We have been to the photographer Valéry, 9, Rue de Londres, and I saw the photograph of G——. How beautiful she is! But in ten years she will be old; in ten years I shall be grown up; I might be handsome if I were taller. I was taken eight times. The photographer said, "If it succeeds this time I shall be satisfied." We left without knowing how it had turned out.

After our last walk in town we arrived in time to take our departure.

A thunderstorm burst overhead; the lightning was terrible. Sometimes it struck the ground in the distance, leaving a silvery furrow in the sky as narrow as a Roman candle.

Nice.—To be in Nice is to be in exile; but I must chiefly give my attention to arranging the days and hours with my teachers. On Monday I recommence my lessons, so abominably interrupted by Mlle. Colignon..

The gay world will return with the winter, and will bring gaiety with it. It will no longer be Nice, but a little Paris,

and the races ! Nice has its good points. Nevertheless, the six or seven months we must spend here seem to me like a sea that I must cross without losing sight of the lighthouse which guides me. I have no hope of landing ; no, I only hope at present to see this land, and the sight alone will give me strength and energy to live till next year. And then ? and then ? I really don't know ! but I hope and trust in God, in His divine goodness, so I don't lose heart.

"He whom God has in His keeping will find peace in the mercy of the Almighty. He will cover thee with His wings ; thou wilt be safe beneath their stay ; His truth will be thy shield ; thou shalt neither be afraid of the arrow that fieth by night nor of the pestilence that walketh at noonday !"

I cannot express how much I am moved, and how deeply I feel the goodness of God towards me.

Mamma is in bed, and we are all sitting by her bedside, when the doctor, on returning from the Patons, tells us that Abramowich is dead ! How terrible, strange, and incredible ! I can't believe that he is dead. One can't die when one is so charming and amiable ! It always seems to me that he will come back next winter with his famous overcoat and plaid. Death is frightful ! I am really very sorry for his death. Is it possible that people like the G——'s the S——'s live on, while a young man like Abramowich must die ! We are all stunned. Even Dina uttered an involuntary exclamation. I hasten to write to Helen Howard. Everybody was in my room when we heard the sad news.

June 9th.—I have begun drawing, but feel tired, languid, and unfit for work. These summers at Nice are killing me ; not a soul in the place. I suffer, and feel ready to cry. One can live but once. To pass a summer at Nice is to lose half one's life. Now I am crying ; a tear has dropped on the paper. Oh, if mamma and the others knew how much it

cost me to stop here, they would not keep me in this *horrible* desert. I am not preoccupied with *him*—it is so long since any one has mentioned his name. He seems to be dead. And I live in a sort of fog; I can hardly recall the past, and the present seems hideous! I am quite altered; my voice is hoarse, my face ugly; formerly, on waking, I used to look fresh and rosy. But what is fretting me so? What has happened? What is going to happen?

The villa Bacchi is let. It is really a great trial to live there; it may be very well for a bourgeois, but for us it is different. As for me, I am an aristocrat. I'd sooner have a broken-down gentleman than a rich bourgeois; an old piece of satin or tarnished gilding, weather-beaten columns, or faded ornament, have more charm for me than the most costly furniture which is showy and wanting in taste. A real gentleman will not be vain of highly-polished boots and tight-fitting gloves. Not that one ought to be careless about dress—by no means. But what a difference there is between the negligence of the noble and the negligence of the needy!

We are about to leave this flat, and I am sorry for it; not because it is comfortable and handsome, but because I am used to it, and feel as if it were an old friend. To think that I shall never see my dear little study again. How much I have thought of *him* in that room! This table on which I am leaning, and where I used to write every day what my soul holds most sacred. These walls I looked upon, wishing I could pierce them and go far, far away. I saw him in every flower of the wall-paper! What scenes I pictured to myself in this study, where he played the principal part! I fancy there's not a thing in this world, from the simplest to the strangest, that I didn't think of in this little room.

..

This evening Paul, Dina, and I, sat together, and then they

left me alone. The moon was shining into my room and I did not light the candles. I went out on the terrace and could hear the sound of violins, guitars, and flutes, in the distance. I came in again quickly and sat down near the window so as to hear better. It was a charming trio. I have not listened to music with so much pleasure for a long time. At a concert one is more occupied in looking at the audience than in listening, but this evening, quite alone in the moonlight, I may say I devoured this *sérenade*, for it really was one. Some young men of Nice gave us a serenade. Could anything be more gallant? Unfortunately, the young men in society won't hear of such amusements, they prefer passing their time at music-halls, while real music. . . . What can be more charming than to sing serenades as they did in Spain of old. Upon my word, next to having horses I could wish for nothing better than to pass the rest of my existence beneath the window of my charmer, and finish up at her feet.

I do so want a horse! Mamma has promised me one, and my aunt also. I went to her room one evening in my airy manner and asked her for it most enthusiastically; she has given me her promise. I went to bed feeling quite happy. Everybody tells me I am pretty; but really and truly I don't think so. My pen refuses to write it. I am only prepossessing, and pretty now and then, but I am happy. . . .

I am to have a horse. Was there ever such a little girl with a real racehorse? I shall create a sensation. . . . What colours shall my jockey have? Grey and lilac? No, green with a delicate shade of pink. A horse for me! Dear, but I am happy. What a creature am I! Why not give of my overbrimming cup of life to the poor who have nothing? Mamma allows me money, they shall have half of it.

I have been arranging my room again; it looks prettier without the table in the middle. I put a number of trifles

about—an inkstand, a pen, two old long forgotten candlesticks.

Society is my breath of life; it calls, it beckons to me, I would like to run to it. But I am not old enough to go out yet. But I burn with impatience to see the world, not in order to get married, but I wish mamma and my aunt would get out of their lazy ways. I don't mean the world of Nice, but of Petersburg, London, or Paris; there I could breathe freely, for the restraints of society come easy to me.

Paul has no taste as yet, he knows nothing of the beauty of women. I have heard him say, "Do you call those scarecrows beautiful?" I must try and form his taste and manners. I have no influence over him yet, but I hope with time. . . . At present, almost imperceptibly, I impart to him my way of seeing things along with notions of the strictest morality under a frivolous appearance; it pleases, and that's good. If he marries he must love his wife, and his wife only. In fact, heaven consenting, I hope to give him right views.

Tuesday, July 29th.—Here we are off to Vienna. We were very gay at starting on the whole. As usual, I was the life of the party.

After Milan the country is delightful; so green and flat that your gaze seems to stretch into space with no fear of mountains rising up like walls to shut out the view.

At the Austrian frontier, while I was hastily dressing, the door was opened and the doctor sprinkled us with a powder as a safeguard from the illness I dare not mention.* I went to sleep again till eleven o'clock. I did not dare open my eyes. What verdure, what trees, what clean-looking houses, what charming German women, how well the fields are cultivated! It's charming, delicious, magnificent! I am not indifferent to the beauties of nature, as they assert; on the

* Cholera.

contrary. It is true I don't admire arid rocks, grey olive trees, a dead landscape. But I delight in mountains covered with trees, in plains cultivated to the utmost or covered with a carpet of velvet and diversified by labourers, by peasant women, by hamlets.

Indeed, I never tire of looking out of window and admiring the scenery. One goes so fast by the express. It all flies past, and is so beautiful. I admire this kind of scene with all my heart. At eight o'clock I sat down, for I was tired. At one of the stations some little German girls were calling out: "*Frisch Wasser! Frisch Wasser!*" Dina has a headache.

By the way, I frequently try to know what it is that I have always facing me, yet always hidden, in a word, the truth. Whatever I think, whatever I feel, is outside myself after all. Well, I don't know, it seems to me there's nothing. As for example, when I see the duke I don't know whether I hate or adore him. I want to re-enter my soul and can't. When I want to solve a difficult problem I begin to reflect till I fancy I have it, but just when I want to gather up my ideas it all disappears, and my thought flies so far that I am surprised and can make nothing of it. All that I say does not touch my inner self; I have none. I only live externally. To come or go, to have or not to have, is all the same to me; my pains and pleasures and sufferings don't exist. Only to picture my mother or H—— fills my heart with love; as regards the latter, not quite, however, it seems so incredible to me that I only think of him in the clouds; I can't understand.

There are people who say that a husband and wife can have separate pastimes and love each other very much.

It's an untruth, they can't; for when a young man and maid are in love with each other, can they think of others? They love, and find sufficient enjoyment in being together.

A single look, a single thought, bestowed on another woman, prove that one no longer loves the woman one loved. For I ask again, if you are really in love with one woman can you think of loving any other? Of course not. Well then, what's the use of jealousy and reproaches? One cries a little and must take comfort, as one does in the case of death, by remembering that there's no help for it. While the heart is full of one woman there's no room for another; but no sooner does it begin to grow empty than another one enters bodily the moment she has touched it with her little finger.

(Written on the margin in March, 1875.)

There's a good deal of truth in my reasoning at that time, but one can see that I was but a child. That word "love" so constantly used! Poor me! There are mistakes in French; it would all have to be corrected. I think I write better now, but not yet as I would like to.

Into what hands will my Journal fall? So far it can only possess an interest for me and my family. I should like to become some one whose Journal could not fail to interest everybody. But to begin with, I write for myself, for will it not be a fine thing to pass all one's life in review?

Friday, August 29th.—This morning I went to the fruit market with the Princess. She bargained, I paid what they asked. I only go once in a way; and to think of bargaining! I gave a few sous to the children. Dear me, what a pleasure! They looked upon me as a kind of Providence; I don't bargain and give sous. One of the women said, "How charming you are!" Oh, if Heaven would look kindly upon me!

I went back to the house; they looked at and envied me. I have begun arranging my hours of study. I shall have done to-morrow! I must study nine hours a day. God

grant me energy and courage to apply myself; I have both, but would like still more.

September 2nd.—The drawing-master has come. I gave him a list so that he may send me the teachers of the college. At last I shall set to work. Owing to Mlle. Colignon and our journey I have wasted four months; it's appalling. Binsa applied to the Censor, who asks a day. Seeing the list I had made out he asked: "How old is the young lady who wishes to study all that and has drawn up this programme?" That stupid Binsa said: "She is fifteen." But I gave him such a scolding. I am in a towering rage. Why say I am fifteen years old? it's a lie! As an excuse for it he asserts that I am twenty to judge by my reasoning powers, and that he thought he was doing right by adding two years to my age, etc. etc. To-day at dinner I insisted on the man going to the Censor and telling him my real age. *I insisted upon it.*

Friday, September 19th.—I remain in good spirits under all circumstances; we must not be saddened by regrets. Life is so short, one must laugh as much as possible. Tears come of themselves, we must try and avoid them. There are sorrows it is impossible to escape—death and separation; and even the latter is sweet as long as there's hope; but to spoil life with petty annoyances, fie! I lay no stress on trifles, as I hate the little daily troubles; I pass them by with a laugh.

Saturday, December 20th.—Scalkiopoff has come, and remarked in the course of conversation that men were degenerate monkeys. He is a little man with ideas like uncle Nicholas. Then you don't believe in God, I asked? To which he replied, "I can only believe in what I understand."

Oh, the ~~horrid~~ creature! All boys as soon as moustaches begin to grow think after that fashion. They are young green-horns who fancy women can't reason and understand. They consider they are dolls who talk without knowing what they say. They listen to them with an air of protection. . . . I told him all that, with the exception of calling him a horrid creature; and as he has no doubt been reading some book, which he quotes and didn't understand, he wishes to prove that God couldn't create because frozen plants and fossils have been found at the Poles.

I have nothing to say against it; but was not the earth convulsed by various cataclysms before the *création* of man? We cannot accept the statement literally that God has created the world in six days. The elements were in course of formation during centuries and centuries and centuries! But God exists. Can one deny Him on seeing the sky, the trees, and men themselves? Is it not as if there were a guiding hand to punish and reward, the hand of God? . . .

Monday, October 13th.—I was looking for my lesson when little Helder, my English governess, said to me: "Do you know that the Duke is going to marry the Duchess M——?" I held the book closer to my face, for I felt as hot as fire. A sharp knife seemed thrust through my heart. I began to tremble so much that I could hardly hold the book. I was afraid of fainting, but the book saved me. I pretended to look for the exact place for several minutes in order to get calm. I repeated my lesson in a voice that shook with my uneven breathing. I plucked up all my courage in my effort at self-control, as I used to do when taking a header from the bathing bridge. I wrote to dictation to avoid speaking.

With infinite delight I went to the piano and tried to play; my fingers were stiff and cold. The Princess came to

ask me to teach her croquet. "With pleasure," I answered, cheerfully, but my voice kept shaking. The carriage has come. I make haste to dress. My gown is green, my hair is golden, and with my pink-and-white complexion I am as pretty as an angel or a woman. We drive out. G——'s house stands open; there are masons at work, and, it seems, decorators or architects. She has gone. . . . Whither? I suppose to Russia to make her fortune. All the time I am thinking—"He is getting married! Is it possible?" I am unhappy! Not unhappy as I used to be formerly about a wallpaper, or a piece of furniture; but really unhappy!

I don't know how to tell the Princess that he is going to be married (for they will know it one day), and it will be better for me to tell them. I'll choose a moment when she is sitting on a sofa and the light is behind me, so that one can't see my face. "Do you know the last piece of news, Princess?" (We were speaking Russian.) "The Duke of H—— is going to be married." I had got it out at last. I didn't blush, I was quite calm; but how shall I describe what I felt!!!

Since the wretched moment when that busy-body told me the dreadful news I am out of breath, as if I had been running for an hour, and my heart aches and beats violently.

I have been playing the piano furiously, but in the midst of it my fingers relaxed, and I leant back in the chair. I begin again—the same story—and for at least five minutes I begin and have to leave off again. There's a lump in my throat which stops my breath. Ten times at least I rush from the piano to the balcony. Heavens, what a frame of mind! . . .

We go out for a walk, but Nice is Nice no longer, nor G—— either! The sight of her villa no longer affected me. It's all part of the Duke, and on that account my heart aches at the sight of those two empty houses. . . . He was the sole

attraction of Nice, and I now hate, and can hardly endure it. I am bored ! Oh ! I am bored !

Mon âme rêveuse
Ne songe qu'à lui ;
Je suis malheureuse,
L'espoir a fui.

O God, deliver me from misery ! O God, forgive me my sins, and do not punish me ! It is all over ! . . . I grow purple in the face when I think that it is all over ! . . . all, all over ! . . .

I am happy to-day, I am delighted to think that it's not true after all, as no one has repeated the horrid news, and I prefer ignorance to the miserable truth.

Friday, October 17th.—I was playing the piano when the newspapers were brought in ; I take up *Galignani's Messenger*, and the first words I see speak of the marriage of the Duke of H—.

I did not drop the paper ; it remained, on the contrary, glued to my hands. I had not strength enough to remain standing. I sat down and read the crushing words at least ten times in order to make sure I was not dreaming. Oh, divine mercy, what have I read ! What have I read ! I could not write in the evening ; I went down on my knees and wept. Mamma came in, and to prevent her seeing me in this state I made a pretence of going to see if tea was ready. And I had to take a Latin lesson ! Oh, torture ! I can't do anything ; I can't remain quiet. No words exist to express what I feel ; but jealousy possesses, enrages, kills me ; it makes me quite mad ! . . . If at least I could show my feelings, but I must hide them and appear calm, which makes me all the more miserable ! . . . When champagne is uncorked it sparkles and then settles down, but if one only half draws the cork it goes on effervescent ! . . . No, this is not a true simile, for I suffer and am crushed.

I shall forget in time, no doubt! . . . To say that my grief will be eternal would be ridiculous—nothing is eternal! But the fact is that at present I can think of nothing else. This match has been brought about by the intrigues of his mother. [(1880) *All this to-do about a man whom I had seen about a dozen times in the street, whom I didn't know, and who was unconscious of my existence!*] Oh, I hate him! I won't and I will see him in her company! They are in Baden-Baden—Baden-Baden that I was so fond of. Those walks where I used to see him, those kiosks, those shops! . . . [In reading this over in 1880 I feel quite indifferent.]

I have changed everything in my prayers to-day that refers to him. I shall no longer pray God to make me his wife. . . .

To give up this prayer seems to me impossible, killing! I cry like a fool! Come, come, my child, let us be reasonable!

It is all over; yes, it is all over! Ah, I see now that one cannot do as one likes!

I must prepare myself for the misery of changing my prayer. It is the worst sensation in the world—the end of all! Amen.

Saturday, October 18th.—I have said my prayers, and have omitted praying for him; for all, in fact. I felt as if my heart were being torn out; as if I saw the coffin of a beloved one carried away. As long as the coffin is still there, one is unhappy, but not so much so as when one feels mere emptiness everywhere.

I perceive now that he was the soul of my prayers, which have become calm, cold, and reasonable, whereas formerly they flowed with life and passion!! He is dead for me, and the coffin has been taken hence! My grief was tearful, and is now dry; may His will be done! I used to send signs of the

cross to him in all directions, not knowing where he was ; I have not done so to-day, and yet my heart beats.

I am a strange creature, nobody suffers as I do, and yet I live, I sing, I write. How I have changed since the 13th October, that fatal day ! There is a look of suffering in my face. His name no longer produces a grateful warmth ; it is a fire, a regret, a sting of jealousy, a feeling of sadness. It is the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman. I know what it is ! . . . sad mockery !

I begin to think seriously of my voice ; I should so like to sing well ! What's the use now ?

He was like a lamp in my soul, and this lamp has gone out. It is dark, gloomy, sad ; I don't know which way to turn. Formerly in my little troubles I always found a support, a light to guide me and give me strength ; but now, however much I grope about and try to find a way there's nothing but emptiness and darkness. It's horrible, horrible when there's nothing in one's soul. . . .

Tuesday, October 21st.—We come in ; they are already at dinner, and we get a little lecture from mamma for having eaten before dinner. Our charming family group is ruffled. Paul gets a scolding from mamma ; grandpapa interferes where he has no business to, and by doing so injures Paul's respect for her. Paul goes away, muttering like a servant. I go into the passage to beg grandpapa not to interfere with mamma's authority, and to let her do as she thinks best. For it is a crime, if, from want of tact, anyone incites children against their parents. Grandpapa began to shout, and that made me laugh ; his rages always make me laugh, and thus fill me with pity for those unhappy ones who have no misfortunes, and make martyrs of themselves for sheer want of something to do. Heavens, if I were only ten years older ! If I were free above all ! But what can one do if one's hands and feet are tied by one's aunts and grandfather, by lessons and

governesses, and the whole family? The whole mob of them, great heavens!

My grief is no longer acute, violent, and unexpected, but has grown dull, calm, and reasonable; but it has not grown less on that account. No, no! The remembrance is all that is left, and when I lose that I shall be most miserable.

I write such fine phrases that I grow stupid; and to think that I've never so much as spoken to him, that I've seen him close at hand about ten or fifteen times, and sometimes at a distance, or in his carriage; but I have heard his voice and shall never forget it! The more I say, the more I would like to say. Yet I can't write what I feel. I am like those unfortunate painters who invent a picture beyond their power of execution.

I love and have lost him, that is all I can say, and it expresses more than all!

After dinner, I sang and delighted the whole excitable family.

Saturday, October 25th.—Yesterday evening I was called, and told that mamma was very ill; I went down to the dining-room in a very drowsy state, and found mamma in a dreadful condition: everybody was standing round with troubled looks. I saw that she felt very ill. She says she wishes to see me before dying. I am quite horrified, but do not let it be seen. It is a very bad fit of hysteria, worse than any she has had. The whole family is in despair. The two doctors, Reberg and Macari, are sent for. The servants have been despatched in all directions for remedies. It is impossible to describe the horror of that night. I remained all the time in an arm-chair near the window; there were plenty of people to do what was required, and in fact I am not good at nursing. I have never suffered so much. Yes; I suffered as much on the 13th October, but in another way.

At one time mamma was very bad. I could not contain

my feelings, and my first impulse was to pray. The doctors came and went continually. At last they succeeded in putting mamma to bed in her room, and we all gathered round the bedside. But she is no better. . . . The recollection of that night makes me shudder. The doctors say these attacks are dangerous, but, thank God, the danger is over for the present. We are all much quieter, and remain in her room. As the sea grows calm after a great storm and appears almost frozen, we were all sitting there so calmly after such violent agitations that I hardly understood what had happened.

Tuesday, October 28th.—Poor mamma is no better; those brutes of doctors have applied a blister which has made her suffer horribly. The best remedy is cold water or tea; that's simple and natural.

A person destined to die, dies in spite of all the doctors; if, on the contrary, it is not his fate, he won't die even if he is alone and without any assistance.

It seems to me, in that case, much better to do without all those medical horrors.

Oh! how I wish I were twenty; I am only a dreamer without a future and full of ambition; how like my sorrows; how like my life! I had fashioned it in my imagination, and it has tumbled to pieces.

Although the duke is dead to me, I think of him still. I feel quite lost; everything has become uncertain; I have nothing to pray for.

Paul won't do anything; he doesn't study, he isn't sufficiently serious, he doesn't realise that he ought to study; it vexes me. O God, give him understanding; let him see that he ought to study; inspire him with sufficient ambition to enable him to become somebody. O God, grant my prayer, guide him, protect him from all those miscreants who mislead him.

I shall never care for a man who is in an inferior social position to my own ; common people irritate and disgust me. A poor man is shorn of half his individuality ; he appears insignificant, wretched, and looks like an usher ; whereas a rich and independent man carries himself *proudly*, and has an indefinable air of comfort, an assurance of triumph. I like H—— because he looks so self-complacent, capricious, foppish, and cruel. There's something of Nero in him.

Saturday, November 8th.—Never let people see too much of you, even those who love you. Go away when intercourse is at its best, so as to be regretted and leave illusions behind. You will appear more interesting, more beautiful. One always regrets what's past, and they will be eager to see you again ; but do not satisfy that wish immediately ; make people suffer, but not too much. Things that are too difficult lose in value. One's expectations are disappointed. Or again, make people suffer greatly, even too much . . . then you will be queen.

I think I must have a fever, I am too talkative, especially when I am weeping inwardly. Nobody would guess it. I sing, and laugh, and make jokes, and the more miserable I am the livelier seem my spirits. To-day I am incapable of opening my mouth ; I have hardly eaten anything.

However much I may write, it will never express what I feel. It seems as if they had robbed me in taking the duke ; yes, really it is as if I had been deprived of my property. What a disagreeable frame of mind ! I don't know how to express it, everything seems too weak. I use the strongest term for a trifle, and when I want to speak seriously I find myself run dry, as if . . . Enough ! if I go on drawing conclusions and instituting comparisons I shall never end. Thoughts run into one another and get confused at last.

Now that I look at mamma as if she were a stranger, I discover that she is fascinating, beautiful as the day, although

worn by all kinds of worries and ailments. Her voice in speaking is soft without being affected, but strong and gentle; her manners are charming, although natural and simple.

I have never in my life seen any one who thinks less of herself than my mother. She is as natural as nature; and if she would pay a little attention to dress, everybody would admire her. It is all very well, but dress does much. She attires herself in rubbish and heaven knows what! To-day she has a pretty gown, and upon my word she is captivating!

Saturday, October 29th.—I am never at peace for a minute. I should like to hide myself far, far away, where there's no one. Perhaps I should find myself again.

I have gone through jealousy, love, envy, disillusion, wounded self-love—everything that's hideous in life. . . . Above all, I feel *his* loss! I love him! Why cannot I remove all that's in my soul? But if I don't know what's passing in me, I know well that I am dreadfully fretted; that there's something which gnaws at and stifles me; yet all I say does not express the hundredth part of what I feel.

I've hidden my face in my hand while with the other I hold the cloak, which entirely covers me, even to the head, so as to be in the dark and collect my ideas, which are scattered in all directions, and leave me quite confused. My poor head!

There is one thing that troubles me; to think that in a few years I shall laugh at it all and have forgotten! [(1875.) *It's two years ago now, and I don't laugh at it, and I have not forgotten!*] All these sufferings will seem very childish to me, and affected. But no, I entreat you don't forget! When you read these lines, look back; think you are thirteen; that you are in Nice; that it is just happening! Think what you felt at the time! . . . You will understand. . . . You will be happy.

Sunday, November 30th.—I wish he would get married more quickly. I'm always like that; when there's something disagreeable to be gone through, instead of wishing to put it off, I should like to bring it nearer. When we were leaving Paris, I hurried the time of departure, because I knew this pill had to be swallowed. In the same way I eagerly awaited our arrival at Nice, so as not to have to wait. For the anticipation is even worse than the event itself.

CHAPTER II.

RUSSIA—PARIS, MARSEILLES, NICE, FLORENCE, 1874.

Sunday, January 4th.—How sweet it is to wake up naturally! I opened my eyes of my own accord without being called; it's like being on-board steamer when on waking you find you have reached your destination.

Friday, January 9th.—Coming in from my walk, I thought to myself, You'll never be staid and proper like other young ladies. I never could understand how this seriousness comes about. How one suddenly passes from childhood to maidenhood. I asked myself: How does it happen? Little by little, or in a single day? The causes which develop, ripen, or change you must either be brought about by some misfortune or by love. If I were a wit I should say the two things are synonymous; but I don't say it, because I think love is the most beautiful thing in the world. I may compare myself to a sheet of water which is frozen below and only agitated on the surface, for nothing interests or amuses me at bottom.

January 11th.—I am all impatience till to-morrow evening, the 12th January, which is our Russian New Year's Eve, in order to test my fortune in a looking-glass.

Aunt Marie has been telling us the most impressive things: she herself tried her luck before the looking-glass; she saw her husband and many things which have not yet come to pass. She also tells us that one sees the most horrible and terrifying things. I was so animated and excited that I could eat nothing. I made up my mind to try my luck.

At half-past eleven at night I shut myself in my room; I arrange the mirrors and here I am at last! . . . For a

long time I saw nothing, then little by little I made out some small figures, but not bigger than ten or twelve centimetres. I only saw a crowd of heads, with the most whimsical head-dresses imaginable ; toques, wigs, huge caps—all upside down ; then I noticed a woman who was like me, all in white with a kerchief on her head and one elbow on the table, her chin lightly resting on her hand, her eyes looking up—she slowly faded away. I saw the white and black marble floor of a church, and in the middle, standing or sitting, a group of people in fancy dresses ; I couldn't exactly make it out. To my left I seemed to see several men as if in a mist ; a man in a dress-coat, and a bride ; but their faces were invisible.

There was another man in the centre whose face I couldn't see ; most prominent were the heads with the queer headgear and I myself, I suppose, and all kinds of costumes changing with every minute. The scenes were most brilliant. Just at the beginning the decoration of the mirror endlessly reflected seemed to me for a minute like a coffin ; but I saw my mistake. I own I was a little excited. I thought every minute that I should see something horrible. To-morrow I shall tell them all about it, for it's strange ; I dare say I should have seen better had I not moved the mirror and my eyes. I began the New Year by meeting those indescribably strange and fantastic costumes and head-dresses.

Long live the year 1874 in Russia, and farewell to 1873 !

Thursday, June 2nd.—During the whole of this winter I couldn't utter a sound ; I was in despair ; I thought I had lost my voice, and I held my tongue and blushed when any one spoke to me about it ; now it has come back, my voice, my treasure, my fortune ! I welcome it with tears and go down on my knees. . . . I said nothing, but I suffered cruelly, and dared not speak of it, but I prayed to God and he has heard me. . . . What happiness, what delight to sing well ! One fancies

oneself all powerful, one imagines oneself a queen ! One rejoices at one's gift. It isn't the pride of gold or of a title. One is more than a woman, one feels immortal. One is freed from earth and soars to heaven ! And then all those people who hang on your lips, who listen to your song as if it were divine, who are electrified and enchanted. . . . You sway them all. . . . Next to actual royalty this is the best thing to strive after. The sovereignty of beauty comes after, for it is not all-powerful with every one ; but song carries man above the earth, he floats in a cloud like that in which Venus appeared to Aeneas !

Nice, July 4th.—We go to the church of St. Peter's ; the young ladies alone. I prayed fervently on my knees with my chin resting on my hand, which is very white and delicate ; but remembering where I was, I hid my hands and arranged my things in as unbecoming a way as possible by way of penitence. I am in the same mood as yesterday, and put on the dress and bonnet of my aunt. In leaving church we see A—— drive past, bowing, in his wretched Nice hat.

In my present frame of mind I can't go home, and I take my companions to the convent opposite the church, and which leads by a back door to the Sapogenikoffs' house. We enter the convent, bringing with us so much gaiety and nonsense that the holy atmosphere of the place is stirred, and the white and peaceful sisters look amused as they peep curiously behind the doors. We see the Abbess behind her double grating. She has been in the convent for forty years. . . . Oh, misery ! We go next to the parlour of the boarders, and I set Sister Thérèse dancing. She wants to convert me, and praises the convent ; I also want to convert her, and praise the world.

We are up to the ears in the Catholic religion. Well I quite understand the passion one may have for churches and convents.

Tuesday, July 6th.—Nothing is lost in this world. If we leave off loving one person, we immediately transfer our affections to somebody else, even without knowing it, and if we fancy we care for nobody we are mistaken. If it isn't a man then it's a dog or a piece of furniture, and we love it with the same passion, only in another way. If I loved I should like my love to be returned with equal strength; I should not even tolerate a word from any one else; but such love is not to be found. Therefore I shall never love any one, for no one will ever love me as I could love.

July 14th.—We have been speaking of Latin, of public schools and of examinations; this has inspired me with a burning desire to study, and when Brunet came I did not keep him waiting, but asked him for an account of the examinations. His account is such that I felt I should be able to present myself, after a year of study, for a scholarship. We will speak of it further.

I have been studying Latin since last February, and we are now in July. According to Brunet, I have accomplished in five months what they do at the college in three years. It's tremendous! I shall never forgive myself for having lost this year. It will grieve me dreadfully; I shall never forget it!

July 15th.—Last evening I said to the moon after leaving the Sapogenikoffs: "O moon, beautiful moon, show me the man I shall marry!"

After that you must not utter another word, and they say that you see the man whom you are to marry in your dreams.

What nonsense! I have seen S— and A—; both out of the question!

I am in a bad temper, everything's wanting, nothing turns out right. I shall be punished for my pride and

stupid arrogance. Read this and learn, good folk! This Journal is the most useful and instructive of all books that have been, are, or ever will be written. It's a woman with all her thoughts, her illusions, hopes, weaknesses, her charms, sorrows, and delights. I am not yet a complete woman, but I shall be one. You will be able to trace my life from the cradle to the grave. For a person's life, her whole life, without any concealment or untruth, must always prove a great and interesting thing.

Friday, July 16th.—Owing to the transmigration of love, all that I possess at present is centred on Victor, one of my dogs. He sits opposite to me at breakfast with his big dear head facing me! Let us love dogs, let us only love dogs! Men and cats are contemptible creatures. And yet dogs are nasty things; they watch you greedily while you are eating; they like you for food's sake; true, I never feed my dogs and they love me nevertheless. And Prater has left me on Victor's account and taken to mamma. And look at men! don't they want to be fed, are they not greedy and mercenary?

I shall avoid my destiny, I shall not go to Russia, for I wouldn't miss Michael Angelo's centenary for the world. Russia will keep till next year, but to see another centenary I should have to live another hundred years, which can't be expected. . . . And then, if I don't go to Russia it is God's will. All that happens, happens for the best, says a Russian proverb; no one escapes his fate, says another one.

I have again addressed the moon: "O moon, beautiful moon, show me in my sleep the man I shall marry!"

Saturday, July 17th.—They say that there are a great many rogues in Russia who want a Commune, how horrible! To divide everything and share it in common. And their detestable sect is so numerous that the papers

appeal to society in their despair. Will the fathers of families not put a stop to this infection? They want to annihilate everything; an end of civilisation, an end of art, so full of great and beautiful things. Nothing but the material means for existence; universal manual labour; and no one will have the right, however great his merit, to rise above his neighbours. They wish to abolish the Universities and all higher education, and reduce Russia to a caricature of Sparta. I hope God and the Emperor may confound their schemes. I shall pray God to protect the country from those wild beasts. D— seems struck by all I say, and astonished to find such a fever of life in me. We speak of our furniture, and he is perfectly thunderstruck at the description of my room. "But it's a temple, a tale of the 'Arabian Nights!'" he exclaims; "but one must enter it on one's knees! How astonishing, unique, remarkable!" He tries to decipher my character, and asks me if I ever try my fortune in daisies.

"Yes, very often," I replied, "to know if the dinner will be good."

"Is it possible that with such a poetic and fairy-like room you should ask a daisy whether the *chef* has been successful with his dinner? Oh no, I can't believe it!" He is much amused by my assertion that I have two hearts. I enjoy his exclamation of surprise at the number of contrasts in my nature. I soared Heaven high and then without the slightest transition came plump to earth. I posed as a person who wishes to live and enjoy herself without a notion of love. And lost in astonishment he declared he was afraid of me; that it's too strange, supernatural, and dreadful.

I prefer solitude when there's no one for whom to live.

My hair, knotted Psyche fashion, is redder than ever. With a woollen gown of that special shade of white which

is so becoming and pretty, with a lace fichu round the throat, I have the look of a portrait of the First Empire. To make this picture complete, I ought to sit under a tree, book in hand. I like solitude before a mirror, so as to admire my delicate white hands just touched with pink on the palm.

It's perhaps silly to praise myself so much ; but authors always describe their heroine, and I am my own heroine. And it would be ridiculous to humble and abase myself owing to a false modesty. We may abase ourselves in speaking when we are sure of being lifted up ; but in writing, everybody will think I am speaking the truth, and so they would think me plain and stupid—too absurd.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, I consider myself a treasure of whom no one is worthy ; and those who dare aspire to this treasure are looked upon by me as hardly worthy of pity. I consider myself a divinity, and can't conceive how a man like G—— can dream of pleasing me. I would hardly treat a king as my equal, and it is well. For I look down on men from such a height that I behave charmingly to them, for it would not do to despise those who are so far below me. I consider them as a cat might a mouse.

Thursday, July 29th.—We were to have left to-day ; I have gone through all the worries attending a removal. We get out of temper, run, forget, remember, and shout ; I am quite unsettled ; and now they talk of remaining all Saturday. Uncle Étienne wants to put it off. He has no energy for anything. What a character ! He was to have left Russia at the beginning of April, and only left it in July. It's very trying ; we are going to remain. When I show them that I am disappointed, and say that I won't go at all, they all give way to me, and I go on pouting.

Monday, August 2nd.—After a day passed in shopping

and seeing dressmakers, in walking and flirting, I put on a dressing-gown and begin reading my good friend Plutarch.

I have a gigantic imagination ; I begin dreaming of the love-making of past ages, and, without suspecting it, am the most romantic of women—how unwholesome !

I can easily forgive myself my infatuation for the duke ; he was worthy of me in all respects.

Tuesday, August 17th.—I dreamt of the *Fronde* ; I had just entered the service of Marie of Austria ; she distrusted me, and I led her in the midst of the people in revolt, crying, “ Long live the Queen ! ” and the people cried after me, “ Long live the Queen ! ”

Wednesday, August 18th.—We have passed the day admiring me—mamma admires me ; the Princess G—— admires me ; she is continually saying that I am like mamma, or like her daughter, and that’s the greatest compliment she can pay any one, for people have a better opinion of themselves than of any one else.

It’s true I am pretty. In Venice, in the Ducal palace, there is a painting by Paul Veronese on the ceiling of the State room, where Venice is depicted as a tall, fair, and blooming woman. I resemble that painting. My photographs can never give an exact idea of my appearance, because they want colour, and because the matchless fairness of my complexion is my chief beauty. But put me out of temper fatigued or annoy me by anything ; then farewell to beauty ! For you’ll find nothing more fragile than me. I am only adorable when I am happy and serene. When I am tired or vexed, I am no longer beautiful—on the contrary, I am rather plain. I expand with happiness as a flower in the sun. People will see me ; there’s plenty of time, thank God ! I am only beginning to grow what I shall be like at twenty.

I am like Hagar in the wilderness, I wait and long for a living spirit.

Paris, Tuesday, August 24th.—I hope to be introduced into society, that society for which I call loudly and on both knees—for it's life, it's happiness. I begin to live and to try and realise my dreams of being celebrated. I am already known to many people. I look at myself in the glass and think myself pretty. What do I want more? O God, in giving me a little beauty (I say little from modesty), it is still more than I deserve, coming from Thee. I feel I am beautiful, and I fancy I shall succeed in everything. The world is full of smiles for me, and I am happy, happy, happy!

The noise of Paris, this hotel as big as a town, with people always walking, talking, reading, smoking, staring, makes me awfully giddy. I love Paris and my heart beats. I want to live faster; yes, faster, faster. . . . “I never saw such a fever of life,” D— said, looking at me. Yes, I fear this desire to live by steam may be the forerunner of a short life. Who knows? Come now, I am growing melancholy. No, I don't want melancholy. . . .

Sunday, September 6th.—In the *Bois* there are so many people from Nice that it seemed for a moment like being there. I remember my last year's morning walks with my dogs—that clear blue sky, that silvery sea. Here, there's neither morning nor evening. In the morning they sweep the streets; in the evening I am irritated by those innumerable lamps. I am quite lost here, I can't distinguish between east and west. But yonder, in the south, how pleasant it is. It is like being in a nest, with those encircling mountains neither too high nor too bare. On three sides they protect us like a fine and comfortable cloak, and in front, like an immense window, is the infinite horizon,

always the same yet always new. I love Nice; Nice is my country; Nice made me grow; Nice gave me health and a brilliant complexion. It is so beautiful. You rise with the day and see the sun appearing over yonder, to the left behind the mountains which are strongly outlined against a sky of silvery blue and so soft and vaporous that it chokes one with delight. At noon the sun shines in front of me, it is hot, but the air is not hot for there's that incomparable breeze always so refreshing. Everything seems asleep. There's not a soul on the promenade, except two or three Niçois nodding on the seats. Then I begin to breathe, to admire. And then again the sky, the sun, and the mountains, in the evening. But in the evening it's quite black, or a sombre blue. And when the moon is shining on that interminable road on the sea, which looks like a fish with diamond scales, and I am at my window, quiet and alone, with a looking-glass before me and two candles, I ask for nothing more, and go down on my knees. Oh no, they will not understand my meaning. They will not understand because they have not experienced it. No, it is not that; I am utterly at a loss whenever I try to make others realise what I feel. . . . It is like a nightmare when one is powerless to cry.

For that matter no writing whatever will ever give the least idea of real life. How describe that freshness, that aroma of memory? One may invent, create, but it's impossible to copy. However much you may feel in writing, you only produce common words—wood, mountain, sky, moon; everybody says the same thing. And, after all, why trouble about it, what does it matter to other people? They can never understand it, because it's not they but I, I only, who can understand and remember. Then, again, men are not worth the trouble it would take to make them understand it all. Every one feels for himself, as I do. I would like to be able to make others feel as I do about me; but it's impossible, they would have to be I.

My child, my child, leave it alone; you are getting lost in these subtleties. You will go mad if you persist in puzzling over this as you did once over your inner self. . . . There are so many clever people! Well, no; I mean to say let them disentangle it. . . . Well, no, they can invent, but not disentangle; no, a hundred thousand times, no! In all this one thing is clear—that I am home-sick for Nice.

Monday, September 6th.—In this depression, in this dreadful and continuous suffering, I don't curse life; on the contrary, I love it, and find it good. Would you believe it, I find it all good and pleasant, even my tears and suffering. I like to cry, I like to be in despair, I like to be sad and miserable. I look upon it all as a pastime, and I love life in spite of it. I want to live. It would be cruel to make me die when I am so accommodating. I weep, I complain, and it pleases me at the same time; no, not exactly, but I don't know how to express it. In fact, everything in life pleases me, I find it all agreeable; and while I am asking for happiness, I find myself happy in being miserable. It is not *I* who find it so; my body weeps and sighs, but a something in me, which is above me, rejoices at everything. It isn't because I prefer tears to joy, but so far from cursing life in my moments of despair, I bless it and say—"I am unhappy; I complain of life; but I find it so beautiful that all appears fair and happy to me, and I wish to live." This somebody, who is above me, and who enjoys weeping, has, apparently gone out this evening for I feel very unhappy.

I have done no harm to any one as yet, but I have already been calumniated, offended, humiliated. How can I love men? I hate them; but God does not suffer hatred. Ah! God forsakes me, God tries me. He sees how I take things;

He sees that I do not hide pain under a cowardly hypocrisy, like that rogue of a Job, who, while whining before our Lord, made Him his dupe.

One thing vexes me above all—not so much the collapse of all my plans, as the regret caused by such a series of misadventures. Not on my own account—I don't know whether I shall be understood—as because it pains me to see blots accumulating on a white gown which we wished to keep clean.

My heart contracts at every little annoyance, not for my own sake, but from pity; because every annoyance is like a drop of ink falling into a glass of water; it is never obliterated, but, added to its predecessors, turns the glass of water grey, black, and dirty. You may add as much water as you like afterwards, it will always remain radically unclean. My heart contracts—with every recurrence a fresh blot is left upon my life, upon my soul. Isn't it so? We feel a profound sadness about the irreparable, even in trifling things.

Thursday, September 9th.—We are at Marseilles; no money has arrived. My aunt, in order not to keep me waiting, has gone out to pawn her diamonds. I feel nearer to Nice, my *own* town, for, whatever I may say, it is my town. I shall only feel easy at Florence with all my own things. I have had my dress and hat brushed, and am waiting for aunt to take a turn in the town.

I bought a novel at one of the stations, but found it so badly written that I threw it out of window, for fear of spoiling my style, which is already bad enough, and have now come back to Herodotus, which I am going to read at once.

Ah, what a delightful result! Poor aunt! I prostrate myself before her. In what places has she been! What people has she seen! And all for my sake! As she was

ashamed to ask the driver to take her to the pawn-broker's, she inquired for a place where one could deposit diamonds. How we laughed about this place where diamonds are deposited! At one o'clock we leave this ill-odoured town.

Since Antibes I do nothing but sing Niçois songs, to the great amazement of the railway officials. The nearer we get the greater grows my impatience.

Here's the Mediterranean, for which I have been sighing! Those black trees, and the full moon lighting up that road across the sea!

A perfect calm; no rolling of carriages nor perpetual movement of people, looking such funny little men from my window in the Grand Hotel. Rest, silence, a darkness partially lit by the moon, who is hiding herself; only a few lamps, which seem running after one another.

I go into my room, and then into my dressing-room. I open my window to look at the *château*, which is just the same, and a clock strikes, I do not know what hour, but it gives me a pang!

Ah! well may I call this year the year of sighs! I am a little tired, but I love Nice! I love Nice!

Friday, September 10th (Journey to Florence).—The mosquitoes woke me up a dozen times during the night! I wake up a little pale, but comfortable. Ah, the English know well what they mean by *Home*. Let the house be what it likes, it is the pleasantest in the world; this depends neither on its comfort or wealth; for look at our house—everything in it is upside down, hardly any furniture there—disorder, neglect, visible everywhere, yet I feel content, because I am at home, by myself, by myself!

I don't think of my gowns, because I am so satisfied. O Nice, I never thought to see thee again with such rapture!

If any one had heard me swear and curse it from the time of our leaving Marseilles, they would think I hated Nice.

It is my way to speak ill of people and things I love.

I walk about silently, and pale as a ghost, collecting all my memories scattered about the Promenade. Nice, for me, consists in the Promenade des Anglais. Every house, every tree, every telegraph-pole, has a pleasant or disagreeable, a tender or commonplace memory. I feel as if I had returned from Spa, Ostend, or London. Everything's just the same. There's even that smell of wood peculiar to new furniture.

I go into my room, and do up my hair exquisitely, in the style of the Empire, and don my white gown—the one of the portrait. It is a flowing gown, such as statues have, with sleeves which I turn up above the elbow, cut somewhat high in the back and lower in the neck, so as to show a little of the bust with a broad piece of Valenciennes falling over it. The loose folds of the dress are tied at the waist by a ribbon, and also tied below the bosom by two ribbons sewn together and tied in a simple knot. No gloves, no ornaments. I am charmed with myself. My white arms beneath the white wool, oh, so white! I am pretty; I am animated. Am I really in Nice?

Sunday, September 12th.—This evening in Florence. The town appears of moderate dimensions, but is full of life. At every corner they sell water-melons in slices. I was much tempted by those fresh, ruddy slices of melons. We look on the square and the Arno from our window. I ask for a programme of the *fêtes*—they began to-day. I thought my friend Victor Emmanuel would know how to make the most of this fine opportunity—the centenary of Michael Angelo Buonarotti. In thy reign, O knave of a king!!! And thou dost not invite all the sovereigns, and give such

festivities as were never seen before ! And thou dost not make a tremendous stir!!! O king, thy son, thy grandson, and their sons, will reign after thee, and to none will such an opportunity be given. O great lump of flesh ! O king without ambition, without pride !

There are meetings of all kinds—concerts, illuminations, a ball at the Casino, the former Borghese palace but no king ! Nothing as I would have liked and wished it. . . .

Monday, September 13th.—Let me collect my thoughts a little. The more I have to tell the less I write. . . . Because I grow impatient and nervous when I have much to say.

We drive through the whole town in a landau and in full dress. Oh, how I love those gloomy houses, those porticoes, those pillars, the massive and grandiose architecture ! Hide your diminished heads you French, Russian, English architects—ye plaster palaces of Paris, fall crumbling to the earth ; the Louvre alone excepted, it is above criticism—but all the rest ! You will never reach the magnificent style of the Italians. I opened my eyes wide when I saw the great blocks of the Pitti Palace. . . . The town is dirty, almost in rags, but what beauties there are ! O city of Dante, of the Medici, of Savonarola ! how full art thou of splendid memories for those who think, who feel, who know ! What masterpieces ! What ruins ! O knave of a king ! Oh, if I were queen ! . . .

I adore painting, sculpture, in short art wherever it exists. I could spend whole days in these galleries, but my aunt is not well, she finds it difficult to accompany me, and I sacrifice myself. Besides, life is before me, I shall have time to see it again.

At the Pitti Palace I can find no costume to be copied ; but what beauty, what painting !

Shall I say it? No, I dare not. . . . People will cry out "Shame! Shame!" Come, be brave! . . . Well then, Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola* does not please me. The Madonna's face is pale, her complexion unnatural, her expression more like that of a chambermaid than of the Holy Virgin, the Mother of Jesus. . . . Oh, but there's a *Magdalen* by Titian, which has enchanted me. But—there is always a but—her wrists are too thick and her hands too fat; fine hands of a woman of fifty.

There are delicious things by Rubens and Van Dyck. *Le Mensonge* by Salvator Rosa, is very natural, very good. I do not speak as a *connoisseur*; that which is most like Nature pleases me best. Is not the aim of painting the imitation of Nature?

I am very much pleased with the fair, fat face of Paul Veronese's wife, painted by himself. I like that style of face. I adore Titian, Van Dyck, but as to poor Raphael. . . . It doesn't matter so long as no one sees what I write, they would think me stupid. I don't criticise Raphael, for I don't understand him. In time, no doubt, I shall understand his qualities. However, the portrait of a Pope—I don't quite remember which—but I think Leo X., is admirable. I have been attracted by a *Virgin and Infant Christ*, by Murillo—it is fresh and natural.

I found the picture gallery smaller than I thought, to my great satisfaction. Those interminable galleries are killing, a more terrible labyrinth than that of Crete.

I passed two hours in the Pitti Palace without sitting down for an instant, and I am not tired. . . . Because things I love don't tire me. I am of iron as long as there are pictures, and, above all, statues, to see. Ah, if I were made to walk through the shops of the Louvre or of the Bon Marché, or even at Worth's, I should begin to cry at the end of three-quarters of an hour!

No journey ~~has ever~~ given me the satisfaction of this one;

at last I find things worthy of being seen. I adore those gloomy Strozzi palaces. And I adore these enormous gates these superb courts, these porticoes, and colonnades. It's majestic, it's grand, it's beautiful! . . . Ah, the world is growing degenerate; one is tempted to hide oneself in the earth on comparing our modern buildings with these gigantic stones piled one above the other and towering heavenward. You pass under bridges uniting palaces at an enormous height. . . .

O my daughter, hold your epithets in check! what will you say to Rome?

CHAPTER III.

NICE, 1875.

Nice, Thursday, September 30th.—I go down to my laboratory, and, to my horror, find all my phials, all my balloons, all my salts, all my crystals, all my acids, all my tubes, uncorked, and everything thrown pell-mell in the greatest confusion in a dirty case. I get into a rage, sit down on the floor, and begin by smashing thoroughly what's only half-broken. I don't touch what is left uninjured, however, for I never forget myself.

“Ah! you thought that Marie had gone; was as good as dead! So you break and scatter everything!” I cried, still continuing to smash the things.

My aunt was silent at first, then said: “Is this a young lady? It's a monster! a horror!”

In the midst of my anger I couldn't help smiling, for *this sort of thing* is quite on the surface, it does not reach my inner self, and at this moment I have the happiness to touch my inmost self, therefore I am quite calm, and look upon it all as if it concerned somebody else.

Friday, October 1.—God does not do what I implore Him to do. I resign myself (I don't, really, I wait). Oh, how tiresome it is to wait, and to do nothing but wait! This sort of thing ruins women; these contradictions and oppositions of their outward circumstances.

If man on coming into existence and in his first movements experienced no resistance from his environment, he would be unable to make any distinction between himself and the outside world, he would come to the conclusion that this world is part of himself, of his own body. According to the ease with which he reached it, by a gesture

or a step, he would be persuaded that the whole is only a portion, an extension of his personal life; he would say, boldly, "I am the Universe."

You are quite right in saying that it's too good to be by me, and I shall not try to make you think so. A philosopher has said it, and I repeat it. Well, yes; I dreamt of living in this fashion, but the world around me has given me the blues, and I am exceedingly annoyed.

I have ventured to compare all the people who have pleased me with the duke. It's strange, but on all sorts of occasions I see him completely before me, and I thank God for it, for he is my light . . . What a difference! How vividly I remember! My happiness consisted in seeing him; I remained on the terrace, sometimes I saw him passing by, and went back to the house in ecstasy. I threw myself into Colignon's arms; I hid my face in her bosom; she did not check me, but raised me gently and made me go to my lessons, still quite bewildered and drunk with joy. Oh, how well I understand that phrase—drunk with joy; for I experienced it. I did not look upon him as an equal; I never seriously thought of knowing him . . . and to see him . . . that was all I asked for. I love him still, and shall always love him! . . . How sweet it is to think of him! . . . How pure is this memory! In thinking of him I rise above this slough of Nice. I am lifted up; I love him. When I think of this I can't write much; I think, I love, and that's all.

The state of confusion in the house is a great trouble to me; these household affairs, these dismantled rooms, this air of desolation and misery, make me sick at heart. O God, take pity on me and help me settle it all! I am alone. As to my aunt, it's all the same to her; let the house fall in, let the garden dry up. . . . Not to mention details, as far as

I am concerned the neglect of these little household matters makes me nervous and spoils my temper. I am good, amiable, and gay, when my surroundings are tasteful, sumptuous, and comfortable; but when everything is empty and desolate, I, too, grow empty and desolate. The swallow builds her nest, the lion has his den, how then should man, so superior to the beasts, do nothing? Though I say superior, I don't mean to say that I esteem him. No; I have a profound contempt for mankind, and that from conviction. I expect nothing good from it. It does not possess what I seek and hope for—a good and perfect soul. Good people are fools; and the clever ones are either cunning or too much taken up with their own wit to be good. Moreover, all human beings are essentially selfish; and pray look for goodness in an egotist. Self-interest, cunning, intrigues, envy!! Happy are the ambitious, that is a noble passion; we try at times to appear good to others from vanity and ambition, and it's better than never being so.

Well, my daughter, have you come to the end of all your wisdom? For the present, well, yes. Thus, at least, I shall have fewer illusions. No meanness will annoy, no low action surprise me. No doubt the day will come when I shall think that I have found a man; but I shall be sadly mistaken that day. I foresee the day. I shall be deluded then; I say it now while I see clear. . . . But at this rate why live at all, since everything in the world is meanness and rascality? Why? Because to me the world appears thus. Because whatever we may say life is a very fine thing after all. And without going too deeply into life one can live happily. Trusting neither to friendship nor gratitude, neither to faithfulness nor honesty, let us bravely rise above human littleness, and tarry between them and God. •Eagerly seize what you can of life; do no harm to your fellows; never lose an instant of pleasure; lead an easy, exciting, and splendid existence; rise absolutely and as much as possible above others. Be powerful! Yes,

powerful! powerful! No matter how! . . . Then you are feared or respected. Then you are strong, and that's the height of human bliss; for in that case your fellow-creatures are muzzled through cowardice or otherwise, and don't bite.

Isn't it strange to hear me argue in this fashion! Well, but these arguments by a young dog like me are one more proof of what the world is worth. . . . It must, indeed, be saturated with meanness and malice to have saddened me so much in such a short time. I am only fifteen.

And this really proves God's divine mercy, for when I shall be completely initiated into the abominations of this world I shall see that there is only He in the sky above, and I on earth below. This conviction will give me more strength. I shall only touch common things to rise above them, and I shall esteem myself happy not to take to heart the littlenesses for whose sake men fight, devour and tear each other to pieces like so many famished dogs.

What a lot of words! And whither am I going? And why? Oh, visions! . . .

I rise higher and higher mentally; my soul is great; I am capable of immense things; but what's the use? since I live in a dark corner, unknown of the world.

There now, I am actually regretting my absurd fellow-creatures. But I have never despised them, I seek them, on the contrary; the world is empty without them. But, but—I rate them at their true worth, and mean to make use of them. The many are everything; what do I care for a few superior beings; I long for the world with its sounding triumphs.

When I think that. . . . I must fall back on that eternally tiresome but necessary word—Let us wait! . . . Ah! If they knew how hard I find this waiting!

But I love life, I love its annoyances, as well as its pleasures. I love God, and I love His world in spite of its baseness, and perhaps even on account of all its baseness.

It is still very fine ; this air is pleasant, the moon shines clear, the trees are sombre, Nice is beautiful. The most beautiful view in the world would not please me as much as the one I have from my window. The weather is fine, but it is sad, sad, sad !

I will read a little more and then go on with my psychological novel.

Why can one never speak without exaggeration ? My gloomy reflections would be just, if they were a little more calm. My violent mode of expression takes away from their naturalness.

There are pure souls, noble actions, and true hearts, but they appear by fits, and so rarely that they must not be confounded with the world in general.

Perhaps people will say that I indulge in such thoughts, because I have been annoyed by something ; but no, I have my usual vexations, nothing special. Don't look for anything but what is recorded in this Journal. I am scrupulous, and never omit a thought or a doubt. I reproduce myself as faithfully as my poor intellect will allow. And if you won't believe me, if you try to look for something beyond or behind what I am saying, so much the worse for you. You'll find nothing, because there is nothing.

Saturday, October 9th.—Had I been born a Princess de Bourbon, like Madame de Longueville, had I counts to wait on me, kings for parents and friends, had I on my first appearance in life only seen heads lowered before me, had I never walked but on coats of arms, had my head only reclined

beneath the regal daïs, had I a long line of ancestors all more or less illustrious and proud ; yes, had I had all this, it seems to me that I could not be prouder or more arrogant than I am.

O God, how I thank Thee ! These thoughts that come to me will keep me in the right path, and will not suffer me for an instant to lose sight of the brilliant star towards which I am advancing !

It seems to me that at present I am not advancing at all ; but I *will* advance, so it is not worth my while to alter so fine a phrase. . . .

Ah ! I am sick of my nothingness ! I rust with inaction, I wither in obscurity. Oh for sunlight, sunlight, sunlight !

Whence will it shine on me ? when, where, and how ? I don't care to know if only it comes.

In my moments of mad ambition everything seems beneath me, my pen refuses to write commonplace names. I consider all my surroundings with infinite disdain, and then I say to myself with a sigh : " Well, courage, this is only a time of transition which will lead me to better times."

Friday, October 15th.—I forget ! My aunt has gone out to buy some fruit outside the Church Saint-Reparate, in the town of Nice.

The market-women immediately came round me in a crowd. I sang *Rossigno che voli* in a low voice. They grew so enthusiastic that the old ones began dancing. I said all I knew in Niçois. In a word a popular success. The apple-women made a curtsey, saying *Che bella regina !*

I don't know why the common people always love me, and I too feel at home with them. I think myself a queen, I talk to them benevolently, and take my leave after a

little ovation like to-day's: If I were queen the people would
adore me.

Monday, December 27th.—I had such a strange dream. I was playing high above the castle holding a lyre in my hand, of which the strings were constantly getting unstrung, and I could not draw a single sound from them. I continued rising, and saw immense horizons and a strange mass of clouds, yellow and red and blue; silvery, golden, torn and variegated, then they all grew grey, and after that again dazzlingly bright, and still I went on rising till I reached a height frightful to contemplate, but I had no fear; the clouds seemed wan, frozen, and as bright as copper. Then all grew dim. I continued holding my lyre with its loosened strings, and far below me hung a reddish ball, which was the earth.

This Journal contains my whole life, my quietest moments are those when I am writing.

If I should die young I shall burn it, but if I live to be old, people will read this Journal. I believe, if I may say so, that there's no photograph as yet of a woman's entire existence, of all her thoughts, yes, all, all. It will be interesting.

If I should die young, and if this Journal should, by some unlucky accident, not be burnt, readers will say: "Poor child! she was in love, hence her despair!"

Let them say so, I won't attempt to disprove it, for the more I shall say the less will they believe me.

Is there anything more mean, more stupid, more base, than mankind. Nothing, certainly. Mankind has been created for the perdition of Dear me, I was going to say the perdition of mankind.

It's three o'clock in the morning, and, as my aunt says, I shall gain nothing by sitting up.

Ah! I am impatient. My time will come; I would fain believe it, but something tells me that it will never come, that I shall pass my time in waiting . . . always waiting! . . . waiting! . . . waiting! . . .

I am angry, and have not been crying; I have not laid down on the floor; I'm quiet. It's a bad sign; it's better to be furious.

Tuesday, December 28th.—I am cold; my mouth burns. I know well that it's unworthy of a strong nature to give way to a petty annoyance, to feel irritated by the slights of a town like Nice; to shake your head, smile contemptuously, and think no more of it, would be too much. To weep with rage gives me more pleasure.

I have grown so nervous that every piece of music which is not merely a galop, sets me weeping. I recognise myself in every opera, and the most commonplace words give me the heartache.

Such a frame of mind is worthy of a woman of thirty. But to have nerves at fifteen, and to cry like a fool at every stupid and sentimental phrase, is too much!

Only a little while ago I went down on my knees sobbing and imploring God, with outstretched arms, and looking right in front of me, just as if God were present in the room.

It seems God does not hear me; yet I cry loudly enough. I think I say impertinent things to God.

I am so desperate, so unhappy just now, that I wish for nothing. If all the inimical Nice society came to kneel down before me, I wouldn't budge.

Yes! yes! I would kick it! For, after all, what have I done to it?

O God, shall I pass my whole life thus?

There will be pigeon-shooting on Monday; I don't even trouble about it, whereas formerly!

I wish I possessed the combined talents of all authors, so as to be able to give a true idea of my profound despair, my wounded self-love, and all my thwarted wishes.

I have only to wish for a thing to make sure it won't happen.

Shall I ever find a stray half-starved dog beaten by street boys, a horse dragging enormous loads from morning till evening, a donkey in a mill, a church mouse, a teacher of mathematics without lessons, a destitute priest—in short, any poor devil sufficiently sad, wretched, and crushed sufficiently depressed and humiliated, to compare him to me?

What is really dreadful is that past slights do not slip easily off my heart, but leave a hideous trace behind!

You will never understand my condition; you will never be able to enter into my existence. You laugh. . . . yes, you laugh! But perhaps there will be somebody who will cry: "O God, take pity on me, hear my prayer! I swear that I believe in Thee."

A life such as mine, with a character such as mine!!!

I have not even the amusements of my age! I have not even what every American girl in short petticoats has; I don't even dance!

Wednesday, December 29th.—O God, if thou wilt suffer me to live as I like, I promise, if thou takest pity on me to walk on foot from Kharkoff to Kieff as pilgrims do.

Is it not a sin to do what I am doing? Saints have made vows, but I seem to make conditions. No; God sees that my intentions are good, and if I do evil He will forgive me because I wish to do well.

O God, forgive me, and have pity on me; suffer me to carry out my vows!

Holy Mary, I may be foolish, but it seems that you, being a woman, are more merciful and indulgent; take me under your protection, and I swear to dedicate a tenth part of my income to good works. . . . If I do ill it's unintentional. Forgive me!

CHAPTER IV.

ROME, NAPLES, NICE, PARIS, BERLIN--RUSSIA, 1876.

Rome, Saturday, January 1st.—Oh Nice, Nice, is there a prettier town in the world after Paris! Paris and Nice, Nice and Paris. There's no country like France, one only lives in France.

I must begin to study, considering I am in Rome on that account. Rome does not make the impression of Rome on me.

Is it really Rome? I am perhaps mistaken. Is it possible to live in any town but Nice? To see other towns, to pass through them, well and good, but to make your home in them!

Never mind! I shall get used to it.

And all those people I left behind at Nice, it seems as if they must remain in the position in which I left them and that they won't move until I return. Alas! they move without me, they enjoy themselves without me, and care not a hang for the "creature in white."

Being out of sight I should also like to be out of their gossip.

I am told that they talk of me. I can't imagine it. I can only think of the month of May when I shall make my appearance in Nice, when I shall go with my dogs to the Promenade des Anglais in the morning without a hat.

I feel here like a poor shrub that has been transplanted. I look out of window and see filthy houses instead of the Mediterranean; I go to look out of the other window and instead of the castle see the corridor of the hotel. Instead of the clock from the tower I hear that of the hotel. . . .

It's horrid to get into habits and to detest change.

Wednesday, January 5th.—I have seen the front view of St. Peter's, it is superb; it has enchanted me, especially the colonnade on the left, because no house interferes with it, and those pillars with the sky for background produce the most striking effect. You might fancy yourself in ancient Greece.

The bridge and castle of San Angelo are also to my taste.

It's grand, it's sublime!

And the Coliseum!

But what can I say after Byron?

Monday, January 10th.—We paid a visit to Mgr. de Falloux, but he has not left his bed these twenty days. From there to the Countess Antonelli, but she left Rome ten days ago. At last we visit the Vatican. I have never seen great people close at hand, and I never knew how to address them, but my instinct told me that we were not behaving as we ought. Just think, the Cardinal Antonelli, the pope *de facto* if not in name, the mainspring that sets all the papal machinery going and still keeps it going!

We reach the right colonnade in sublime self-confidence. I push aside, not without trouble, the crowd of guides surrounding us, and at the foot of the stairs I accost the first soldier, and ask for His Eminence. This soldier sends me to his chief, who assigns me to another soldier, very funnily dressed, who takes us up four enormous flights of stairs of variegated marble, and at last we reach a square gallery, which coming so unexpectedly upon me produces a great effect. I could not have imagined such a view in the interior of any palace whatever, although I knew well from description what the Vatican is like.

Seeing this immensity I should not like to see the Popes abolished. They are really great in having produced this

grandeur, and worthy of all honour for having used their life, their power, and their gold, in leaving to posterity this colossal Abracadabra called the Vatican.

In this gallery we find some common soldiers, an officer, and two guards dressed like knaves of cards.

I again ask for His Eminence. The officer politely requests my name, I write it down, some one takes it and we wait, I inwardly wondering at our absurd escapade.

The officer tells me that the hour is badly chosen, as the Cardinal is at dinner and will probably see no one. And in fact the man returns and tells us that His Eminence has just retired to his private rooms and cannot receive us, as he feels slightly indisposed; but that if we will have the kindness to leave our cards below and return to-morrow morning he will probably admit us.

And so we leave, much amused at our little visit to Cardinal Antonelli.

Friday, January 14th.—At eleven o'clock Katorbinsky, my young Polish drawing master, came, bringing a model with him, a perfect head of Christ by softening the lines and tints. This poor wretch has only one leg; he only sits for the head. Katorbinsky told me that he always sat to him for his figures of Christ.

I confess I felt slightly nervous on being told there and then to copy from Nature without any preparation; I took the charcoal and boldly sketched in the outlines. "Very well," said the master, "now do the same thing with the brush." I took the brush, and did as I was told.

"Very well," he said again, "now begin to paint." And I painted, and it was done in an hour and a half.

My wretched model had not budged, and as for me, I could hardly believe my eyes. With Binsa it used to take me two or three lessons to draw a pencil outline and to make a copy, whereas now it was all done at a single sitting, and

from Nature—outline, colour, background and all. I am satisfied with myself, and I wouldn't say so if I had not deserved it. I am exacting, and find it difficult to please myself.

Nothing is lost in this world. On what will my love be expended? Every creature, every man, contains within himself an equal quantity of this fluid; but according to his constitution, his character, and his circumstances, he appears to have more or less; everybody loves *continually*, but the objects of it vary, and if he appears to love nothing, it is because this fluid goes out to God, or to Nature, or spends itself in words, in writings, or simply in thinking or sighing.

It is true there are human beings who eat, drink, laugh, and do nothing else; with them the fluid is either completely absorbed by the animal functions, or else scattered without discrimination on men and things generally, and those are the people usually called good-natured, who, as a rule, do not know how to love.

There are also beings who love no one, vulgarly speaking. This is incorrect; they always love something, but differently from others, in their own peculiar fashion. But there are also unfortunates who don't love in reality, because they have loved and love no longer. Another mistake! They love no longer we say, well . . . Why, then, do they suffer? Because they still love though they don't think so, either on account of an unhappy love or because of the loss of the loved one.

With me, more than most others, this fluid is active, and manifests itself continually; if I were to try to suppress it I should burst.

I shower it like beneficent rain on an unworthy scarlet geranium which has no notion of it. It is one of my fancies. It pleases me, and I imagine a lot of things, and I have grown

used to think of it, and now that I am used to it, it is difficult to get out of the habit.

I am sad ! I am afraid of being afraid. . . . For when I anticipate some misfortune, it's sure to happen. I dare not pray to God, for I have only to ask for a thing in order to make sure that it won't happen. I dare not omit to pray, for afterwards I might say—"Ah, had I only prayed to God!"

Certainly, I will pray ; I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, at least.

Thursday, January 20th.—Facciotti made me sing all my notes to-day. I have three octaves, less two notes.

He was amazed. As to me, I am beside myself with joy. My voice, my treasure ! It is my dream to grow famous on the boards. It is quite as fine, to my mind, as to be a princess.

We went to see Monteverde's studio ; and then that of the Marquis d'Epinay, to whom we had a letter of introduction. D'Epinay produces wonderful statues ; he showed me all his studies, all his beginnings. Madame M—— had spoken to him of Marie as an artistic and marvellous being. We admire everything, and ask him to do a statue of me. It will cost twenty thousand francs. It's dear, but beautiful. I tell him, that I think a great deal of myself. He measures my foot by that of a statue, and mine turns out to be smaller. D'Epinay exclaims, "It's Cinderella's!"

He arranges the hair and draperies of his statues admirably. I am burning to be modelled.

O God, grant my prayer ! Preserve my voice ; should I lose all else I shall have my voice. O God, continue to show me thy goodness ; do not let me die of grief and vexation ! I long so much to go into society. Time passes and I make no progress ; I am nailed to the same place, I

who would live, live by steam, I who burn, who boil over, who bubble with impatience !

"I have never seen in any one such a fever of life," said Doria of me.

"If you knew me you would have some notion of my impatience, my grief.

O God, take pity on me ! I have only Thee ; it is to Thee I pray ; Thou alone who canst comfort me !

Saturday, January 22nd.—Dina has had her hair done by a hairdresser, and I too ; but the horrid creature has done it frightfully. In ten minutes I have changed it, and we start for the Vatican. I have never seen anything to compare with the staircases and rooms along which we pass. As in the case of St. Peter's, I find nothing to criticise. A valet, attired entirely in red damask, leads us down a long, admirably painted gallery, with bronze medallions and cameos fixed in the walls ; to the right and left are somewhat hard chairs, and at the end the bust of Pius IX., and beneath it a comfortable gilt arm-chair of red velvet. Our appointment was for a quarter to twelve, but only at one o'clock the *portière* was drawn back, and, coming after a few guards and officers in uniforms, appeared His Holiness the Pope himself, dressed in white with a red cloak, and leaning on an ivory-headed stick, between several cardinals.

I knew him well from his portraits, but he is, in reality, much older ; so much so that his lower lip hangs down like an old dog's. Every one knelt down, and the Pope, first of all, approached us and asked who we were ; one of the cardinals read the letters of introduction, and told him the names.

"Russians ? Then, from St. Petersburg ? "

"No, Holy Father," said mamma, "from Little Russia."

"These young ladies belong to you ? " he asked again.

"Yes, Holy Father."

We were placed at his right hand, those to the left were kneeling too.

"Get up, get up," said the Holy Father.

Dina was about to do so.

"No," said he, "I meant those on my left hand, you may remain."

And he placed his hand on her head so as to make it bend lower. He then gave us his hand to kiss, and went on to others, addressing a few words to each. When he passed to the left it was our turn to rise. He stopped again in the middle, and everybody knelt down once more, and he made a little speech in very bad French, comparing the demand for indulgence at the coming Jubilee with the repentance people experience at the approach of death, and saying that we must gain heaven little by little by doing something pleasing to God every day.

"You must gain your country little by little," said he, "but your country is not London, not St. Petersburg, not Paris, it is Heaven. You must not wait to the last day of your life, you must think of it every day, and not do as one does at the approach of the Jubilee." "Non e vero?" he added in Italian turning to one of his *suite*, "anche il Cardinale . . . (I have forgotten the name) lo sa."

The Cardinal thus addressed began to laugh, and the others followed suit; it must have had some meaning for them, and his Holiness went away looking very pleased and smiling after having given his blessing to all the persons present, the rosaries and images, &c. I had a rosary which I have put away in my soap-box as soon as I got home.

While the old man was giving us his blessing and talking, I prayed God to bring about that the Pope's blessing should prove a real blessing, and to deliver me from all my sorrows.

There were some Cardinals there who looked at me just as if they were coming out of the opera at Nice.

Sunday, January 23rd.—Oh! how bored I am! If we were altogether at least! What a foolish idea to separate in this fashion! We should always remain together, there are fewer annoyances and one feels more comfortable. Never never more must we separate. We should feel a thousand times happier together—grandpapa, aunt, everybody, and Walitzky.

Monday, February 7th.—As we got out of our carriage at the door of the hotel I saw two young Romans looking at us as we entered. We sat down to dinner at once, and the men remained standing in the middle of the square looking at our windows.

Mamma, Dina, and the others, laughed, but I, being more prudent, and afraid lest I should betray any interest in what might prove two knaves—for I was not sure of these two men being the same as those at the door of the hotel—sent Léonie to a shop across the way, telling her to closely observe the two persons and to come back and describe them to me. Léonie returned, and described the shorter of the two. “They are perfect gentlemen,” she said. From that instant we do nothing but go to the windows, looking through the blinds, and making jokes about the poor wretches exposed to the rain, wind, and snow.

It was six o’clock when we came home, and those two angels remained in the square until a quarter to eleven, waiting for us. What legs they must have to remain standing thus for five hours!

Monday, February 14th.—The Italian came this evening as usual. Mamma has sent Fortuné to buy some paper. This gentleman stopped Fortuné, and spoke to him on several occasions. This is his story, which, although not as classical as that of Théramène is none the less interesting, told in a Niçois accent not without charm.

"I went out to buy some paper, and this gentleman began speaking to me. He said to me: 'Is it here that those ladies live?' I answered 'Yes.' Then he said to me: 'If they would pay a visit to my villa I would send them my coupé or a landau, whatever they wished.' Then I said to him, that you didn't know him. 'The mother of these young ladies knows me, and we meet each other every evening at the Villa Borghese and on the Pincio.' I spoke so much to him that he gave me his card. Then I brought it to you, and went down-stairs. He began talking to me again. Then I told him that my ladies had forbidden me to talk to him, and then he said, 'I am going home to write a letter; I shall return in half an hour if you will come down and take charge of it.' Then I told him that 'I could not be always going down-stairs.' Then he said to me: '*If the ladies will suspend a string from the window I will tie my letter to it*, and they can draw it up to the balcony. Have the ladies got any string?' Then I told him again that you did not know him. He answered: 'But if the ladies will tell me by whom I can be introduced, I will at once go in search of this person. I made no reply to this. Then he told me it was all for the sake of the young lady who had been at the Villa Borghese yesterday, and was dressed in black with her hair down' (it was Dina). Then he told me 'that if you would go to see his villa, he would invite people and show it to you, and if you liked he would send you his carriage'"

Fortune's expression was a sight to see. He had crossed his hands behind him, advanced one foot, his mouth stood open to his ears, and his eyes, twinkling cunningly, looked fit for the biggest devil on the face of the earth.

It's almost Spanish, and we laughed so much that Lolo nearly fainted for a few minutes. A genuine romance à la Rosina. . . .

At first I was angry, and thought it impertinent; but on

'seeing how much pleasure it gave to Dina and her mother, I forgot my anger, and joined the lively chorus of pleasant banter.

Dina got as red as a peony; she will now give herself airs again; and she is disagreeable when she gives herself these airs.

This gentleman has a villa, he is rich, no doubt! Oh dear, if he would only marry Dina! I wish it more than anything; and we have just had new gowns sent from Worth, hers being all covered with white flowers exactly like orange blossom.

Tuesday, February 15th.—Rossi comes to see us, and we ask him at once who this gentlemen is. "It's Count A—— the Cardinal's nephew, he couldn't be anything else."

Count A—— is like G—— who, as all the world knows, is exceedingly handsome.

This evening, as he looked less at me I was able to examine him more closely. So I had a good look at A—— He is charming, but I must add that I have no luck, and those I like to look at don't look at me. He looked at me through his eye-glass, but respectfully, as on the first day. He posed a good deal, and when we rose to go he snatched up his eye-glass and never left off looking.

"I asked you who this gentleman is," said my mother to Rossi, "because he reminds me a good deal of my son."

"He is a charming young fellow," said Rossi; "he is rather *passerello*, very gay, very handsome, and full of cleverness."

I am delighted at hearing this. I have not felt so much pleasure as this evening for a long time. I bored myself. I had no wish for anything, because there was nobody to think of.

"He is very like my son," said mamma.

"He is a charming young fellow," said Rossi, "and if you like I will introduce him to you."

"I shall be delighted."

Friday, February 18th.—There is a grand fancy dress and masked ball at the Capitol this evening. I, Dina, and her mother, go there at eleven o'clock. I have not put on a domino, but wear a black silk gown with a long train, and tight-fitting bodice, a tunic of black gauze with silver lace trimmings, draped in front, and bunched up behind, so as to make the most graceful hood imaginable; I have on a black velvet mask with black lace, light gloves, and a rose with some lilies of the valley in the bodice. It was captivating, and our appearance made a sensation.

I was very nervous, and did not dare speak to anybody, but a number of men surrounded us, and I ended by taking the arm of one of them, whom I had never seen. It is very amusing, but I think most of the people recognised me. There ought to have been less coquetry in my get-up, but never mind.

Three Russians fancied they knew us, and coming behind us spoke loudly in Russian hoping we should betray ourselves; but instead of that I made the people round us form a circle and talk Italian. They went away, saying they were fools, and that I was an Italian.

Enter the Duke of Cesaro.

"Whom are you looking for?"

"A——; is he coming?"

"Yes; in the meanwhile stop with me . . . the most elegant woman in the world!"

"Oh! there he is . . . My dear fellow, I was looking for you."

"Bah! but as it's for the first time I am going to hear you

take care of your pronunciation, you lose much on a closer view. Pay attention to your conversation!"

It seems this was witty, for Cesaro and two others began to laugh with delight. I felt sure that they knew me.

"We recognise your figure," they said to me; "why are you not in white?"

"I think, upon my word, that I'm playing the part of supernumerary," said Cesaro, seeing that we continued talking to A—.

"I think so too," I said; "go away."

And, taking the young fop's arm, I passed through the various rooms, taking no notice of the rest of the world.

A—'s face is remarkably handsome; he has a pale, clear complexion, black eyes, a long, straight nose, pretty ears, a little mouth, very passable teeth, and a moustache of twenty-three.

I treated him as a little hypocrite, a young fop, a poor wretch, a madman; and he told me, with the most serious air in the world, that he had run away from his father's house at nineteen; that he had plunged into life; that he is blasé that he has never been in love; &c.

"How often have you been in love?" he asked me.

"Twice."

"Oh! oh!"

"Perhaps even more."

"How I would like to be the *more*."

"Young jackanapes! Tell me why did all these people take me for the lady in white?"

"Well, you are like her. That's why I came with you. I am madly in love with her."

"That isn't a very amiable speech."

"What would you have? It's the case."

"You've been staring at her enough, in all conscience, and she is well pleased, and poses."

"No, never." She never poses. . . . One may say what one likes, but not that!"

"It is easy to see you are in love."

"Yes, with you: you are like her."

"Bah! I have a much better figure."

"No matter. Give me a flower."

I gave him a flower; he gave me a spray of ivy instead. His languishing airs and tones exasperate me.

"You have the look of a priest. Is it true that you will be one?"

He laughed.

"I hate priests. I have been a soldier."

"You! You've only been at a seminary."

"I hate the Jesuits; that's why I am always on bad terms with my family."

"My dear, you are ambitious, and would like nothing better than to have your slipper kissed."

"What an adorable little hand!" he cried, kissing it—an operation which he repeated several times in the course of the evening.

"Why did you begin so badly with me?" I asked.

"Because I took you for a Roman at first, and I detest that kind of woman." And, in fact, when I was with Cesaro, and he proposed to sit down, A—— placed himself on my left hand, and while I was talking to my cavalier he tried to put his arm round my waist, looking most silly all the time.

"If you don't get rid of this little donkey," I said to Cesaro, "I shall go away."

And he got rid of the little fool.

I have seen men only occasionally—in driving, at the theatre, and at home. Oh dear, how different they are at a mask ball! They are just as attentive, tricky, and absurd here as they look grand and reserved in their carriages. Only Doria lost none of his dignity. Perhaps because he is

too much above human pettinesses. I left my young fool at least ten times, and he managed to find me again as often.

Dominica urged our going, but the young fellow managed to detain us. At last we succeeded in securing two easy-chairs, and then the conversation took a different turn.

We got to talk of St. Augustine and l'Abbé Prevost.

At last we escaped without any one following us; for all who had seen me in the street knew me again.

I have been amused and disenchanted.

A—— does not altogether please me, and yet . . . Ah! the rogue of a priest's son has carried off my glove and kissed my left hand.

"You know," he said, "I won't promise to carry this glove always next to my heart—it would be silly; but it will be a pleasant remembrance."

We left Fortuné behind, so as to make them lose the clue; he came back alone.

Monday, February 21st.—I have the honour of introducing you to a madwoman. Judge for yourself. I seek, I find, I invent a man; I stake my life on him; he becomes part and parcel of all my sensations; and then when my head, open to all the winds of heaven, is full of him, it will perhaps only bring me suffering and tears. I am far from wishing that this should happen, but I say it by way of warning, and I should like to know when the true Roman carnival is to begin. At present I have only seen balconies decorated with white, red, blue, yellow, and pink draperies, and hardly any masks.

Tuesday, February 23rd.—Our neighbours have arrived; the lady is amiable; some of the carriages are splendid. Troily and Giorgio have a fine carriage drawn by big horses,

and the footmen wear white breeches. It was the prettiest carriage. They cover us with flowers. Dina blushes crimson, and her mother beams with delight.

At last they have fired the cannon, the race is about to begin, and A—— has not arrived; but the young man of yesterday turns up, and, as our balconies adjoin, we begin talking. He gives me a bouquet, I give him a camellia, and he makes as many tender and gallant speeches as is permissible to a gentlemanly young man when he has not had the honour of having been introduced to a young lady. He swears always to keep this flower, to dry it in his watch. And he promises to come to Nice and show me the petals of the flower, which will always keep fresh in his heart. It was very amusing.

The Count B—— (that's the name of the handsome stranger) did not make me sad; when, looking down on the base crowd below, I saw A—— bowing to me. Dina threw him a bouquet, and ten arms were raised from among the crowd to catch it flying. One of the men did so, but A——, with the utmost coolness, seized him by the throat and held him with his strong hands till the wretch let go his prize. It was so fine that A—— looked almost sublime. Full of enthusiasm, and forgetting my blushes, I blushed again as I threw him a camellia, the string falling with it. He took it, put it in his pocket, and disappeared. Still full of emotion, I turned to B——, who made use of the opportunity to pay me compliments on my Italian and heaven knows what. The *Barberi* pass by with the swiftness of wind amidst the shouts and hisses of the populace, but on our balcony we speak only of the fascinating way in which A—— repossessed himself of the bouquet. Really, he looked like a lion, or a tiger, I expected nothing of the kind from such a delicate-looking young man.

As I said at the beginning, he is a singular mixture of languor and energy.

I can still see his clenched hands gripping the knave's throat.

You will, perhaps, laugh at what I am gojng to say, but I shall say it all the same.

By such an act a man may win a woman's love at a stroke. He looked so calm while throttling this villain, that my heart seemed to stop beating. Whenever they speak of it at home I blush like a Nice rose.

Three-quarters of an hour later, when I was at the height of my flirtation with our neighbour, I saw a valet carrying an enormous bouquet fastened to a long pole, covered all over with gilt paper, and apparently not 'sure to whom he awas to offer it, when a stick pushed against the balcony shoved it in my direction.

It came from A——, who gave me back my camellia. I did not understand nor see A—— at first, but after hesitating for an instant, I managed to lift and take the magnificent bouquet in my arms, smiling the while at this horrid son of a priest.

“ Oh, how splendid ! ” exclaimed the English lady.

“ *E bello veramente*,” said B——, a little vexed.

“ It really is charming,” I said, quite delighted at heart.

And carrying my spoils, I got into the carriage, looking once more at that dreadful son of a priest.

Having seen me take the bouquet, he bowed in his calm way, and vanished from sight.

I can do nothing else all the evening but speak of it, and constantly break into the conversation and speak of it again. “ Isn't A—— adorable ? ” I say it in fun, but am rather afraid of thinking so seriously. At present I am trying to convince my people that I am preoccupied with A——, and they won't believe me; but from the moment that I shall say the opposite of what I am saying now, they will have every reason to believe me.

I have grown impatient again, and should like to sleep to make the time pass, and go to the balcony again.

Monday, February 28th.—When I go out on the balcony at the Corso, I find all our neighbours at their places, and the carnival full of animation. I look down and see the Cardinalino and his friend on the opposite side. On seeing him I grew confused, and blushed and rose from my seat; but the naughty son of a priest was no longer there, and on turning round to mamma I saw her giving her hand to some one—to Pietro A—.

“Ah! that’s right. You have come to my balcony; not a bad idea.”

By way of politeness, he remains some time with mamma, and then sits down by me.

As before, I occupy the right corner of the balcony next the English lady’s seat. B— is late; his place is taken by an Englishman, whom his countrywoman introduces to me, and who is very attentive.

“What a life you are leading!” says A—, in his calm and gentle way. “You don’t go to the theatre any more.”

“I was ill; my finger still hurts me.”

“Where?” (He wanted to take hold of my hand.) “I have been every evening to the Apollo, you know, only staying five minutes.”

“Why?”

“Why?” he repeated, looking me straight in the eyes.

“Yes, why?”

“Because I went there on your account, and you were not there.”

He says a good many more things of the same kind, rolls his eyes, and behaves in a very amusing way.

“Give me a rose.”

“What for?”

You will acknowledge that I was putting an embarrassing question. I like to ask questions which can only be answered foolishly, or not at all.

"Do look at that tube," I said, pointing to a horrid creature in a long overcoat and tall hat. "If you flatten it I will give you a rose."

Then followed a sight for the gods to see. A—— and Plowden did their best to throw old bouquets at the head of this man, who, getting animated in his turn, began aiming them at us.

I was shielded by the Cardinalino and Plowden, and the bouquets, I ought rather to say brooms, were falling all round. We ended by breaking a pane of glass and a lamp. It was very interesting.

B—— offers me a big basket of flowers; he blushes and bites his lips; I can't think what's the matter with him. But let us leave this tiresome creature, and turn to the eyes of Pietro A——.

He has adorable eyes, especially when he doesn't open them too much. His eyelids partly covering the pupils, give an expression to his eyes which goes to my head and makes my heart beat.

Sunday, March 5th.—There is a great race at the Villa Borghese; a man has taken a wager to go forty times round the Place de Sienne in the Villa in an hour and twenty-five minutes. All the world, following the lead of the charming princess, goes to see it.

Zucchini is there; he makes me laugh; Doria and many others. This makes me think of horse races; all these people walking about on the grass make a very pretty picture.

I catch sight of the Cardinalino, and turn away to speak to Debeck, because I feel that I am blushing.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle," he says, coming up to me.

“Good morning, Monsieur.”

There are two people who exist for me, independently of each other, Doria and A——.

Doria, majestic, freezing, awe-inspiring.

A—— full of gaiety, coquetry, and charm.

Pietro A—— evidently pleases me.

I tell them I have been eating violets, and Plowden and Cardinalino ask me for some; I give them some from my nosegay, and they eat them like two donkeys.

A—— ended by eating the threads of silk which I pulled from my fringe.

• A—— is a charming child, his little pouting ways are enchanting; for example, he brings me a pack of cards and asks me to play.

Plowden also wants to play.

“But you can’t!” cries the fiery son of a priest, opening his eyes to their widest.

“Yes, yes, yes,” I say. “Three can play together, it’s all the same.”

“It’s all the same!” says he, looking at me as if he had been pricked with a pin.

I have his voice in my ears as I am writing; I am very much in love with him. I say it quite naturally, as I feel it. When he goes away I am sorry; I never have enough of him. It’s absurd to get as infatuated about people as I do!

“Be good to B——,” says Dina, “if only to torment Pietro.”

Torment! but if I haven’t the least desire for it. Torment! excite his jealousy—fie! In love, it’s like the paint women put on their faces—it’s vulgar, it’s low. You may torment a lover unconsciously, naturally, so to speak; but do it on purpose, fie! ..

Moreover, I can’t do it on purpose; I haven’t got sufficient

character. Is it possible to go and talk and do the amiable with some monster of a man, when the Cardinalino is by and one can talk to him ?

The sly rogue is courting mamma most persistently, and she calls him her dear child.

I like to see him so attentive to her. He complains of his parents, who won't allow him to keep horses, because he spent too much money when he ran away at seventeen and entered the army. He will be twenty-three in April.

A child in age and in character.

Monday, March 6th.—I remember yesterday, during the race, I dropped my nosegay. A—— jumped down, picked it up, and had to climb on his knees to get up again.

“What will he do to get up ?” cried Dina.

“Oh, it's very easy,” I said.

“All I do is very easy,” said the dear boy, dusting his knees. “I make myself ridiculous, and it's very easy.” And he looked away to show he was piqued.

May, 1877 (Note)—Let me beg you, once for all, not to attach too much importance to my infatuations; I did not really think of A——, as I wrote . . . I idealised him to make it more like a romance.

March ——At three o'clock we approach the Porto del Popolo. Debeck, Plowden, and A—— meet us there. A—— helps me to mount, and we start.

My habit is of black cloth, and made all of a piece by Laferrière, so that it is free from English stiffness or the ugliness that's so common ; it is a close clinging princess robe.

“How *chic* you look on horseback,” says A——.

Plowden bores me by trying to keep always with me.

Pietro is anxious about mamma, who follows us in a landau.

Once left alone with the Cardinalino, our conversation naturally turns on love.

"Eternal love is the tomb of love," says the child: "we must love for a day and then change."

"What a charming idea! Is it your uncle, the Cardinal, who taught you that?"

"Yes," he answered, laughing.

Wretched son of a dog and a priest, I think he has annoyed me seriously with this truth, said with his habitual calm.

Once in the open country we begin to gallop, leap ditches, and race like the wind. It's delicious! He rides to perfection.

Tuesday, March 7th.—By dint of talking nonsense I have fallen in love with this good-for-nothing. It can't be called love; he has given his likeness to mamma, and when he had left I took it to my room, looked at it, found it charming, and went to sleep dreaming of it. And I saw him in fancy, and had so much to say to him!

Tuesday, March 8th.—I am going to put on my riding habit, and at four o'clock I am at the Porto del Popolo, where the Cardinalino is waiting for me with two horses, mamma and Dina following in the carriage.

"Let us turn this way," says my cavalier.

"Let us." And we entered some kind of field, a green and pleasant spot called La Farnesina. He began his declarations again by saying:

"I am in despair!"

"What is despair?"

"It's where a man wishes to have a thing which he can't have."

“Do you wish for the moon ?”

“No, the sun.”

“Where is it ?” I said, looking at the horizon, “I think it has set.”

“No, it is there, shining on me ; it is you.”

“Bah ! Bah !”

“I have never loved ; I hate women ; I have only had intrigues with light women.”

“But when you saw me you loved me ?”

“Yes, at first sight, the first evening at the theatre.”

“You said it was over.”

“I was joking.”

“How can I tell when you joke and when you are serious ?”

“But you can see that !”

“That’s true ; we can nearly always tell when a person is telling the truth ; but you don’t inspire me with confidence, and your fine ideas about love even less.”

“What are my ideas ? I love you and you won’t believe me. Ah !” he said, biting his lips and looking away, “then I am nothing, and can do nothing.”

“Come, act the hypocrite,” said I, laughing.

“A hypocrite, always a hypocrite,” he cried, turning upon me angrily ; “is that what you think of me ?”

“And other things besides. Be quiet and listen. If one of your friends were to pass at this instant you would look at him and wink and laugh.”

“I a hypocrite ; oh, if that’s so, well, well !”

“You are torturing your horse, let us dismount.”

“You don’t believe that I love you ?” he said, again trying to look me in the eyes, and stooping towards me with an expression of sincerity that made my heart beat.

“Well, no,” I repeated, falteringly. “Rein-in your horse and let us get off.”

All his tender speeches were still mixed up with precepts of horsemanship.

Can one help admiring you?" said he, stopping a few paces lower than I was, and looking at me. " You are beautiful," he continued, " but I think you have no heart."

On the contrary, I have an excellent heart, I assure you."

" You have an excellent heart, and you won't love!"

" That depends on circumstances."

" You are a spoilt child, are you not?"

" Why should I not be spoilt? I am not ignorant, I am good, only I am hot-tempered."

We went down the hill all the time, but at a walking pace, for the slope was steep, and the horses kept catching in the unevennesses of the road and the tufts of grass.

" As for me, I have a bad character, I am violent, hot-tempered, choleric; I will try and get better. . . . Let us jump this ditch, will you?"

" No."

And I crossed by a little bridge, while he jumped over the ditch.

" Let us trot gently to the carriage," he said, " for we are not going down hill any more."

I set off trotting, but when we were a few paces from the carriage my horse broke into a gallop. I turned to the right. A— followed me, my horse took to galloping very fast; I tried to rein it in, but he took the bit in his teeth. The brute had bolted. The plain stretched before us; I was borne along, all my efforts were useless; my hair tumbled down my shoulders, my hat fell on the ground, my strength relaxed, I got frightened. I heard A— behind me, I was conscious of the emotion they felt in the carriage; I felt inclined to jump down, but the horse went like an arrow. How stupid to be killed like this. I thought, I had no strength left; they must save me!

"Hold him in!" cried A——, who could not catch me up.

"I can't," I said in a low voice.

My arms were trembling. In another instant I should have fainted, when he came up with me, hit the horse across the head with his whip, and I seized hold of his arm as much to keep myself from falling as to touch him.

I looked at him; he was deadly pale. I never saw any one so upset.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a fright you have given me!"

"Oh yes, I should have fallen but for you; I could no longer hold him in. Now it's over Very nice, to be sure," I added, trying to laugh. "Will somebody give me my hat?"

Dina had got out, and we went to the landau. Mamma was quite beside herself, but she said nothing. She knew something was the matter, and did not want to annoy me.

"We will go gently, at a walk, to the door."

"Yes, yes."

"But what a fright you have given me! And you, were you frightened?"

"No, not at all, I assure you."

"Oh yes, I can see it."

"It's nothing, nothing at all."

And a minute later we began conjugating the verb "to love" in all its tenses. He tells me everything from the beginning, since the first evening he saw me at the opera, when, seeing Rossi coming out of our box, he left his own to meet him.

"You know," he said, "I have never loved any one, my only affection was for my mother, all the rest! I never looked at any one in the theatre, I never went to the Pincio. It's folly, all that, I laughed at those who went, and now I go there myself."

"For me?"

"For you. I am obliged." . . .

"Obliged?"

"Morally. No doubt I could make an impression on your imagination if I rehearsed a declaration in the style of novels; but it's foolish; I only think of you, I only live for you. Of course man is a material being, he meets a lot of people, and a lot of other thoughts preoccupy him. He eats, he talks, he thinks of other things; but I often think of you in the evening."

"Perhaps at your club?"

"Yes, at the club. When night comes on I remain to dream; I smoke, and think of you. Especially when I am alone at dusk I think and dream, and the illusion is such that I fancy you are there. Never, he added, have I felt anything like it before. I think of you, I go out to see you. The best proof is that as you no longer go to the opera I don't go either. It's chiefly when I am alone that I dream. I picture to myself that you are present. I assure you that I have never felt what I feel now, from which, I suppose, that it must be love. I desire to see you; I go to the Pincio; I long to see you, and get quite wild, and then I picture you to myself. This is how I began to feel the pleasure of loving."

"How old are you?"

"Three-and-twenty. I began life at seventeen. I might have fallen in love a hundred times, but I never did. I have never been like those fellows of eighteen, who make a fuss over a flower or a portrait, that's so stupid. If you knew, I sometimes think that I have so much to say and, and . . ."

"And you can't?"

"No, that isn't it. I'm in love, and grow stupid."

"Don't think so, you are not at all stupid."

"You don't love me," he said, turning round.

"I know you so little," I replied, "that it's impossible to tell."

"But when you know me better," said he, gently, looking at me in quite a timid way (and then he lowered his voice), "perhaps you will love me a little?"

"Perhaps," I said, softly.

It was almost night when we arrived. I got into the carriage. He goes to mamma, making many excuses, and she gives him a few recommendations about the horses for the next time, and we separate.

"*Au plaisir de nous revoir!*" says A—— to mamma.

I give him my hand in silence, and he presses it, not as formerly.

"I know all about it!" exclaims Dina. "He said something to her, she checked him, he set his horse off and that's how it happened."

"True, my dear, he really said a lot of things to me."

"All goes well?" asks Dina.

"Swimmingly, my dear," I say, complacently.

I come in, undress, put on a dressing-gown and lie down on the sofa, tired, fascinated, bewildered. I did not take it in at first, I forgot everything for two hours, and it required two hours to recollect what you have just been reading. My joy would be complete if I quite believed him, but I have my doubts in spite of his candid, charming, and even naïve looks. That comes of being a knave at heart oneself. Moreover, it's better so.

I leave my note-book ten times over, in order to lie down on my bed and passing it all over again in my poor head, to dream of it and to smile.

Behold, good people, I am thoroughly upset, and he is no doubt at his club.

I feel quite different, quite stupid. I am calm, but still

bewildered by what he told me. I also remember his saying that he was ambitious.

Every well-born man ought to be, I replied.

I like the way he spoke to me. No rhetoric, no affectation, you saw that he was thinking aloud. He said some very pretty things to me, as for example: "You always look pretty," he said, "I can't think how you manage it."

"My hair is all undone."

"So much the better, you look even nicer so, with your hair loose, you are still more. . . . you are." (He stopped and smiled.) "You are all the more, I don't know how to express it. . . . more ravishing."

I am now thinking of the time when he said, "I love you," and when I had replied, "It's not true." He shook himself in the saddle, and stooping while he allowed the reins to drop from his hand: "You don't believe me," he cried, trying to look me in the eyes, which I dropped. (Not from coquetry, I swear it.) Oh, he spoke the truth at that moment. I raised my head and caught his troubled look; his wide-open, dark-brown eyes, which were trying to read my thoughts to the bottom of my soul. They were troubled, irritated, vexed, by my averted looks. I did not do it on purpose; if I had looked him in the face I should have begun crying. I was nervous, confused, and didn't know what to do, and he may have thought that I was acting from coquetry. Yes, at least at that moment I knew that he was not lying.

"You love me at present," I replied, "but in a week you will love me no longer."

"Oh, have pity! I am not one of those men who pass their lives in flirting with young ladies; I have never courted any one, I love no one. There is a woman who is doing all in her power to make me fall in love with her. She has given me six or seven rendezvous, I have always missed them, because, you see, I can't love her."

But enough, I shall never finish if I call up all my memories and write them down. So many things were said!

Come, come, you must go to sleep.

Tuesday, March 14th.—I think I promised Pietro to go out for a ride. We meet him in walking dress and billycock; the poor child was in a fiacre.

“Why don’t you ask your father to give you horses?” I said.

“I have asked, but if you only knew how close the A——’s are.”

I was vexed to see him in a wretched fiacre.

To-day we leave the Hôtel de Londres, we have taken a large and handsome *appartement* on the first storey of the hotel on the Via Babino—ante-room, little salon, salon, four bed-rooms, *studio*, and servants’ room.

March 16th.—Pietro came about ten o’clock. The salon is very large and very handsome; we have two pianos, a grand and a smaller one. I began softly playing one of Mendelssohn’s “Songs without Words,” and A—— began singing his ballad. The more fire and passion he put into it the more I laughed and the colder I got.

I find it impossible to imagine A—— really in earnest.

Whatever the beloved one may say appears adorable; people to whom I am quite indifferent sometimes find me amusing, how much more those to whom I am not so. In the middle of a sentence full of tenderness I said something irresistibly funny to him, and he began laughing. Then I reproached him for laughing, saying I couldn’t believe a child who was never serious and who laughed at everything like mad. And I did this several times till he got exasperated. Then he began telling me how it had begun, “since the first evening when the *Vestale* was performed.

"I love you so much that I would do anything for you," he said. "Tell me to shoot myself with two pistol shots, and I will do so."

"And what would your mother say?"

"My mother would cry, and my brothers would say, 'Instead of being three we are now two.'"

"It's useless, I don't want proofs of that kind."

"But what would you like in that case? Tell me; would you like me to jump out of the window into the fountain below?"

And he rushed to the window; I held him back, and he wouldn't let go my hand.

"No," he said, swallowing something like a tear. "I am calm at present, but a moment ago—heavens! don't put me in such a rage again. Answer me; say something."

"Oh, that's mere nonsense!"

"Yes, I may have committed youthful follies; but I don't believe I ever felt like to-day—at this very moment. I thought I was going out of my mind."

"In a month I shall be going away, and it will all be forgotten."

"I will follow you everywhere."

"They won't permit it."

"And who is to prevent me!" he exclaimed, rushing towards me.

"You are too young," I said, beginning to play something else, and passing from Mendelssohn to a softer and deeper nocturne.

"Let us get married; we have a splendid future before us."

"Yes, if I wished it."

"Ah! no doubt you wish it."

Then he walked up and down, getting more excited. I did not even change colour.

"Well," I said, "supposing I were to get married to you, and you left off loving me after two years."

I thought he would have choked.

"No. What makes you think these things?"

And breathing hard, with tears in his eyes, he fell at my feet.

I drew back, reddening in my anger. O protecting piano!

"You must have a very good temper," he said.

"I should think so indeed, or I would already have turned you out," I answered, turning away to laugh.

Then I got up calm and contented, and went to act the hostess to the other guests.

But it was time to go away.

"Is it time?" he asked, looking at me inquiringly.

"Yes," answered mamma.

Having given a very short account of the interview to mamma and Dina, I went and shut myself up in my room, and before beginning to write, I remain an hour with my hands over my face, and fingers pushed through my hair, still trying to unravel my own feelings.

I think I begin to understand myself?

Poor Pietro, it isn't that I have no feeling for him, quite the contrary; but I cannot consent to become his wife.

The riches, the villas, the museums of the Ruspoli, the Doria, the Torlonia, the Borghese, the Chiara, would crush me. I am, above all things, vain and ambitious, and to think one should love such a creature simply because he does not know her. If he really knew her. . . . Ah! well! he would love her all the same.

Ambition is a noble passion.

Why the devil must it be A—— instead of some one else?

I am always repeating the same phrase, while I change the name.

Saturday, March 18th.—I have never had a moment's

tête-à-tête with A—— and it annoys me. I like to hear him say that he loves me. Since he has told me everything, I sit thinking, thinking, with my elbows on the table. Perhaps I am in love. It's chiefly when I am tired and half asleep that I think I am in love with Pietro. Why am I vain? Why am I ambitious? Why am I so reasonable? I am incapable of sacrificing years of grandeur and satisfied vanity to a few moments of pleasure.

“Yes,” says the novelist, “but this moment of pleasure is enough to illumine a lifetime with its rays!”

Oh no. To-day I am cold, and I am in love; to-morrow I shall be hot, and shall not be in love. On such changes of temperature does man's fate depend!

A—— says “Good evening,” on going away, and takes my hand, which he keeps in his own, asking me ten questions to prolong the time.

I told it all to mamma as soon as he was gone. I tell her everything.

March 20th.—I behaved very foolishly this evening.

I spoke in a low voice to the creature, and so gave rise to all kinds of suppositions which will never be justified. He does not amuse me when other people are present; when we two are alone he speaks of love and marriage. The son of a priest is jealous, is even fiercely jealous—of whom? Of all the world.

I listen to his speeches from the height of my cold indifference, allowing him at the same time to take hold of my hand. I take his hand in my turn with almost a maternal air, and if he is not yet driven out of his senses by his *passion* for me, as he assures me, he must see that while I drive him away with my words I hold him back with my eyes.

And while I say that I shall never love him, I do love him all the same; or, at least, I behave as if I did. I tell him all

kinds of foolish things. Some one else—older than he—would be satisfied ; but he tears a napkin in pieces, breaks two brushes, and destroys a canvas. All these doings make it necessary for me to take hold of his hand and call him a fool.

Then he gazes at me with a fierce, fixed kind of look, and his black eyes seem to lose themselves in my grey ones. I say to him, without a smile—“ Make a face ; ” then he laughs, and I pretend to be angry.

“ Then you don’t love me ? ”

“ No ! ”

“ Must I give up all hope then ? ”

“ Dear me, no. One must never lose hope ; hope is implanted in man’s breast ; but, as far as I am concerned, I won’t give you any.”

And as I spoke laughingly, he went away tolerably satisfied.

Friday, March 24th ; Saturday, March 25th.—A—arrived a quarter of an hour earlier than usual ; pale, interesting, sad, and calm.

Scarcely had Fortuné announced him, than I armed myself from head to foot in cold drawing-room politeness calculated to madden people under the circumstances.

I let him spend ten minutes with mamma. Poor creature ; he is jealous of Plowden ! How unbecoming it is to be in love !

We parted coldly from one another.

“ I had sworn never to come to you again.”

“ Why did you come ? ”

“ I was afraid of being rude to your mother, who is so kind.”

“ If that is all you can go away and never come back. Good-bye ! ”

“ No, no, no ; it is for yourself.”

"Then that is another matter."

"Mademoiselle, I have been much in the wrong," said he, "I know."

"What wrong?"

"The wrong of letting you understand, of telling you that

"That?"

"That I love you," added he, compressing his lip like a man who is trying not to weep.

"Ta, ta, ta, that is not wrong."

"It is a great and immense wrong, for you play with me as you would with a doll or a ball."

"What an idea!"

"Oh, I know, I know, you are like that. . . . You are fond of playing. Well, then, go on playing; it is my fault."

"Let us play."

"Then, tell me; it was not for the sake of giving me my dismissal that you told me to go off to the theatre?"

"No."

"It is not to get rid of me?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I do not need any *ruse* when I want to get rid of any one; I do it quite straightforwardly, as I did with B——."

"Ah! and you told me that that was not true."

"Let us talk about something else." He leant his cheek against my hand.

"You love me?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur; not the least in the world." He does not believe a word of it.

At that moment Dina and mamma came in, and after a few minutes he was obliged to go.

Monday, March 27th.—In the evening we had some visitors. Among others A——.

I am at the piano again. . . . “I know,” said he, “the sort of man who would have a chance with you. One who has much less patience and who loves you much less. But you ; you do not love me !”

“No,” I say once more.

And our faces were so near each other that I wonder no spark was struck out.

“You see !” he exclaimed. “What is to be done when one only is in love ? You are as cold as snow ; and I, I love you !”

“You love me ! no, Monsieur ; but you may do so yet.”

“When ?”

“In six months.”

“Oh ! in six months from now. . . . I love you. I am mad, and you are laughing at me.”

“Truly, Monsieur, you are a good hand at guessing. Listen. Even if I did love you, it would be difficult. I am too young. And then there’s the question of religion.”

“Oh, I know that well enough ! I should have difficulties too ; do you suppose I should not ? . . . You can’t understand me, because you don’t love me. But, if I asked you to run away with me ? . . .”

“Dreadful !”

“Wait . . . I am not proposing it. It is dreadful, I know, when people do not love. It would not be dreadful if you loved me.”

“I do not love you.”

I do not love him, and I let him say all these things to me. It’s absurd !

I believe he has spoken to his father, and not received a favourable hearing. I can’t make up my mind ; I have no notion what sort of conditions they would make ; and nothing in the world would induce me to go and live in a family. My own is quite enough for me. What

would it be with strangers ! Am I not very sensible for my age ? ”

“ I will follow you , ” he said the other night .

“ Come to Nice , ” I said to him to-day .

He did not answer , and kept his head cast down , which proves to me that he has spoken to his father .

I can’t make myself out . I love and yet I don’t .

Wednesday, March 29th.—I said that A—— had not yet trampled everything under foot for me .

“ I love you , ” he said to me ; “ I will do anything for you ! ”

“ The Pope will curse you , the Cardinal will curse you , and your father will curse you . ”

“ Much do I care for all those people when you are in question ! I don’t care a hang for any one . If you loved as I do you would say the same . If your passion for me were like mine for you , you would not speak as you do , and you would see in the whole world only the one you love ! ”

Ah ! Pietro is not an “ insignificant young man ! ” He is developing more and more ; and I am beginning to feel a certain respect for him .

Thursday, March 30th.—To-day , alone in my room with the door locked , I am going to meditate on the important matter .

For some days my position has been a false one , and why so ? Because Pietro has asked me to be his wife ; because I did not refuse roundly ; because he has spoken to his parents about it ; because his parents are not easy to lead ; and because Visconti spoke as follows to mamma :

“ You must know , madame , where you wish to marry your daughter ? ” began Visconti , after having praised Pietro’s fortune and person .

"I have no fixed idea," said mamma; "and, besides, my daughter is so young!"

No, madame, it is best to say things plainly. Do you want to marry her abroad or in Russia?"

"I should prefer abroad; because I think she will be happier abroad, as she has been brought up there."

"Well, then, you must also know, if all your family would consent to see her married to a Catholic, and to see the children that spring from this union brought up in the Catholic religion."

"Our family would be glad to see anything which would secure the happiness of my daughter."

"And what would be the relations of your family with the family of the husband?"

"Well, I think they would be on excellent terms; the more so as the two families would seldom or never see each other."

"Pierre A—— is a charming young man, who will be very rich; but the Pope meddles in all the affairs of the A——'s, and the Pope will make difficulties."

"But, Monsieur, why do you say all that? There is no question of marriage. I love this young man as a child, but not as a future son-in-law."

This is pretty well all that my mother could remember.

It would be very prudent to go away, the more so as nothing would be lost by putting it off till next winter.

We must go away to-morrow; and I am going to prepare for it—that is to say, go and see the wonders of Rome that I have not yet seen.

Yes, but what annoys me is that the opposition comes not from our side, but from the A——'s. That is unpleasant, and my pride rebels against it.

Let us leave Rome.

Truly it is not very pleasant that they should be making difficulties about me, when it's I who object to them.

Rome is such a gossipy place that every one talks about this ; and I am the last to notice it. That is always the way.

Certainly, I am furious at the idea of their wanting to take Pietro away from me ; but I look further for myself, and aim at something higher, thank goodness ! If A—— were in harmony with the programme, I should not be angry ; but a man whom in my mind I have rejected as unsatisfactory ! And they to dare to say the *Pope would not allow it !*

I am furious ; but wait a minute.

Evening comes, and with the evening Pietro A——.

We receive him with some coldness, in consequence of Baron Visconti's words, and a number of suppositions ; for, since that speech of Visconti's we do nothing but suppose.

"To-morrow," said Pietro, after a few moments, "I am going away."

"Where ?"

"To Terracina ; I shall stay there a week, I fancy.

"They are sending him away," whispered mamma in Russian.

I agreed, but what an insult ; I shall weep with rage.

"Yes, it is disagreeable," I answered in the same way.

Oh ! you wretch of a priest ! You know well enough how humiliating it is.

The conversation was affected by it. Mamma is so offended, so angry, that her headache grows twice as bad, and she has to be taken to her room. Dina retires first. There was a tacit agreement to leave me alone with him that I might find out the truth. .

As soon as we were alone, I made a bold attack, though I trembled a little.

"Why are you going? Where are you going?" Ah! well, if you think he answered me as straightforwardly as I questioned him, you are mistaken.

I asked questions, and he avoided answering them.

"What is your motto, Mademoiselle?" asked he.

"Nothing before me, nothing after me, nothing beside me!"

"Well, mine is the same."

"So much the worse."

Then began protestations so true as to become distorted. Words of love without beginning or end, bursts of anger and reproaches. I submitted to this storm with calmness and dignity.

"I love you to distraction," he went on, "but I have no confidence in you. You have always made fun of me and laughed; cross-examining me coldly as if you were a judge. What do you want me to say when I see that you will never love me?"

I listened stiffly, and without moving a muscle, not allowing him to touch my hand even. I wanted to understand clearly at any price; I was too unhappy in this uncertainty mingled with a million suspicions.

But, Monsieur, you expect me to love a man whom I do not know, who hides everything from me! Speak, and I will believe you; speak, and I promise to give you an answer. Listen to me, after that I promise to give you an answer."

"But you will laugh at me, Mademoiselle, if I tell you. You must understand that it is an absolute secret. If I tell it, I shall reveal myself entirely to you. There are things of so private a nature that we cannot tell them to anybody."

"Speak, I am waiting."

"I will tell you, but you will laugh at me."

"I swear I will not."

After I had promised many times not to laugh and not to tell any one, he told me at last.

Last year, when a soldier at Vicenza, he got into debt, to the amount of thirty-four thousand francs, and since his return home, about ten months ago, a coolness has arisen between him and his father, who refused to pay. At last, a few days ago, he made a pretence of leaving home, saying that he was too badly treated there. Then his mother came to tell him that his father would pay his debts on condition that he would lead a respectable life. "And to make a beginning, before being reconciled to your parents, you ought to be reconciled to God." He has not been to confession for a long while.

In short, he is going for a week's retreat in the convent of San Giovanni e Paolo, at Monte Cœlio, near the Coliseum.

I assure you I found it hard work to keep serious ; to us this seems comic, but it is quite natural for the Catholics in Rome.

"So this is the secret."

I leaned against the mantelpiece and the chair, turning away my eyes, which were full of tears, goodness knows why. He leaned at my side, and we remained for some seconds without speaking or looking at one another. We remained standing for an hour, talkng of what ? Of love, no doubt. I knew all I wanted to know, I have got it all out of him.

He has not spoken to his father, but he has told his mother everything ; he has mentioned me.

"At any rate, Mademoiselle," said he, "you may be sure that my parents have no fault to find with you ; it is only a matter of religion."

"I am quite aware that they have no fault to find with me, for if I consented to marry you, it is you who would be honoured, not I."

I am careful to appear as stern and prudish as I really am, and to set forth moral principles of overwhelming purity, so that he may tell his mother all, since he does tell her everything.

He never spoke to me before as he did to-night.

"I love you; I adore you; I am mad," he said, very softly and quickly. "Do you love me a little? Speak!"

"And if I love you, what good will it do?"

"It will make us happy, surely!"

"I cannot make up my mind. You know there are fathers and mothers."

"Mine have no objection to make, Mademoiselle; you may take my word for it. Let us be engaged."

"Not so fast, Monsieur. What did you say to your mother? How did you speak to her?"

"I said to her: 'You were so very anxious that I should marry; I have found some one whom I love; I wish to marry and lead a respectable life.' And my mother answered that I ought to think the matter over carefully before taking so serious a step, and all sorts of things."

"That is quite natural. And have you spoken to your father?"

"No."

"I ask that because people in the town are talking about it, and they have spoken to mamma, who has been very much vexed about it."

No doubt my mother has spoken to him. It is past two o'clock, and I should never finish writing if I were to set down only half. And then it is so silly, one can only write *hard* things, *soft* things cannot be written, and they are the only things that are amusing to read.

Sunday, at two o'clock, I shall be in front of the convent, and he will appear at the window and wipe his face with some white linen.

Next I run to allay mamma's wounded pride, and to tell her everything, but laughing all the time so as not to seem in love.

Enough for the moment. I am calm, happy; especially happy in presence of my family, who had already put on a dejected mien.

It is late; I really must go to sleep.

Friday, March 31st.—It was a splendid proof of love to tell me what he did; I did not laugh. He begged me to give him my likeness to take with him to the convent.

“Never, Monsieur. What a temptation!”

“I shall think of you all the same the whole time.”

How absurd that week at the convent seems! What would his friends at the Caccia club say if they knew of it?

I shall never tell any one; Marie and Dina don't count, they will be as silent as I am. Pietro in a convent, that will be a joke! What if he has invented it all? What a terrible character to have! I have no faith in any one.

Poor Pietro in a monk's frock, shut up in a cell, four sermons a day, a mass, vesper, matins; I cannot get used to believing anything so ridiculous.

O God, do not punish a vain creature! I swear that I am honest at heart, incapable of cowardice or baseness. I am ambitious—that is my misfortune!

The beauty and the ruins of Rome intoxicate me; I want to be Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla, the devil, the Pope!

I want—and I am nothing.

But I am always the same; you may convince yourself of it by reading my journal. The details and the shades change, but the main lines are always the same.

A nice thing to be shut up in a convent! He must be very dull, poor fellow! I was burning to tell my family about

this ; I am unworthy of confidence, but I could not do otherwise. Mamma was furious.

“ What,” said she, “ they threaten to refuse us, when we do not want them ? They dare to think it would be such a piece of good fortune for us ! How insulting ! ”

She was quite right, was my mother. Well, I had to soothe her and re-establish myself in her eyes.

Indulgentia plenaria perpetua pro vivis et defunctis.
Amen.

April 3rd.—It is spring now ; they say that all women grow more beautiful at this season ; that is true, if I am to judge by myself. . . . The skin becomes finer, the eyes brighter, the carnation fresher.

It is the 3rd of April ; I have another fortnight of Rome before me.

How strange it is ! As long as I wore a felt hat, it was winter ; yesterday I put on a straw hat, and it is spring directly. A dress or a hat often gives this impression, just as a word or gesture may hasten on an event which has long been preparing, but which did not seem to have come into existence, and needed this little impulse.

Wednesday, April 5th.—I write and speak about all the people who make love to me. An absurd thing to do ; caused by sheer want of occupation. I paint and read, but that's not enough.

A vain creature like me must stick to painting, for that is imperishable work.

I shall not be a poet, a philosopher, or a *savante*. I can only be a singer or a painter.

That's something at least. And then I want to be in the fashion ; that is the chief thing.

Do not shake your heads at me, stern judges ; do not criticise me with affected indifference. Be more just, and

remember that you are the same at heart. You are careful not to show it; but that does not prevent you from knowing in your inmost heart that I am speaking the truth.

Vanity! Vanity! Vanity!

The beginning and end of everything, and the sole and eternal cause of everything.

Whatever does not spring from vanity springs from our passions. Passion and vanity are the sole masters of the world.

Thursday, April 6th.—I have come to my Journal, begging it to comfort my empty, sad, foiled, envious, unhappy heart.

Yes; I, with all my impulses, all my immense desires and my fever of life, I am always and everywhere stopped like a horse by the bit. It foams, rages and rears, but it is stopped all the same.

Friday, April 7th.—I am wretched. How true is that Russian expression—"To have a cat in one's heart." It is true there is a cat in my heart. It is always inexpressibly difficult for me to believe that a man whom I like should be capable of not loving me.

Pietro has not come. It is only this evening he leaves the convent. I have seen his clerical and hypocritical brother Paul A——. He is a creature to be stamped on—a little, black, yellow, base, hypocritical Jesuit!

If the story of the convent is true, he must know it, and how he must laugh at it with his little mysterious manner; how he must tell it to his friends! Peter and Paul cannot endure one another.

Sunday, April 9th.—I have been to confession, and taken the Communion with fervent faith, my heart full of emotion, and my soul in a fitting state. Mamma and Dina went too;

then we attended mass. I listened to every word, and I prayed.

Is it not maddening to be subjected to a power that is unknown and incontestable ? I speak of the power that has carried off Pietro. What is there impossible to the Cardinal, when it is a question of giving orders to the ecclesiastics ? The power of the priests is immense, it is impossible to penetrate their mysterious machinations.

It fills one with wonder, fear, and admiration. One need only read the history of nations to see their hand in every event. Their sight is so far-reaching that it is lost in space for less accustomed eyes.

Since the beginning of the world, in every country, the supreme power has belonged to them, openly or secretly.

No, listen ; it would be too much if, all of a sudden, in that way they were to take away Pietro from us for ever ! It is impossible that he should not return to Rome, he had promised so faithfully to come !

Does he make no attempt to return ? Does he not smash everything ? Doesn't he cry out ?

I have been to confession ; I have received absolution and I swear and rage.

Man needs a certain allowance of sin, just as much as he needs a certain allowance of air for living.

Why do men remain attached to the earth ? Why does the weight of their conscience fasten them to it ? If their conscience were pure they would be too light, and would fly up to Heaven like fire balloons.

A strange theory that ! Never mind.

And Pietro does not come back.

But since I do not love him ! I want to be sensible and calm, and I cannot.

It is the Pope's blessing and portrait that have brought me ill-luck.

He is said to bring ill-luck.

There is a sort of strange whistling in my chest ; my nails are red ; and I cough.

There's nothing more horrible than to be unable to pray ; prayer is the only consolation of those who cannot act. I pray, but I do not believe. It is abominable. It is not my fault.

Monday, April 10th.—They have shut him up for ever. No, they have shut him up for the time of my stay at Rome.

To-morrow I shall go to Naples, they can't foresee this trick. And, once he is free, he will go in search of me.

It is not that which I am anxious about, but the present uncertainty, this unforeseen, unexpected blow.

I walk about my room uttering low groans, like a wounded wolf.

I still have the branch of ivy he gave me at the Capitol. What misery !

I really do not know what is the matter with me ; no doubt it is absurd, but so it is.

Besides, it is silly to grow angry, to pray, to weep. Is it always so in everything ? I ought to be accustomed to it, and no longer weary Heaven by my useless lamentations.

I know not what to make of him. Is he a worthless fellow, a coward, or only a child who is tyrannised over ?

I am extremely calm, but sad. You have only to look at things from a certain point of view, says mamma, to find that nothing in this world is worth troubling about.

I am quite of one mind with my mother, but to agree with her more completely, I must know for certain. All I know is that it is an odd adventure.

Wednesday, April 12th.—During the whole of this night I have been seeing him in my dreams. He was assuring me that he had really been at the convent.

We are packing and starting for Naples this evening. I hate going!

When shall I have the happiness of living in my own home, always in the same town, and always seeing the same society, and travelling now and then for change?

Rome is the place where I should choose to live, love, and die.

No, I will tell you—I should like to live where I was happy, love everywhere, and die nowhere.

Yet, I like Italian, or rather Roman, life well enough; it still retains a slight tinge of antique magnificence.

People often have false impressions of Italy and the Italians.

They imagine them poor, designing, in a state of decline. It is quite the contrary. You seldom find such wealthy families and such luxuriously appointed houses in other countries. Of course, I am speaking of the aristocracy.

Under the Pope, Rome was a city by itself, and in its way sovereign of the world. Then every Roman prince was like a petty king, had his court and his clients as in ancient times. From this *régime* springs the grandeur of the Roman families. Truly, in two generations, there will be neither grandeur nor riches, for Rome is subject to royal laws, and will become just like Naples, Milan, and the other cities of Italy.

Great fortunes will be split up; museums and galleries bought by the Government; and the princes of Rome transformed into a number of petty people, covered with a great name as with an old theatrical cloak to hide their needs. And when these great names, so much respected formerly, shall be dragged in the mud; when the king shall determine to be great alone, after trampling all the nobility under his

feet, he will see clearly enough in one moment what a country is where there is nothing between the people and its king.

Just look at France !

But look at England : there is liberty, there is happiness. You will say, "But there is so much misery in England." Still, on the whole, the English people are the happiest. I do not speak of its commercial prosperity, but only of its inner life.

Let him who desires a Republic in his country begin by having one in his own house !

Enough discussion of matters of which I have but a very slight comprehension and a merely personal opinion.

What will Pietro say when he comes back to Rome and does not find me there ? He will howl with rage. So much the worse ; it is not my fault.

Naples, Thursday, April 13th.—See Naples and then die. I desire neither the one nor the other.

It is seven o'clock. It is as fine as at Nice. I see splendid carriages passing my window, such as there are but few of at Rome.

Naples is famous for the splendour of its horses and carriages.

Did he go *of his own accord*, or did they make him go ? *That is the question.*

I am writing in front of a large looking-glass. I look like Beatrice Cenci : it is pretty, a white dress, and my hair let down ! I do it now in the Pompeian style, as Pietro used to say.

Oh ! how I should like one of Dumas' novels ! That would save me from writing nonsense, and what is more, from reading it afterwards.

I have locked myself in, and wept several times ; it is just

the same as at Rome. Oh, how I hate change ! how wretched I am in a new town !

They have commanded, he has obeyed, and to do so he must have loved me but little.

He did not obey when it was a question of military service. Enough, enough ; for shame !

The misery, fie, the meanness ! I can no longer suffer my thoughts to dwell on such a man. *If I complain, it is for my unhappy fate, my poor life hardly begun, during which I have had nothing but disappointments !*

I have sinned, no doubt, like all mankind, perhaps even more than others ; but still there is some good in me, and it is unjust to humiliate me in everything.

I placed myself in the middle of the room, folding my hands, and raising my eyes, and something tells me that prayer is useless, I shall have whatever is in store for me.

Not one sorrow the less, not one grief the more, as Monseigneur de Falloux says.

There's only one thing to be done : to be resigned. I know well enough that it is difficult, good God, but else where would be the merit ? . . . Yet, fool that I am, I believe that the bursts of a frantic faith and of ardent prayers can do something !

God requires a German resignation, and I am incapable of it.

Does He believe that those who thus resign themselves have to overcome themselves ?

Oh dear no ! They resign themselves because they have water in their veins instead of blood, because it gives them less trouble.

Is it a virtue to be calm when this calmness is in one's nature ? If I could be resigned, I should obtain everything, for it would be sublime. But I cannot. It is no longer a difficulty, it is an impossibility. In moments of callousness

I shall be resigned, not by my own free will, but *because I shall be resigned.*

O God, take pity on me, give me calmness! Fashion me a soul I can cleave to. I am weary, very weary. No, no, I am not weary of storms, but of disappointments!

April 13th.—I have opened the window to air my room, which was full of smoke. For the first time for three long months I have seen a clear sky and the sea through the trees, the sea illumined by the night. I am so delighted that I am going to write. Ah! how beautiful it is after the black, narrow streets of Rome! A night so calm, so beautiful! Ah! if he were here!

If you fancy that is love!

It is impossible to sleep when it is so beautiful. Timid, weak, unworthy! unworthy of the least of my thoughts!

Easter Sunday, April 16th.—Naples does not please me. At Rome the houses are black and dirty, but they are palaces as regards architecture and antiquity. At Naples there is just as much dirt, and you see only cardboard houses in the French style.

There, how angry all the French people would be. Let them be calm. I admire and love them more than any other nation, but I must confess that their palaces will never attain the massive, splendid, and graceful majesty of the Italian palaces, especially those at Rome and Florence.

Tuesday, April 18th.—At midday we set out for Pompeii. We drove there, as the road is a fine one, and gives views of Vesuvius and the towns of Castellamare and Sorrento.

The excavations are splendidly managed. It is a strange thing to traverse the streets of this dead city.

We had taken a sedan chair, and mamma and I rested in it in turns.

The skeletons are frightful ; the unfortunate wretches are in the most cruel attitudes. I looked at the remains of the houses and the frescoes, and tried to fill them up in my imagination, and re-people those houses and streets.

What a terrible force is that which could swallow up a whole city !

I heard mamma talking marriage.

"The wife is bound to suffer," said she, "even with the best of husbands."

"The wife before marriage," say I, "is Pompeii before the eruption ; and the wife after marriage is Pompeii after the eruption."

Perhaps I am right !

I am very tired, worried, vexed. We did not get back till eight o'clock.

Wednesday, April 19th.—This is the disadvantage of my position. Pietro, without me, has his club, his friends, and the world—everything, in short, except me ; while, as for me, without Pietro I have nothing. I am only an object of luxury for him. He was everything to me. He made me forget my anxiety to play a part in the world ; and I did not think of it, being only occupied with him — too glad to escape from my thoughts..

Whatever becomes of me, I bequeath my Journal to the public.

All the books we read are inventions—the situations are forced, the characters false ; while this is the photograph of a whole life. "Ah !" you will say, "this photograph is tedious, while the inventions are amusing." If you say that, you will give me a very poor idea of your intelligence.

I offer you that which has never yet been seen. All the memoirs, all the journals, all the letters that are published, are only inventions intended to deceive the world.

I have no interest in deceiving it. I have no political action to conceal, nor criminal relation to hide. No one cares whether I love or do not love—whether I cry or laugh. My chief anxiety is to express myself as accurately as possible. I have no illusions about my style or my orthography. I write letters without mistakes; but amid this ocean of words, no doubt I let a good many slip in. Besides, I make mistakes in my French. I am a foreigner; but ask me to express myself in my own language, I should probably do it still worse.

But it was not to say all this that I opened my Journal. It is to say that it is not yet midday; that I am more than ever abandoned to my tormenting thoughts; that there is a pressure on my heart; and I should like to howl. However, that is my natural state.

The sky is grey, the Chiaja is only crossed by cabs and dirty foot-passengers; the stupid trees planted on each side shut out the view of the sea. At Nice, on the *Promenade des Anglais*, there are the villas on one side, and on the other the sea, which comes and breaks on the shingle without obstruction. Here there are the houses on one side, on the other a sort of garden extending as far as the road which separates it from the sea, from which it is itself separated by a tolerably large extent of waste land, covered with stones and buildings and presenting a spectacle of genuine desolation.

When you get to the square at the end of the Chiaja, which is planted with pretty shrubs, you feel much better, and this place is pretty. Farther on you get to the quay; on the left hand are the houses, on the right the sea; but the sea is stopped by a wall with balustrades, and lined by sellers of oysters and shells; then come the railings of the harbour, the various erections belonging to the service of boats, the harbour itself; but that is no longer the sea; it is a dirty place encumbered by a mass of hideousness.

Dull weather always makes me a little sad ; but here, to-day, it oppresses me.

This deathly silence in our hotel, the worrying noise of cabs and carts with bells outside, this grey sky, this wind shaking the curtains ! Ah ! I am very wretched ; and it is not the fault of the sky, or the sea, but of the earth !

Friday, April 21st.—When I went into the drawing-room this morning I was stifled by the smell of flowers. The room is literally full of them. They are flowers from Doenhoff, Altamura, and Torlonia. Doenhoff has sent a table of flowers. The table of flowers has taken the place of the stand ; but it is not that of which I wanted to speak.

Listen to this then : Since the soul exists—since it is the soul which animates the body ; since it is this vaporous substance alone which feels, loves, hates, desires ; since, in short, it is through the soul that we live—how is it that a rent of any sort in this vile body, or some internal disorder—excess in wine or food—how is it that these things can make the soul take flight ?

I make a wheel turn ; and I do not stop it till such is my will. This stupid wheel cannot stop my hand. Just so the soul, which sets the members of the body in motion, considering that it is the thinking essence, ought not to be expelled by a hole in the head or the indigestion caused by a lobster ! It ought not to be, and yet it is. Whence one must conclude that the soul is a mere invention. And this conclusion overthrows one after another all our most intimate and cherished beliefs, like the falling scenery when a theatre is on fire.

Rome, Monday, April 24th.—I had something to tell all day ; but I can no longer remember anything. I only know that, on the Corso, we met A—— ; he ran up to the carriage, quite radiant and joyous, and asked whether we

should be at home this evening. We should be at home. Alas !

He came, and I went to the drawing-room, and began to talk quite naturally like the others. He told me that he had been at the convent four days, and afterwards in the country. At present he is at peace with all his relations, he intends to go into society, to be prudent, and think of the future. Finally, he told me that I had enjoyed myself at Naples, that I had been a coquette, as I always was, that this proved quite plainly that I did not love him. He told me also that he had seen me the other Sunday near the convent San Giovanni e Paolo. And to prove that he was speaking the truth, he told me how I was dressed and everything I did, and I must confess that he was right.

“ You love me ? ” he asked at length.

“ And you ? ”

“ Ah, that is your way, you always make fun of me !

“ And if I were to say yes ! . . .

He is quite changed. You would say that in twenty days he has become a man of thirty. He talks quite differently, and has grown so sensible that it's a perfect miracle. He seems to be half a Jesuit.

“ You know that now I practise hypocrisy, I bow to my father, I always say yes to him ; I am prudent, and think of my future.”

To-morrow perhaps I shall be able to tell something, but this evening I am so stupid that it's ridiculous.

Tuesday, April 25th.—“ I will come to-morrow,” he said, as if to quiet me, and we will talk seriously about all this.”

“ It is useless, Monsieur. I see well enough what to think of your fine love. You need not come back any more,” I added, more feebly. “ You have vexed me, I bid you good-bye

in anger, and I shall not sleep all night. And you can boast that you have put me in a passion; go! . . . ”

“ But, Mademoiselle, how strange you are. I will speak to you to-morrow when you are calmer.”

It is he who complains, it is he who says that I have always refused him, that I have always laughed, that I do not love him. I should not have spoken differently in his place, but all the same I think him rather haughty and collected for a man who really loves.

At present I have had enough of it, and I shall not speak another word on the matter.

If he wishes it let him be the first to begin.

It seems to me that he no longer loves me. Well and good, there is something to rouse me, to make my blood boil, and my back feel cold.

I much prefer that, oh yes, at any rate I am furious! furious! furious!

The rain continues, and Baron Visconti is announced—that charming man is witty in spite of his age. Suddenly they began to talk about Pietro in the midst of a conversation about the Odescalchi marriage.

“ Oh, Madame, little A—— as you call him, is not a match to be despised, for that poor Cardinal is getting worse from day to day, so that one of these days his nephews will be millionaires, and, in consequence Pierre will be a millionaire.”

“ You know, Baron, I have been told that the little fellow has gone into a convent,” said mamma.

“ Oh no, he has something very different in his mind, I assure you.”

Then we talked about Rome: I said how much I loved it, and what it cost me to leave it.

“ Well then, stay here.”

“ I should like to very much.”

“ I am glad to see that your heart loves our city.”

" Talking of hearts, have you seen mine ? Look here . . ." I showed him the silver heart : a man's heart.

" You know," I added, " I am to be left behind in Rome, in a convent."

" Oh ! " said Visconti, " I hope you will stay there in some other way, we shall find the means, and I shall find it," said he, pressing my hand warmly.

Mamma is radiant, I am radiant, there is a universal Aurora Borealis.

This evening, contrary to all expectation, there is a tolerably large gathering, among others A—.

The company at one table, and I with Pietro at another, and we discussed love in general, and Pietro's love in particular. He has deplorable principles ; or, rather, he is so mad that he has none at all. He spoke so lightly of his love for me that I knew not what to think. Altogether he is so like me in character that it is extraordinary.

I know not what was said, but at the end of five minutes we were no longer quarrelling. We had had an explanation and had agreed to be married—at any rate, he had. For my part, I was silent most of the time.

" You are going away Thursday ? "

" Yes, and you will forget me."

" Ah, certainly not. I shall go to Nice."

" When ? "

" As soon as possible. At present I cannot."

" Why ? Tell me, tell me at once ! "

" My father would not allow it."

" But you have only to tell him the truth."

" Of course I shall tell him that I am going for your sake, that I love you, that I want to marry, but not at once. You do not know my father ; I have just been forgiven, but I dare not ask any favour of him just yet."

" Speak to-morrow."

" I should not dare. I have not yet won his confidence.

Only fancy, for three years he never spoke to me. In a month's time I shall be at Nice."

"In a month's time I shall be there no longer."

"And where shall you go?"

"To Russia, and then I shall go away, and you will forget me."

"But in a fortnight I shall be at Nice. . . . And then we will go away together. I love you! I love you!" he repeated, falling on his knees.

"You are happy?" I asked, clasping his head between my hands.

"Oh yes, because I believe in you; I believe in your word."

"Come to Nice at once," said I.

"Ah! if I could."

"One can do whatever one wishes."

Thursday, April 27th.—O God, thou hast been so good to me hitherto, do, for pity's sake, get me out of this!

And God has got me out of it.

At the station I began walking up and down with the Cardinalino.

"I love you," he cried, "and shall always love you, to my sorrow perhaps."

"And you see me go away, and it's all one to you?"

"Oh don't say so! . . . You shouldn't talk like that; you don't know what I've suffered. Besides, I know where you were, and what you were doing. Since I saw you I am entirely changed; just look at me. But you have always treated me like a scamp. If I have committed follies in my time, so have others; that's no reason for thinking me a good-for-nothing, a hare-brained follow. For your sake I have broken with the past; for your sake I have endured it all; for your sake I have made peace with my family."

"Not for me, Monsieur. I can't see what I have to do with this peace."

"Ah, it was because I have been thinking of you seriously."

"How so?"

"You always want me to explain myself in detail, with mathematical precision, and yet certain things are none the less clear for being merely hinted at; and you always make fun of me."

"That is not true."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes; and let me tell you this. I am not in the habit of saying the same thing twice over. I want to be believed at once. I have never said to any man what I am saying to you. I am very much offended, for my words, instead of being considered a favour, are taken very lightly, and commented on. And you dare doubt what I say? Indeed, Monsieur, you put me out of patience."

He grew confused, and begged me to excuse him; we scarcely spoke after this.

"Will you write to me?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur, I cannot; but I allow you to write to me."

"Ah, ah! what fine love!" he exclaimed.

"Monsieur," I said, gravely, "do not ask too much. It is a very great favour when a young lady allows a man to write to her; if you don't know it, I tell you so. But we shall have to get into the carriage; don't let us lose our time in idle discussions. Will you write to me?"

"Yes; and, say what you like, I feel that I love you as I shall never love again. Do you love me?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Will you always love me?"

Same action.

"Good-bye till we meet again, Monsieur."

"When?"

"Next year."

"No!"

"Come, good-bye, Monsieur!"

And without giving him my hand I got in the railway carriage, where all our people were already settled.

"You did not give me your hand," said A——, coming near.

I held out my hand.

"I love you," he said, looking very white.

"*Au revoir!*" I said, softly.

"Think of me sometimes," he said, getting still paler.

"As for me I do nothing but think of you."

"Yes, Monsieur; *au revoir!*"

The train began moving, and for some minutes I could still see him looking at me with so much emotion that it appeared like indifference; then he made a few steps to the door but as I was still visible he stopped again like an automaton, pulled his hat over his eyes, made another step forwards and then, and then, we were already too far to see.

I should have felt wretched at leaving Rome, to which I have got thoroughly used, had not an idea struck me in seeing the new moon towards four o'clock.

"Do you see that crescent?" I asked Dina.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, this crescent will become a fine moon in eleven or twelve days."

"No doubt."

"Have you seen the Coliseum by moonlight?"

"Yes."

"And I have not."

"I know."

"But perhaps you don't know that I wish to see it?"

"Probably."

"Yes, and on that account I shall go back to Rome in

ten or twelve days, partly for the races, and partly for the Coliseum."

"Oh!"

"Yes, I shall go with my aunt; and it will be so nice without you and mamma, only with aunt. We shall drive out in a victoria, and it will be very amusing."

"Very well," said mamma, "it shall be so, I promise you!"

And she kissed me on both cheeks.

Friday, April 28th.—I went to sleep and had frightful dreams, like nightmares.

At eleven o'clock I lay down, so as not to see the olive trees and the red earth, and at one o'clock we arrived at the station in Nice, to the great delight of my aunt, who became quite excited, as did also Mlle. Colignon, Sapogenikoff, &c. &c.

"You know," I said, before the doors were opened, "that I am very sorry to come back, but I couldn't help it."

And I embraced them all together.

The house is furnished most exquisitely; my room is dazzling, all decked out in pale-blue satin. In opening the door to the balcony to look at our pretty garden, and the Promenade, and the sea, I was prompted to say out loud—

"They may say what they like, there is nothing so magnificently simple and exquisitely poetical as Nice."

Thursday, May 4th.—The genuine season of Nice is in May. The beauty of it is quite maddening. I went out for a stroll in the garden by the light of a young moon, the croaking of the frogs mingling with the murmur of the waves as they softly broke on the pebbles. Divine silence and divine harmony!

Naples is considered a marvel. I am sorry, but, for my

part, I prefer Nice. Here the sea bathes the shore without any hindrance; while it is stopped over there by a wall with a stupid balustrade, and even this wretched bit of seaboard is obstructed by shops and stalls, and other nuisances.

"Think of me sometimes. As for me I shall do nothing else but think of you!"

O God, forgive him, for he knew not what he was saying! I allow him to write, and he doesn't avail himself of this permission! Will he even send the promised telegram to mamma?

Friday, May 5th.—What was I saying? Ah, yes, that Pietro's conduct towards me was unpardonable.

I, who am not in love, can't understand these hesitations!

I have read in novels that men will often appear forgetful and indifferent, owing to the strength of their love.

I should like to believe those novels.

I feel sleepy and bored, and in this state would like to see Pietro, and make him talk of love. I should like to dream he was here; I should like to have a nice dream. Reality is dangerous.

I am bored, and when I am bored I grow very tender.

Ah! when will this state of dullness, disappointment, envy, and vexation, come to an end!

Ah! when shall I live as I would like to!

When I am married to a great fortune, to a great name, and to a sympathetic man, for I am not as mercenary as you think. But if I am not it is from egoism.

It would be horrible to live with a man one hated, and neither wealth nor position would avail me anything. May God and the Holy Virgin protect me!

May 6th.—You know I have an idea. I am mad to see Pietro again.

This evening I give a fête, such as has not been seen for years, at the Rue de France. You must know there is a custom in celebration of May in Nice; they hang up a garland and a lantern, dancing in circle and singing the while. Since Nice has become French this custom has been more and more neglected, and now you scarcely see three or four lanterns in the whole town.

Well, as for me, I give them a *rossigno*. I call it thus because the *Rossigno che vola* is the most popular and the prettiest song in Nice.

I have had prepared beforehand a big thing, consisting of foliage and flowers, and suspended across the street, decorated with Venetian lamps.

Triphon (grandpapa's servant) has been entrusted with the preparation of fireworks on the wall of our garden, and charged to light up the scene from time to time with Bengal fire. Triphon is beside himself with joy. All these splendours are accompanied by a flute, a harp, a violin, and cheered with wine in abundance. Some kind neighbours came to ask us to come to their terrace, for Olga and I were looking on perched on a wooden ladder.

We went to the neighbour's terrace, and Olga, Marie, Dina, and myself, went into the middle of the road, calling the dancers, trying and succeeding in putting spirit into the thing.

I sang and danced with everybody, to the delight of the good Niçois, especially the people of our quarter, who all know me and cannot say enough in praise of "Mademoiselle Marie."

Not knowing what else to do I make myself popular, and it flatters mamma. She doesn't consider the expense. What pleased them more than anything was my singing and saying some words in *patois*.

While I was standing on the ladder with Olga, who pulled me by the skirt, I felt much inclined to make a speech! but I prudently refrained for this year. . . .

I looked at the dancing, and listened to the cries in a dreamy way, as often happens to me. And when the fireworks ended in a magnificent catherine wheel, we all returned home accompanied by a murmur of satisfaction.

Sunday, May 7th.—There is a certain despairing satisfaction in finding a reason for despising everybody. It is free from illusion at least. If Pietro has forgotten he has cruelly insulted me, and I inscribe one more name on my tablets of hatred and revenge.

I like mankind as it is, and love it and am part of it; and I live with all those people, and my fortune and happiness depend upon them.

All this is very stupid. Indeed, in this world, all that is not sad is stupid, and all that is not stupid is sad.

At three o'clock to-morrow I am going to Rome, as much for the change as to despise A——, if I have the opportunity.

Thursday, May 11th.—As I said on Tuesday evening, I left yesterday at two o'clock with my aunt. It's a terrible proof of love I seem to be giving Pietro.

Ah, so much the worse. If he thinks I love him, if he thinks anything so monstrous, he is only a brute.

At two o'clock we are in Rome. I jump into a fiacre; aunt follows me, the porter of the hotel takes our tickets, and and I am in Rome. Oh delight!

Our luggage will only arrive to-morrow. In order to see the return from the races we must be satisfied with our travelling dresses. However, I looked very well in my grey costume and felt hat. I take my aunt to the Corso. How delightful to see the Corso again after Nice! I bewilder her with explanations and a lot of nonsense, for she seems to see nothing.

And here is the *Caccia Club*, there was a thrill of excite-

ment as I passed ; *the monk* gapes open-mouthed, then takes off his hat, smiling from ear to ear.

We go to the Villa Borghese, where there is an agricultural show of the district.

We walk through the exhibition, admiring the flowers and plants, and meet Zucchini. There are a good many people still.

They seem much surprised at seeing me appear for the third time. I am well known in Rome.

Simonetti comes up. I introduce him to Madame Romanoff, and tell him that it is owing to a wonderful accident that I am here.

I give Pietro a sign to come ; he quite beams, and looks at me with eyes that show he has taken everything very seriously.

He made us laugh a great deal by describing his stay at the convent. He said he had agreed to stay for four days, and once he was there they detained him for seventeen days.

“ Why did you tell a story, why did you say you had been at Terracina ? ”

“ Because I was ashamed to tell the truth.”

“ And your friends at the club know it ? ”

“ Yes. At first I said I had been at Terracina, and then they talked to me of the convent, and at last I told them everything and laughed, and everybody laughed. Torlonia was enraged.”

“ Why ? ”

“ Because I didn’t tell him everything at first ; because I didn’t confide in him.”

Afterwards he told us that to please his father he pretended to let a rosary fall out of his pocket as if by accident, to make him believe that he always carried one about with him. I assailed him with sarcasms and impertinent speeches, which he parried very well, I must say.

Saturday, May 13th.—I don't disguise my feelings or my thoughts, and I haven't the strength to bear anything with dignity, for I have been crying. And while I am writing I hear the noise my tears make in falling on the paper—big tears which flow unhindered and without distorting my features. I laid down on my back to keep them back, but did not succeed.

Instead of saying what makes me cry, I describe my way of weeping! But how can I tell why? I can't account for things. Is it possible, I cried, with my head thrown back on the sofa, that that's it? He has forgotten! No doubt, since he carried on an indifferent kind of conversation interspersed with words said in such a low tone that I could not catch them, besides he said again that he only loved me when I was near him, that I was made of ice, that he should go to America, that he is in love when he sees me, but forgets when I am away.

I begged him very coldly not to speak of it again. Ah! I can't write, and you will see yourself what my feelings must be, and how deeply I am insulted.

I can't write, and yet something seems to force me to. As long as I have not told everything I feel ill at ease.

I talked and made tea as well as I could until half-past ten. Then Pietro came; Simonetti left soon afterwards, and we three remained. We spoke of my Journal, that is, of the subjects which I treat in it, and A—— begged me to read him something on the soul and God. So I went into the adjoining room and knelt down by the famous white box, looking for what I wanted, while Pietro held a candle. But as I found certain passages of mutual interest while turning over the leaves, I read them out and went on for about half an hour.

Afterwards in the salon he began telling us all sorts of anecdotes about his life since his eighteenth year.

I listened to all he said with a certain terror and jealousy.

His complete dependence on others chills me ; I feel sure if they forbade him to love me he would obey.

His family, these priests, these monks, frighten me. However much he may praise their goodness, I am filled with horror on hearing of their wickedness and tyranny. Yes, they frighten me, and so do his two brothers ; but that is not the question, I shall be free to accept or refuse.

Thank heaven I can write again to-day ; I was tortured yesterday by not being able to express what I felt.

All I heard this evening, the conclusions I am forced to draw, and what has happened before, seems like a weight for my head to carry. Then there is also the simple regret of seeing him go away this evening ; it's so long till to-morrow ! I felt a great inclination to weep from uncertainty, and perhaps from love.

Then leaning my chin in my left hand, and the left elbow in my right hand, with frowning brows and scornful lip I began dreaming of it all, of what I wanted, and especially of what I hadn't got.

Then I began writing, but feeling irresistibly impelled to think, I left off for a moment and wrote all I have just put down.

Wednesday, May 17th.—I had still a great deal left to say of yesterday, but everything fades before this evening.

He has spoken again to me of his love ; I assured him that it was useless, that my parents would never consent.

“ They would be quite right,” he said, immediately ; “ I am not fit to make any one happy. I said so to my mother. I spoke of you, I said : ‘ She is so good, so religious, and as for me, I believe in nothing, I am a wretch.’ I remained seventeen days in the convent, I prayed and meditated, but I don’t

believe in God, religion does not exist for me, I believe in nothing."

I looked at him with large frightened eyes.

"You must have faith," I said, taking his hand, "you must amend and be good."

"That's impossible, and no one can love me as I am, can they?"

"H'm! H'm!"

"I am very unhappy. You will never have any idea of my position. As far as appearances go I seem to be on good terms with my people. I hate them all—my father, my brothers, my mother herself; I am most unhappy. And if you ask me why, I don't know. . . . Oh, these priests!" he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth and clenching his hands, and turning his face, disfigured by hatred, to heaven. "The priests, oh! if you knew what they are like!"

It took him five minutes to calm down.

"Yet I love you, and you only."

"Give me a proof."

"Ask one."

"Come to Nice."

"You make me feel beside myself when you say so; you know very well that I can't."

"Why?"

"Because my father won't give me any money; because my father doesn't want me to go to Nice."

"I quite understand, but suppose you tell him why you wish to go?"

"He won't hear of it. I have talked to my mother. They are so used to my bad habits that they won't believe me any more."

"You must amend your ways; you must come to Nice."

"But since I shall be refused, as you say?"

“ I have not said that I would refuse you.”

“ Ah, it would be too much,” he said, looking closely at me, “ it would be a dream.”

“ But a beautiful dream, don’t you think ? ”

“ Oh yes ! ”

“ Then ask your father’s leave.”

“ Yes, certainly : but he doesn’t wish me to get married. Affairs of this kind ought to be arranged for us by our father confessors.”

“ Well, let them do so.”

“ Heavens ! and it’s you who say that ? ”

“ Can’t you see, I don’t want you, but I would like some satisfaction for my wounded pride.”

“ I am a wretch and accursed on earth.”

It is useless, impossible, to follow these hundreds of phrases in detail. I shall only say that he repeated a hundred times that he loved me, in such a soft voice and with such entreaty in his eyes, that I went close to him, of my own accord, and that we spoke like excellent friends of a number of things. I assured him there was a God in heaven and happiness on earth. I wanted him to believe in God, and to see Him with my eyes and pray to Him with my voice.”

“ Then, all is over,” I said, going away ; “ adieu ! ”

“ I love you ! ”

“ And I believe you,” I said, pressing his two hands, “ I pity you ! ”

“ Will you never love me ? ”

“ When you are free.”

“ When I am dead.”

“ I can’t love you at present, for I pity and despise you. Why, if they told you not to love me, you would obey them.”

“ Perhaps ? ”

“ How dreadful ! ”

"I love you," he said, for the hundredth time, and he went away crying. I went close to the table, where my aunt was sitting, and I said to her in Russian, "that the monk had paid me compliments, which I would tell her to-morrow." He came back again, and I bade him good-bye.

"No, not good-bye."

"Yes, yes, yes. I have loved you until we had this conversation. (1880.—No, I never loved him, it was merely the result of a romantic imagination in quest of excitement.)

"Ah! so much the worse, I loved you, I was wrong, I know it."

"But . . . " he began again.

"Adieu!"

"Then, you are not coming for a ride to Tivoli to-morrow?"

"No."

"And it's not because you are tired that you have given up the idea?"

"No, fatigue is only an excuse; I don't wish to see you any more."

"Oh no! Impossible!" said A——, holding my hands.

"Good-bye!"

"You told me to speak to my father, and to come to Nice," said A——, on the staircase before going.

"Yes."

"I will do so, let it cost what it may; I swear it."

And he went away.

During the last three days I have a new idea. I fancy I am going to die; I cough and am in pain. The day before yesterday I sat down in the salon at two o'clock in the morning; my aunt begged me to go to sleep and I didn't budge, saying that it was a proof I was going to die.

"Ah!" said my aunt, "from your manner of going on I don't doubt that you will die."

"All the better for you, you won't have many expenses; you won't have to pay Laferriere so much."

And seized with a fit of coughing, I threw myself on the sofa, to the terror of my aunt, who ran out to make me believe she was angry.

Friday, May 19th.—My aunt has gone to the Vatican; and as I can't be with Pietro, I prefer remaining alone. He is coming about five o'clock; I hope so much that my aunt won't be back. I should like to be alone with him as if by chance, for I must no longer appear to seek him.

I have been singing, but my chest hurts me. Do you see that I have been posing as a martyr? It's too silly!

My hair is dressed à la Venus Capitoline; I am all in white like a Beatrice, with a rosary and an ivory cross round the neck.

Whatever one may say, there is in man a certain need of idolatry, of material sensations. We must have images to look at, and crucifixes to kiss.

Last evening I counted the beads of the rosary—there are sixty—and I prostrated myself sixty times, each time hitting the floor with my forehead. I was quite out of breath, but it seemed to me I had done something pleasing in the sight of God. No doubt it was absurd, but the intention was good.

God takes count of our intentions!

Ah; I have got the New Testament here. Let us see. Not being able to find the Bible, I read Dumas. It isn't the same thing.

My aunt came back at four o'clock, and after about twenty-five minutes I managed to rouse her interest so cleverly that she has gone to Santa Maria Maggiore. It is

half-past four. I did wrong, I ought to have despatched her at five o'clock, for I fear that she will again return too soon.

When Count A—— was announced, I was still alone, for my aunt had the inspiration to go to see the Pantheon as well as Santa Maria Maggiore. My heart was beating so violently that I was afraid it might be heard, as they say in novels.

He sat down near me, and took hold of my hand, which I withdrew immediately.

He then told me that he loved me. I pushed him away smiling politely.

“ My aunt will be in soon ; have patience,” I said

“ I have so much to say to you ! ”

“ Really ? ”

“ But your aunt will be back soon.”

“ Then be quick about it.”

“ They are serious matters.”

“ Tell me.”

“ To begin with, you did wrong to write all those things of me.”

“ Don’t let us talk of that, Monsieur ; I warn you that I am very nervous, so you will do well either to speak in a straightforward manner, or to keep silent.”

“ Just listen. I have spoken to my mother, and my mother has spoken to my father.”

“ Well, what next ? ”

“ I did well, did I not ? ”

“ That doesn’t concern me. What you have done you did to please yourself.”

“ You don’t love me ? ”

“ No.”

“ And I love you to madness.”

“ So much the worse for you,” I said, smiling, and letting him take my hand.

"No, listen, let us talk seriously ; you will never be serious. I love you ; I have spoken to my mother. . . . Be my wife !" said he.

"At last !" I said to myself ; but I did not answer him.

"Well ?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, smiling.

"You know," he said, feeling encouraged, "we must get somebody to take it up."

"What do you mean ?"

"Well, I can't do it myself ; somebody must take the matter in hand, some grave and respectable person, who will speak to my father, and, in short, arrange everything. Who shall it be ?"

"Visconti," I said, laughing.

"Yes," said he, very seriously, "I thought of him ; he is the man. He is so old that he is only fit to act Mercury now. . . ." "Only," he went on, "I am not rich, not rich at all. Ah, I wish I were a hunchback and had millions."

"That would not help your cause with me."

"Oh ! oh ! oh !"

"I think you are insulting me," I said, getting up.

"No, no ; my remarks did not apply to you. You are quite an exception."

"Then don't speak of money to me."

"Dear dear ! how difficult you are to please ! it is impossible to know what you want. Do, do, consent to be my wife !"

He wanted to kiss my hand ; and I offered the cross of my rosary, which he kissed. Then, raising his head—

"How religious you are !" he said, looking at me.

"And you ! you don't believe in anything !"

"I—I love you. Do you love me ?"

"I don't speak of these things."

"But, in heaven's name, do make it clear to me."

After a moment's hesitation, I gave him my hand.

"Then you consent?"

"Softly!" I said, rising from my seat. "You know there are my father and my grandfather, and they will be strongly opposed to a Catholic marriage."

"Oh, then there's that still?"

"Yes; there is that to take into account."

He took me by the arm, and made me sit next him opposite the looking-glass. We looked very beautiful together.

"We will let Visconti manage matters," said A—.

"Yes."

"He is the man. But how young we are to get married! Do you think we shall be happy?"

"To begin with, you will want my consent."

"Of course. But *supposing* you consent, shall we be happy?"

"*If* I consent, I will take my oath that there shall not be a happier man on the face of the earth than yourself."

"Then we will get married. Be my wife." I smiled.

"Ah!" he cried, leaping about the room; "how happy I shall be; how funny it will seem when we have children!"

"Monsieur, you are going mad."

"Yes, with love!"

At this moment we heard voices on the stairs. I sat down quickly, awaiting my aunt, who entered immediately.

A great weight was taken from my heart. I grew lively, and A— was enchanted.

I was tranquil and happy; but I have a great many things to say and hear still.

With the exception of our apartment, all the rest of the hotel is empty. In the evening we take a candle and go through those immense rooms, in which the perfume of the

ancient grandeur of Italian palaces still seems to linger. But my aunt is with us. I don't know how to manage.

We remain over half an hour in a large yellow salon, and Pietro mimics the cardinal, his father, and brothers.

My aunt makes A—— write some nonsense in Russian.

"Copy that," said I, taking a book and writing something on the fly-leaf.

"What?"

"Read."

And I indicated the following eight words:—"Leave at midnight. I will speak to you down-stairs."

"Did you understand?" I asked, rubbing it out.

"Yes."

I felt easier then, and yet strangely agitated.

A—— kept looking at the clock every minute, and I was afraid lest the reason might be guessed; as if any one could possibly have guessed! Only bad consciences have these terrors.

At midnight he rose and bade me good-night, pressing my hand tightly.

"Good evening, Monsieur," I said.

Our eyes met, and I cannot describe what a simultaneous flash it was.

"Well, aunt, we shall leave early to-morrow; you had better go to your room, and I shall lock you in to prevent your disturbing me while I am writing; then I shall go to bed quickly."

"You promise?"

"Certainly."

I locked my aunt's room, and, after giving a glance in the looking-glass, I went down-stairs, and Pietro slipped through the half-open door like a shadow.

"So much may be said without words when we love! As for me," he whispered, "I love you."

It amused me to act a scene in a novel, and involuntarily I thought of Dumas.

"We leave to-morrow. And we must talk seriously of things; and I am forgetting it. . . ."

"Impossible to think of anything."

"Come," I said, shutting the door so as only to leave a faint glimmering of light.

And I sat down on the last step of the little staircase at the bottom of the passage.

He knelt down.

Every instant I thought I heard somebody coming. I remained motionless, trembling at every drop of rain which beat against the panes.

"It's nothing," said my impatient lover.

"You speak very much at your ease, Monsieur. If any one were to come, you would feel flattered and I should be lost."

With my head thrown back, I looked at him through my eyelashes.

"With me?"—misunderstanding the meaning of my words—"with me? I love you too much; you are quite safe."

I gave him my hand on hearing those noble words.

"Have I not always been well-behaved and respectful?"

"Oh no, not always. You wanted even to kiss me once."

"Don't speak of that, I beg. Oh, I have begged your pardon so often! Be good! Forgive me!"

"I have forgiven you," I said, gently.

I felt so thoroughly at ease! So that is being in love, I thought. Is it really serious? I kept thinking he would laugh, because his manner was so very grave and tender.

I dropped my eyes beneath his; they flashed with such extraordinary brilliancy.

"But we are again forgetting to speak of our affairs ; let us be serious and talk."

"Yes ; let us."

"But, first of all, what are we to do, as you are going away to-morrow ? Don't go away ; oh, pray don't go away !"

"It's impossible ! my aunt"

"She is so good ; do stay !"

"She is good ; but she won't consent. And so, adieu ; perhaps for ever."

"No, no ; since you have consented to become my wife !"

"When ?"

"I shall be in Nice at the end of this month. If you would allow me to make my escape by getting into debt, I should leave to-morrow."

"No, I don't wish it ; I could not consent to see you in that case."

"But you can't prevent my going to Nice and getting into scrapes."

"Yes, yes, yes ; I forbid you."

"Then I must wait till my father gives me the money."

"Listen ; I hope he will be reasonable."

"He is not opposed to it—my mother has been speaking to him ; but if he were not to give me any money, you know how dependent, how miserable I am !"

"Insist upon it."

"Give me some advice—you who argue like a book, you who speak of the soul and God—give me some advice."

"Pray to God," said I, offering him my cross, quite ready to laugh if he were to see the ridiculous side of the thing, or to keep my countenance if he took it seriously.

He looked at my impassive face, pressed the cross to his forehead, and dropped his head in prayer.

"I have prayed," he said.

“Really?”

“Really! But let us continue. . . . We are agreed to put the matter into Baron V——’s hands?”

“Very well.”

I said “Very well,” while I thought “Provisionally.”

“But it can’t be arranged immediately,” I continued.

“In two months.”

“You are laughing at me,” I said, inquiringly, as if it were the most impossible thing in the world.

“Then in six?”

“No!”

“In a year?”

“Yes, in a year. You will wait?”

“If it must be; with the condition of seeing you every day.”

“Well, come to Nice, for in a month I am going to Russia.”

“I shall follow you.”

“That’s impossible.”

“And why?”

“My mother won’t allow it.”

“No one can prevent my travelling.”

“Don’t talk nonsense.”

“But as I love you!”

I bent towards him in order not to lose one of his words.

“I shall always love you,” he said. “Be my wife.”

We drifted into the commonplaces of love-making—commonplaces which would be divine if one really loved always.

“Yes, truly,” he said. “How beautiful it would be to pass our lives together! . . . Yes, to pass my life with you; always together, at your feet . . . adoring you. . . . And when we are both of us old, so old as to take snuff, we shall still love each other. Yes, yes. . . . dearest!”

He could find no other words, and these commonplace words became a tender caress in his mouth.

He looked at me with folded hands.

Then we talked sense; then he cast himself at my feet, crying, in a choked voice, that I couldn't love him as he loved me, it was impossible.

He said we ought to tell each other our secrets.

"Oh yours, Monsieur, don't interest me."

"Oh, tell me, how many times have you been in love, Mademoiselle?"

"Once."

"And with whom?"

"With a man I didn't know, whom I have seen ten or a dozen times in the street, who didn't even know of my existence. I was twelve years old then, and have never spoken to him."

"This is a fable!"

"It's the truth."

"But it's a romance, a phantasy; it's impossible; it's a shadow."

"Yes; but I feel that I am not ashamed of having loved him, and that he has grown a kind of divinity for me. I don't compare him to any one, for no one is worthy of it."

"Where is he?"

"I don't even know. He is married far away."

"What folly!"

And my confounded Pietro looked rather incredulous and disdainful.

"But it's true; and you see I love you, and that's another matter."

"I give you my whole heart, and you only give me the half of yours," he said.

"Don't ask too much, and be content."

"But that isn't all. There's something else."

“That’s all.”

“Forgive me, and suffer me not to believe you this time.”
(Oh, the depravity of it !)

“You must believe the truth.”

“I can’t.”

“So much the worse for you,” I cried, vexed.

“It’s beyond me,” he said.

“Then you must be very depraved.”

“Perhaps so.”

“You don’t believe that I have never allowed any one to kiss my hand ?”

“Pardon me, but I don’t believe it ?”

“Come and sit down by my side,” said I ; “let us talk, and tell me everything.”

He begins telling me all they have said to him, and he has said to them.

“You won’t be angry ?” he asked.

“I shall be angry if you hide something from me.”

“Well, then, you know that our family is a well-known one.”

“Yes.”

“And you are strangers in Rome.”

“What next ?”

“Well, my mother wrote to Paris, to several persons.”

“Very naturally ; and what did they say of me ?”

“Nothing as yet. But let them say what they like, I shall always love you.”

“I require no indulgence. . . .”

“Next,” he said, “comes religion.”

“Yes, religion.”

“Oh,” said he, in the calmest manner, “do turn Catholic !”

I stopped him short *very severely*.

“Then do you want me to change my religion ?” cried

A—.

“No, for if you did so I should despise you.”

I should really only have been vexed on account of the Cardinal.

"How I love you ! how beautiful you are ! how happy we shall be !"

For all reply I took his head in my hands and kissed him on the forehead, on the eyes, on the hair. I did it more for his sake than for mine.

"Marie, Marie !" called my aunt from above.

"What's the matter ?" I asked, in a calm voice, passing my head through the trap door, so that my voice might appear to come from my room.

"It's two o'clock, you must go to sleep."

"I am sleeping."

"Are you undressed ?"

"Yes ; do let me write."

"Go to bed."

"Yes, yes."

I came down and found the place empty ; the poor fellow had hidden himself under the staircase.

"Now," said he, taking his place again, "let us speak of the future."

"We will."

"Where shall we live ? Do you like Rome ?"

"Oh yes."

"Then we will live in Rome, but not with my family, quite alone !

"I should think so ; in the first place, mamma would not hear of my living with my husband's family."

"She is quite right. And then my family has such extraordinary principles ! It would make us miserable. We will buy a little house in the new part of the town."

"I should prefer a big house."

And I tried to hide an expressive grimace.

"Well then, a big one."

And we began, or at least he did, to plan future arrangements.

He was evidently very eager to change his condition.

"We shall go into society," I went on; "we shall live in grand style, shall we not?"

"Oh, certainly; tell me everything."

"Yes, when two people are going to pass their life together, they ought to do so as well as possible."

"I quite understand. You know all about my family, but there's the Cardinal."

"We must be on good terms with him."

"I should think so indeed; I shall try to be so. And you know the greater part of his fortune is to go to the one who first has a son; so we must have a son as soon as possible. Only I am not rich."

"What does it matter?" I said, a little hurt, but sufficiently mistress of myself not to make any gesture of contempt; it might be a snare.

Then, as if tired of this grave discussion, he drooped his head.

"*Occhi neri*," I said, covering them with my hand, for his eyes frightened me.

He threw himself down before me, and made such protestations, that I redoubled in watchfulness, and made him sit down again by my side.

No, it can't be true love. If it were, there would be nothing mean or vulgar about it.

I was dissatisfied at heart.

"Be reasonable!"

"Yes," he said, folding his hands, "yes, I am reasonable and respectful; I love you!"

Did I really love him, or was it an affair of the imagination? Who can tell exactly? And yet, from the moment one doubts . . . doubt is no longer possible."

"Yes, I love you," I said, taking his two hands in mine

and pressing them hard. He said nothing; perhaps he did not understand what importance I attached to my words, or perhaps he only considered them natural.

My heart had ceased beating. It was a delicious moment, for he remained as motionless as I did, without uttering a syllable.

But I grew frightened, and told him to go.

“It is time.”

“Already? Stop just another minute by my side? How happy we are here! You love me?” he said. “Thou wilt always love me? Say, thou wilt always love me!”

His saying, “thou,” chilled me, and appeared humiliating to me.

“Always!” I said, inwardly discontented; “always, and you, you, love me?”

“Oh! how can you ask such a question? Oh, my darling! I wish it were impossible to leave this spot!”

“We should die of hunger,” I said, humiliated by the caressing appellation, and not knowing what to answer.

“But what a delicious death! Then, in a year!” said he, devouring me with his eyes.

“In a year,” I repeated, for the sake of saying something. I was acting the part of a woman in love, intoxicated, inspired, grave, and solemn.

Just then I heard my aunt, who, still seeing a light in my room, grew very impatient.

“You hear?” I said.

We embraced each other, and I ran away without looking back. It’s like some scene in a novel I have read somewhere. Fie! I am displeased with myself! Shall I always be my own critic, or is it because I am not altogether in love?

“It is four o’clock,” exclaimed my aunt.

“No, aunt, in the first place it’s only ten minutes past two; and then, do leave me alone.”

I began undressing, deep in thought all the time. If any

one had seen me go into the drawing-room, near the staircase, at midnight, and leaving it at two o'clock, past two o'clock, after an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* with one of the most profligate young Italians, this person would not believe the Almighty himself, if he should have a fancy for coming down from heaven in order to declare my innocence.

Even I, supposing I were in somebody else's place, would not believe it, and yet you see! Can we be sufficiently on our guard against trusting to appearances? How often people condemn others, and form conclusive judgments when there is *next to nothing*.

"It's dreadful! You will kill yourself with sitting up so late!" cried my aunt.

"Listen," I said, unlocking her door, "don't scold or I won't tell you anything."

"Oh dear, dear!"

"Oh, dear aunt, you will be sorry"

"What's the matter? Oh, what a girl!"

"Well then, I have not been writing; I was with Pietro."

"Unhappy girl, where were you?"

"Down-stairs."

"How dreadful!"

"Oh, if you make such a row, I won't tell you anything."

"You have been with A——?"

"Yes!"

"Well," she said, in a voice that made me tremble, "I knew it when I was calling you a little while ago."

"How could you?"

"I dreamed that mamma had come and said to me, 'Don't leave Marie alone with A——.'"

I felt a chill down my back as I realised that I had run a serious risk. I expressed my fears lest any one should write scandalous reports of me to Nice.

"There's nothing to be said," replied my aunt. "People

may venture to talk slander, but they dare not write them."

Nice.—Tuesday, May 23rd.—I should like to be clear about one thing: am I in love or am I not?

I have pictured such worldly splendours and riches to myself, that Pietro appears in my eyes a very twopenny-half-penny sort of Count. Ah, H——n!

Suppose I were to wait! But to wait for what? For a prince and millionaire, a H——n; and if nothing comes of it.

I try to convince myself that A—— is very *chic*, but seeing him so intimately makes him appear less so than he is.

This has been a sad day! I have begun Colignon's portrait on a background of sky-blue draperies. It's sketched in, and I am very pleased with myself and with my model, for she sits very well.

I know quite well that A—— has not yet had time to write to me, but am uneasy nevertheless.

This evening I am in love with him! Would I do well to accept him? As long as there's love it will be all right, but afterwards?

I fear that mediocrity will make me hang myself with rage. I reason and argue as if I were mistress of the situation. Oh, misery of miseries!

"Wait! Wait for what?"

"And if nothing comes? Bah! with such a face as mine things do come, and the proof is that I am hardly sixteen, and that I might have been a countess twice and a half—I say a *half* for Pietro."

Wednesday, May 24th.—This evening, as I was going away, I kissed mamma.

"She kisses like Pietro," she said, laughing.

“Has he kissed you?” I asked.

“But he has kissed you!” said Dina, laughing, fancying she was saying something awful, and on that account giving me a violent sense of remorse, almost of shame.

“Oh, Dina!” said I, with such a look that mamma and aunt turned to her with an expression of reproach and displeasure.

“Marie kissed by a man! Marie, the proud, the severe, the haughty! What an idea! Marie, who has made so many fine speeches on the subject!”

This made me feel inwardly ashamed. Why, indeed, have I been untrue to my principles? I won’t admit that I gave way to any weakness, any momentary impulse. If I were to admit it I should no longer esteem myself! I can’t say that it was from love.

To pass for unapproachable is enough. They are so accustomed to it in me that they would refuse to believe their own eyes; and I myself have so often held forth on the rigidity of my views, that I would hardly believe it myself were it not for this Journal.

In the first place, we should never allow any man to make *advances* to us without being certain of his love; for in that case he will not accuse us: whereas, with people who are only flirting, we ought to be armed at all points, like a porcupine. Let us be frivolous with a grave, loving man, but severe with a frivolous one.

Ah! how pleased I am to have written exactly what I think!

Friday, May 26th.—My aunt says that A—— is only a child.

“That’s true,” says mamma.

And these remarks show me that I have soiled myself for nothing; for, after all, I have soiled myself without love and without an object. . . . How vexing!

After he had left me in Rome, I looked at myself in the glass, fancying that my lips had changed colour. No one is as sensitive as I am! Since my face has been soiled, I feel as dirty as after travelling twenty-four hours in the train.

A—— will be able to say that I loved him, and that I was very unhappy at the marriage coming to nothing.

The failure of a project of marriage is always a stain on a young girl's reputation.

All the world will say that we loved each other. But nobody will say that I refused him. We are neither sufficiently popular nor sufficiently powerful for that.

Appearances, besides, will justify those who say so. It's maddening!

If V—— had not said those few words I would never have gone so far. "Oh, young lady! you are still so very young!" In fact, to appease my vanity, I needed to hear all those proposals of marriage. Observe that I did not commit myself to any positive promise; but, as I let him speak, and allowed the young rascal to take my hands and kiss them, he did not notice my tone; and, in his happiness and excitement, had no suspicions at all.

I knew quite well that he was in earnest; but I did not anticipate, though I did in a way, that his family and all these people would make such a fuss. I did not expect it, because I was not in earnest.

I must tell you that the man is a sack filled with self-love and covered with vanity. There's one thing gives me some comfort: before the great explanation he was always saying that he suffered a great deal, that I made him very unhappy with my coquettishness and my heart of ice.

That's some consolation, but not enough. Indeed, I must admit, by way of softening my complaints, that his complaints and his torments appear very insignificant to me, because it isn't I who have experienced them.

They say that the most poetic woman is the *blonde* ; but I assert, on the contrary, that she is the material woman *par excellence*.

Look at that golden hair, those blood-red lips, those dark-grey eyes, that rosy body, which Titian paints so admirably, and tell me what thoughts they suggest to your mind ! And for that matter, the pagan Venus and the Christian Magdalen are both fair. Whereas the dark woman, who is a paradox of nature, like a fair man—the dark woman, with her velvet eyes and ivory cheeks, may remain pure and divine.

There is a beautiful picture by Titian at the Borghese Palace, called *Pure Love and Impure Love*. Pure love is depicted as a beautiful woman with rosy cheeks and black hair, tenderly looking at her child which she is bathing in a tank.

Impure love is a fair, possibly red-haired woman, leaning against I know not what, with her arms crossed above her head. And in short the normal woman is fair and the normal man dark.

Varieties of an opposite type may sometimes be admirable, but they are phenomenal.

I shall never see anything comparable to the Duke of H—— ; he is tall, strong, with reddish hair tinged with gold, a moustache of the same colour, small eyes of a piercing grey, and a lip modelled on that of the Apollo Belvidere.

And his whole person has something so grand, majestic, nay, insolent even, in his indifference to others.

Perhaps I considered him with the eyes of a person in love. . . . But I don't think so.

How is it possible to be in love with a vain, brown, ugly fellow, having fine eyes, indeed, but still timid in his walk and without any style whatever, after a man like the duke, even three years later ? And remember that three years,

from thirteen to sixteen, are like three centuries in a girl's life.

Therefore I love no one but the duke! He, it is true, won't be proud of it, and won't care. I often invent stories and picture known and unknown men to myself. Even to an emperor I don't say "I love you," with genuine conviction. There are some to whom I can't say it at all! Stop there! For I have said it in reality. . . . Dear me, yes; but so little did I think it that it isn't worth speaking of.

Sunday, May 28th.—On coming in from our walk I went to my room and sat at the window. It's odd that nothing seems changed; it seems as if we were back in last year. The songs of Nice have never seemed so charming before; the croaking of the frogs, the murmur of a fountain, a sound of singing in the distance, are desecrated by the noise of a prosaic carriage.

I am reading Horace and Tibullus. The latter only speaks of love, and that suits me. And I have the French text opposite the Latin to give me practice. If only all this talk of marriage, which I have thoughtlessly set going, won't injure me. I fear it.

I ought not to have promised A—— anything. I ought to have answered him—

"I thank you, Monsieur, for the honour you do me; but I can promise you nothing before consulting my parents. Let your family confer with mine and we shall see. As for me," I might have said to soften my reply, "I would have no objection to you."

This answer, accompanied by one of my sweet smiles, with my hand given him to kiss, would have sufficed.

And I should not have been compromised, and there would have been no gossip in Rome, and all would have been well.

I think of clever things, but always too late. I should have done better, no doubt, to have made a fine speech like the one you have just read, but I should have economised so much pleasure, and besides life is so short! and besides, there is always a—*besides*!

I did wrong in not making the above answer, but I was really so much moved; sensible people will say, certainly; and sentimental ones, no.

Wednesday, May 31st.—Has it not been said that *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*? Just now I am reading La Rochefoucauld, and I find many things in him which are written here. And I, who prided myself on having said some really new things, and they are things that have been known already and said long ago. Then I read Horace, La Bruyère, and some other author besides.

I am nervous about my eyes. I have been obliged to stop several times during my painting. I use them too much, for I spend all my time in painting, reading, and writing.

I have spent this evening in going over my abstracts of the classics, as it gave me something to do, and then I discovered a very interesting work on Confucius, in a Latin and French translation. There's nothing like having one's mind occupied; work overcomes everything, especially brain work.

I can't understand how women can pass their time in knitting and embroidering, keeping their hands occupied and their heads idle. You must have a world of useless, even dangerous thoughts, and if there is anything on the mind the heart begins brooding over it, with lamentable results, may-be.

If I were calm and happy I think I could do needlework in order to think of my happiness.

No, in that case I should like to think of it with my eyes shut, and should be incapable of doing anything.

Go and ask any of my acquaintances what they think of me, and they will tell you that they know no girl as gay, light-hearted, determined, and happy as I am; for it gives one much satisfaction to appear proud and radiant, aloof in all ways; and I willingly engage in some closely-contested argument either grave or gay.

In these pages you see my inner self.

But outwardly I am quite another person.

You would say I had never known an annoyance, that I am used to be obeyed by men and things.

*Saturday, June 3rd—*Just now on coming out of my dressing-room I had a superstitious terror.

I saw a woman in a long white gown at my side with a light in her hand, and looking plaintively before her, with her head a little on one side, like a phantom in some German legend. Don't be alarmed, it was only my reflection in the glass.

Oh, I fear, I fear that some bodily ill will be the outcome of all these moral tortures!

Why does everything turn against me?

O God, forgive me for weeping! There are people more miserable than myself—there are people in want of bread, whereas for me I sleep in a bed covered with lace; there are people who bruise their feet in walking over the stones of the road, whereas for me, I walk on the softest carpets; people who have only the sky for a covering, whereas for me I have above my head a canopy of blue satin. O God, perhaps thou art punishing me for these tears I shed; then why not stop my weeping?

Besides all I have suffered already, I now feel personally ashamed, ashamed in my soul.

"Count A—— has asked her hand in marriage, but he met with opposition, and has now altered his mind and withdrawn his offer."

This is the way good impulses are rewarded.

Oh, if you knew what a sensation of despair takes hold of me, what an infinite sadness when I look round me! What ever I touch perishes and disappears.

And my fancy continually conjures up the picture afresh, and I fancy I hear them saying, "Count A—— wished to marry her," etc. etc.

Sunday, June 4th.—After Jesus had cured the lunatic His disciples asked him, why those who had tried to cure him had not succeeded; and Jesus answered them, "It is because of your want of faith, for verily I tell you that if you only had as much faith as a grain of mustard seed you would say to yonder mountain, 'Remove thyself from yonder place to this,' and the mountain would be removed, and nothing would be impossible to you."

On reading these words I felt suddenly enlightened, and perhaps for the first time I believed in God. I rose quite carried out of myself. I clasped my hands, I raised my eyes to heaven, I smiled, I was in ecstasy.

I will never, never doubt again, not in order that I may get something, but because I have been convinced, because I believe.

Until my twelfth year they spoilt me, they did whatever I pleased, but no one ever dreamed of educating me. When I was twelve I wished for masters to teach me; they gave them me, and I drew up a plan of study. I owe everything to myself . . .

After this fit of enthusiasm I was afraid of exaggerating my feelings, afraid of the convent.

Oh no, I was transformed, I was joyous; I slept soundly, I woke up feeling calmer.

Monday, June 5th.—Dina, Mlle. Colignón, and myself, stopped out on the terrace in the moonlight reflected in the

smooth sea, until ten o'clock. We discussed friendship and what ought to be our relations with our fellow-men ; I made my confession of faith. The Sapogenikoffs suggested the topic, as they have not yet written to us.

Colignon's admiration for them is well known ; indeed, she cannot exist without adoring some one. She is the most romantic and sentimental woman in the world. She believes in friendship and in the happiness of trusting others.

I, the opposite.

Just consider how unhappy I should be had I felt a great friendship for the Sapogenikoffs.

We never regret having been kind, obliging, amiable, or having acted on an impulse of the heart ; we only regret it when we meet with ingratitude in return. And it is, indeed, a great grief for a kind-hearted person to discover that sympathy and friendship have been wasted.

"Oh, Marie, I don't agree with you."

"But do listen, Mademoiselle. Here I have been for the last hour exhausting my breath in explanations and arguments, to find that after all my talk you are deaf to what I've been saying.

"No doubt of it."

"I don't blame you, I don't blame any one ; because I don't expect anything from anybody. On the contrary, the reverse of ingratitude would have surprised me. I assure you it is much safer to regard life and our fellow men as I do ; to give them no place in your heart ; but use them as rungs in the ladder by which you rise."

"Marie ! Marie !"

"It can't be helped. You are differently constituted from me ! Look here ! I am sure you have spoken ill of me to the Sapogenikoffs and others. I am as certain of it as if I had heard with my own ears, and yet I trust you exactly as I used to, and shall always do."

“It is your study of the philosophers which gives you this distrust of everybody.”

“I don’t distrust people, only I don’t place my trust in any one ; there’s a great difference between the two.”

“No, listen, Marie, you have no friendship for anybody.”

“But just reflect what it would be if I had ; supposing that instead of taking Marie and Olga at their true worth, as good-natured girls, ready to laugh with me and at me when my back was turned, as I at them ; supposing Olga and I had become bosom friends. I write to her from Rome ; she answers three words at the end of three weeks ; I write to her again, and this time she doesn’t answer at all. What do you say to that ? And it’s not the first instance.”

“But what can you expect from your friends if you give them nothing in return ?”

“We don’t understand each other. I show them all kinds of attention. I am ready to do all I can for them ; let them ask me anything they like, I should be happy to meet their wishes ; but I don’t give them my heart, for, believe me, it’s exasperating to give it for nothing.”

“We can never feel exasperated when we have done what is right—our duty, in short.”

“Friendship is not a duty. You are neither doing a good nor a bad action in bestowing your friendship on some one. Your friendships don’t count because you have such a constant craving for it ; but when it comes from the heart, it is very distressing to find yourself repaid with ingratitude.”

“So much the worse for those who are ungrateful.”

“How selfish that is ! I used to think formerly that I loved the whole world ; but I see that this universal love is only another name for universal indifference. I am full of benevolence for my fellow men. I see they are all bad, and this makes me feel supremely indulgent towards them. . . .

Have you read Epictetus? It seems to me that one must be a stoic as regards friendship. You receive a shock and you can't help making a gesture of fear and surprise: it does not depend on yourself; but it depends on you to acquiesce in your first feelings. We cannot avoid feeling certain preferences, but we can avoid acquiescing in them."

"Your reading will land you in atheism; you won't believe in anything at last, Marie."

"Oh no! If you could read my thoughts you would not say so."

"All philosophers are dangerous reading."

"Not if you have a sound mind. . . . But the truth is," I said, "when everything's said and done, there's only one thing that's worth anything in life (I speak of our feelings), and that's love."

"Yes."

"There's no greater pleasure in the world than to love and be loved."

"That's true."

"And for goodness' sake don't let us go into subtleties about it. Let us only take the pleasure we receive, and that which we give. Love is a divine thing in itself, I mean as long as it lasts, it makes a man behave perfectly towards the object he loves; it gives him devotion, tenderness, passion, sincerity, faithfulness, everything. We may, therefore, try to fathom love, but never man. Man may be compared to a cavern. You always find damp or dirt at the bottom, or else an opening, so that in reality there is no bottom at all. But all this doesn't prevent my loving my neighbours."

"It is impossible to enjoy anything if one is indifferent to it all."

"No, no; I am not indifferent, but I only value people according to their merit."

Mamma has been crying to-day, and my aunt's face looks troubled ; they have talked over all my misery.

I was coming home with my arms hanging down listlessly, eyes staring and knitted eyebrows ; I was choking in spite of the blue sky, the bubbling fountain, the medlar trees covered with fruit, and the pure air. I walked on without noticing anything.

Why not suppose that I love him, unworthy as he is.

Heavens ! What is the meaning of this man, and of this love ?

Everything is to be crushed in me, my self-love, my pride, and my love.

Tuesday, June 6th.—I have been reading over my account of yesterday ; only misery and tears.

By two o'clock my spirits had risen sufficiently for me to cease being angry, and to enable me to merely sigh from contempt. These thoughts are unworthy of me, we should only remember injuries when we can be revenged. To think of them otherwise is to give too much importance to people who don't deserve it—it's degrading to oneself ; but indeed I am not thinking of these people, I am thinking of myself, my position, and of the carelessness of my relations. For that's the cause of all the trouble.

If the A——'s had raised the question of religion, that would only amuse me, and I really think that if they were to beg me to accept Pietro I would not have him.

But it's the disgrace, the thought that things have been said against us.

For this marriage has been all the talk, and, for certain, people won't say that the refusal comes from me. Indeed, they would be right. Did I not consent ? To gain time ; to keep him hanging on in any case. I don't repent of it, I did well, and if it's turned out badly it's not my fault.

We are not known ; people catch up a word here and there

they gossip, exaggerate, invent! and to be quite helpless—oh, heavens!

Let us understand each other. I don't complain, I narrate facts, that's all.

I have a profound contempt for the whole world, so I can't complain or be angry with any one. Love, as I imagined it, does not exist! 'Tis only an imagination, an ideal!

Is it possible that perfect modesty, perfect purity are only words of my invention? So when I went down to speak to him on the eve of our leaving he simply looked upon it as a rendezvous of the ordinary kind?

When I leant upon his arm it was only with desire that he trembled. When I looked at him in a grave and deeply moved way like a pagan priestess of old, he saw nothing but a woman and a rendezvous.

And did I indeed love him? No; or more correctly speaking, I loved his love of me.

But as I am incapable of treachery in love, I felt for him exactly as if I loved him myself.

It was an exaltation of the fancy; you may call it fanaticism, shortsightedness, stupidity—yes, stupidity!

If I were cleverer I should have understood the man's character better.

He loved me as he could. It was for me to see that one does not cast pearls before swine.

The punishment is hard; my illusions are destroyed for a long time to come, and I feel remorse for myself; I was wrong to think as I did.

I should have been as others are, vulgar and prosaic.

It is owing to my great youth, I suppose, that I committed these futilities. What is the meaning of these ideas of the other world? We understand them no longer, for the world has not changed. Now I am falling into the common mistake and accusing the world on account of the villainy of one

man. Because one man turns out to be base I deny all greatness of mind and soul.

I deny that man's love because he has done nothing for it. Even if he had been threatened with being disinherited and cursed, could that have prevented his writing to me ? No, no. He is a coward.

Thursday, June 8th.--Books of philosophy astound me. They are productions of the imagination altogether upsetting. By reading much of them in time I should get used to it, but at present they take my breath away.

What do you say to Fourier ? And then look at Jouffroy's system : "The soul goes outward under the pressure of sensation, and then retires within herself carrying back the object."

It's astonishing, but it's nonsense. When the fever of reading is upon me I go mad over it, and it seems as if I could never read enough ; I would like to know everything, and my head seems bursting, and then again only ashes and chaos are around me.

I am all in a fever in my haste to read Horace. Oh ! to think that there are chosen ones, who enjoy themselves, who rush about, who dress, and dance, and gossip, and laugh, and love, who, in short, plunge into all the delights of a worldly life, while I, I am rusting in Nice !

I am pretty resigned on the whole, as long as I don't remember that we live but once. Oh, just to think that *we live but once*, and life is so short !

When I think of it I am like one possessed, and my brain seethes with despair.

We live but once, and I am losing this precious life hidden in the house, seeing nobody !

We live but once ! and they spoil my life !

We live but once ! and they make me lose my time

miserably! And the days are passing, passing, never to return, and abridging my life!

We live but once! and must this short life be still further shortened, spoilt, stolen—yes, stolen by infamous circumstances.

Oh, Lord! •

Friday, June 9th.—In reading about my stay at Rome, and my perturbed state at Pietro's disappearance, I am quite surprised at having written with so much vivacity.

I read and shrug my shoulders. I ought not to be astonished, knowing how easily my fancy is touched.

There are moments when I don't know what I hate or what I love, what I desire or what I fear. Then all becomes indifferent, and I try to understand things, and the consequence is such a whirl of excitement in my brain that I have to shake my head and stop my ears, preferring even a state of stupor to this self-analysis and heart-searching.

Saturday, June 10th.—“Do you know,” said I to the doctor, “that I spit blood, and ought to be taken care of?”

“Oh, Mademoiselle,” said Walitzky, “if you persist in sitting up every night till three o'clock in the morning you will get no end of diseases.”

“And why do you think I go to bed so late? Because my mind is not at rest. Give me peace and I will sleep peacefully.”

“You might have had it. You had an opportunity at Rome.”

“With whom?” •

“With A——, in getting married without changing your religion.” •

“Oh, friend Walitzky, how shocking! With such a man

as A——! Are you thinking of what you are saying? A man who has no will or opinions of his own. How can you talk such nonsense, really?"

And I began to laugh softly.

"He doesn't come; he does not write," I went on; "he is a poor child whose *importance we have exaggerated*. No, my friend, he isn't a man, and we did wrong to think so."

I said these last words with the same calmness with which I had spoken all along, from the conviction I had of having said what was true and just.

I went to my room, and all at once I saw everything with extraordinary clearness. I understood, at last, how wrong I had been in allowing a kiss, only one, but still a kiss; to appoint a rendezvous at the bottom of the stairs. I understood that if I had not gone into the passage, nor to any other place, if I had not sought this rendezvous, the man would have had more respect for me, and I should have been spared my vexation and tears.

(How I like myself for saying this! How charming of me! Paris, 1877.)

Always stick to this principle; I lost sight of it, and committed a folly owing to the attraction of novelty, the ease with which I take fancies into my head, and my want of experience.

Oh, how could I have understood it all since!

Ah! my good friends, don't blame me. One is young and makes mistakes. A—— has taught me how to behave to my admirers.

To live a hundred years, to learn a hundred years!

Oh, how plain it all seems, how calm I feel, and how cured I am of love!

I mean to go out every day, to be gay and hopeful.

"Ah! *son felice*;
Ah! *son rapita*!"

I am singing "Mignon," and my heart is full.

How beautiful the moon looks reflected on the sea ! How adorable is Nice.

I love the whole world ! All the faces I see passing look smiling and amiable.

It's over, I said that couldn't last. I will live in peace ! I will go to Russia ; that would improve our position. I would take my father to Rome.

Monday, June 12th ; Tuesday, June 13th.—I who wanted to live seven lives at once, and can't even get the quarter of one. I am fettered. •

God will take pity on me ; but I feel weak, and I think I shall die.

It's as I say. Either I must have all that God has given me the power of perceiving and understanding—and then I would deserve to have it—or I shall die.

For my Maker, not being able to grant me everything without injustice, will not be cruel enough to keep a wretch alive to whom He has given understanding and the ambition of what she understands.

God has not made me as I am without some intention. He cannot have given me the faculty of *seeing all* to torture me by giving me nothing. This supposition is not in harmony with the nature of God, who is all goodness and mercy.

I will have things, or I shall die. It's as I say. Let His will be done ! I love Him, I believe in Him ; I beseech Him to forgive me when I have done wrong.

He has given me understanding to satisfy it if I show myself worthy of it. If I prove unworthy He will make me die.

Wednesday, June 14th.—Besides the triumph I have procured to the little Italian fellow, which is very annoying

to me, I also perceive the scandal which the affair has caused.

I never expected an adventure of this kind ; I could never have foreseen it. I never imagined such a thing happening to me. I knew such things did happen, but I did not believe it ; I did not picture it to myself, as one doesn't picture death if one has never seen a corpse. O my life, my poor, poor life !"

If I am as pretty as I say, why don't people love me ? They look at me ! They are enamoured ! But they don't love me. I who have such a great need to be loved !

Novels have turned my brain ! No, no ; I read novels because my brain is already turned. I read over again the old books. I look with lamentable eagerness for the scenes and speeches of love. I devour them because it seems to me that I love, and because it seems to me that I am not loved. I love ; yes, because I won't give it another name.

Well, no ; it isn't that which I want. I want to go into the world ; I want to shine in it ; I want to occupy a supreme position. I want to be rich ; I want to have pictures, palaces, jewels. I want to be the centre of a circle that shall be political, brilliant, literary, philanthropic, and frivolous. I want all that may God give it to me !

O God ! do not punish me for these wildly ambitious thoughts !

Are there not people who are born in the midst of it all, and who find it quite natural, and never thank God at all ?

Am I guilty in wishing to be great ?

No ; for I will use my greatness in thanking God, and in wishing to be happy !

People who are satisfied with a modest and comfortable

home, are they less ambitious than I ? No ; for they can't see beyond.

He who is content to pass his life humbly in the bosom of his family, is he modest and moderate in his desires, owing to his virtue, his resignation, and his wisdom ? No, no, no ! It makes him happy to be so ; he finds his greatest happiness in this retired existence. If he does not wish it, it is because it would make him wretched. There are others who dare not ; as for them, they are not wise—they are cowards ! for they secretly covet things, but nevertheless remain where they are, not from Christian humility, but owing to their timid and incapable natures. O God, if my conclusions are wrong, enlighten me, forgive me, and have mercy upon me !

Thursday, June 22nd.—I used to joke when people praised up Italy, and ask myself why they made such a to-do about that country, and why it was spoken of as a country apart. But so it is. We breathe more freely there. For life is different there—large, free, mad, fantastic, languid ; at once burning and soft as its sun, its sky, its campagna. So I soar on my poet's wings (for at times I am wholly a poet and nearly always by some side of my nature), and I would exclaim with Mignon :

“ *Italia, reggio di ciel ;
Sol beato !* ”

Saturday, June 24th.—I was waiting to be called to the *déjeuner*, when the doctor came, quite out of breath, to tell me they had just received a letter from Pietro. I blushed very much, but did not raise my eyes from the book I was reading.

“ Well, well, what does he write ? ”

“ They would not give him any money ; however, I don't know ; you had better see for yourself.”

I took good care not to be too eager ; I was ashamed to show so much interest.

I was the first at table, quite against my usual habit—eating most impatiently, but saying nothing.

“ Is it true what the doctor has told me ? ” I asked at length.

“ Yes,” replied my aunt ; “ A—— has written to him.”

“ Where is the letter, doctor ? ”

“ In my room.”

“ Give it to me.”

This letter is dated the tenth June ; but as A—— simply addressed it Nizza, it travelled all the way to Nizza, in Italy, before getting here.

“ I have been trying all this time,” he writes, “ to get leave of my parents to come here ; but they absolutely refuse to hear of it.” So that, in short, it’s impossible for him to come ; and all that remains to him is the hope of the future, which is always uncertain.

The letter is in Italian, and they expected to have it translated. I said not a word, but, gathering up my train with affected slowness, so that they should not think I was running away choking, left the room and crossed the garden with outward calm and hell in my heart.

This is not an answer to a friend’s telegram from Monaco, sent as a joke. It’s written to me by way of advice. To me ! to me, who had placed myself on an imaginary eminence ! It is to me he says it !

Die ? God forbids it ! Turn singer ? I have neither sufficient health nor patience.

What, what am I to do then ?

I threw myself into an easy-chair, and, with eyes fixed on vacancy, tried to understand the letter—to think of something. . . .

“ Will you go to the clairvoyant ? ” shouted mamma from the garden.

"Yes," I replied, getting up stiffly. "When?"

"This minute."

Anything, anything not to remain alone; not to go out of my mind; anything to escape from myself.

The clairvoyant, we find, has gone.

The ride in the heat was neither good nor bad for me. I took a handful of cigarettes and my journal, intending to poison my lungs while writing the most inflammatory pages; but all strength of will seemed to have left me.

As in a dream I walked slowly to my bed, quite stiff and straight, and lay down just as I was, drawing the lace curtains together.

Impossible to describe my suffering; indeed, there comes a moment when one cannot even complain. Crushed as I am, what should I complain of?

I find no words to express my profound disgust and discouragement. Love!! No, I have never known it. This then is the truth! that that man has never loved, but looked upon marriage as a means of emancipating himself. I won't say anything of his protestations; I never mentioned them, for I never took them quite seriously. I don't say he was lying; we nearly always believe ourselves what we say at the moment—but afterwards?

And in spite of everything, in spite of the Gospel, I am burning to be revenged. I shall take my time, never fear, and I will be revenged.

"Chi lungo a tempo aspetta
Vede al fin la sua vendetta."

I went to my room, wrote a few lines, and then, suddenly losing heart, began to weep. Oh, after all I am only a child! All these sorrows are *too heavy* for me to bear *quite alone*, and I thought of waking my aunt, but she would

think that I was weeping for love, and I couldn't bear that.

To say that love has nothing at all to do with my state is the bare truth. I loathe it at present.

A mere boy, a laughing-stock lined with a scapegrace, and covered with a Jesuit; a child, a Paul! And that's the thing I loved! Bah! Why not? Don't men fall in love with a cocotte, a grisette, a country-wench, any sort of creature? Great men and great kings have loved nonentities, and have not been disrowned on that account.

I seemed to be going mad with impotent rage; all my nerves were on the rack, and I began to sing; that calms you.

If I were to sit up all night I could never say what I want to; and if I did, it would be nothing new, only the same things I have said already.

All the things I saw and heard in Rome come back to me, and in meditating on that singular mixture of devotion and libertinism, of religion and rascality, of submission and depravity, of prudery, haughty pride, and lowest meanness, I said to myself, "Rome is certainly a unique city, at once singular, savage, and refined."

Everything in it is different from other towns. You seem to be in another planet.

And no doubt Rome, which has had a fabulous origin, a fabulous prosperity, and a fabulous decline, should be something striking and out of the common, both morally and physically.

The city of God—I mean to say the city of priests. Since the king is there everything has changed, but only amongst the Liberals; the priests always remain the same—that's why I never understood anything of what A—used to tell me, because I always regarded his affairs as

fables, or as entirely peculiar, whereas they were simply Roman.

Why must I have come across this inhabitant of the moon, of the old moon, of old Rome, I mean the Cardinal's nephew!

But it's interesting at least to me, who love the extraordinary. It's original. Well, it's very strange all the same —Rome and the Romans.

Instead of giving vent to expressions of astonishment, it would be much better if I were to tell what I know of Rome and the Romans.

You must know that when Pietro was at death's door six years ago, his mother made him eat slips of paper, on which this word was written over and over again, *Maria, Maria, Maria*. She did this that the Virgin might cure him. It's perhaps on that account he fell in love with a Maria—a very earthly one however. Besides that, they made him drink holy water instead of medicine.

But that's nothing. Little by little, no doubt, I shall recall all I heard, and you will find some very curious things.

The Cardinal, for example, is by no means a good man, and on being told that his nephew was trying to amend in the monastery, he laughed, saying it was absurd, for a man of three-and-twenty did not suddenly become good at the end of eight days passed in a convent; that if he seemed so, he wanted money, no doubt.

Friday, June 30th.—How I pity old men, especially since grandpapa has become quite blind; I am so sorry for him.

To-day I had to lead him down-stairs, and feed him myself. He is ashamed of it, owing to a kind of self-love which has always made him wish to appear young, and it had to be done with a great deal of management. But he accepted my services very gratefully, for I had offered them with a kind

of brusque persistence, mixed with tenderness, which people can't resist.

Sunday, July 2nd.—Oh, how hot it is! and how dull. No, I am wrong in calling it dull; one cannot be dull with so many mental resources as I have. I am not dull, because I can read, sing, paint, and muse to myself, but I am restless and depressed.

Is my poor youth to be spent between the dining-room and petty domestic worries? A woman lives from sixteen to forty. I shudder at the thought of losing even a month of my life.

What is the good of my having studied, of having tried to know more than other women, of priding myself on knowing all the branches of learning that are attributed to famous men in their biographies?

I have some idea of them all, but I have only really gone into history, literature, and natural philosophy, so as to read everything about them—everything that is interesting. As a matter of fact, I find everything interesting that I put my heart into, and this sets me on fire.

What then is the good of my having studied and thought? Why endowed with wit, beauty, and a voice? To grow mouldy, to be bored to death? If I were ignorant and coarse, perhaps I should be happy.

Not a single living soul to talk to! A girl of sixteen cannot be quite satisfied with the family circle, especially when she is a girl like me.

Of course grandpapa is clever. But then he is old and blind, and he is everlastingly quarrelling with his man Triphon and grumbling about the dinner.

Mamma has plenty of *esprit*, but not much information; her manners are not polished, she hasn't any tact, and her mind has got dull and rusty through her never talking about anything but the servants, my health, and the dogs.

Auntie is rather better. She even rather impresses you when you don't know her well.

Have I ever mentioned their ages? Mamma would still be a fine woman if it were not for her bad health. Auntie is a few years younger, but she looks the elder of the two. She is not good-looking, but tall and well proportioned.

Amor decrescit ubique crescere non posset.*

That is why lovers, when once they have felt perfectly happy, begin imperceptibly to love each other less and less, and end at last by drifting apart altogether.

I am going away to-morrow. I can't say how sorry I am to leave Nice.

All these preparations for the journey rather damp my resolution.

I have selected the music to take with me, and some books, the encyclopædia, a volume each of Plato, Dante, Ariosto, and Shakespeare; also a number of English novels by Bulwer, Collins, and Dickens.

I was rude to auntie, and then I went out on the terrace. I stopped out in the garden till dusk. How lovely the twilight is with the sea and space for background, and these luxuriant plants and thick foliaged trees! And then, by way of contrast, the bamboos and palm-trees. The fountain, the grotto with its little waterfall trickling from rock to rock before falling into the basin. All round, the bushy trees give the spot a look of peacefulness and mystery, which makes one lazy and sets one dreaming.

Why does water always make one dreamy?

I stopped in the garden and looked at a stone vase in which a lovely canna rose was just unfolding. I thought how pretty my white dress and leafy crown must look in that entrancing garden.

* It is *dolor* in Syrus, but I say *Amor*, because the maxim is equally applicable to both.

Is that all I am ever to do in life—dress myself carefully, put leaves in my hair, and think about the effect.

Well, candidly, if other people were to read me I think they would consider me a bore. I am still so young, I know so little of life!

I cannot speak with the authority or the assurance of writers who profess—what presumption!—to know men, to lay down laws and to bind their maxims on other people.

My maid is here with a dress for me to wear to-morrow; it reminds me of my departure.

I went back to my room, followed by all the dogs. I drew my white trunk close to the table. Ah, my chief regret! . . . my diary . . . it is part of myself. Every day I have been in the habit of running through the pages of one of my manuscript books, when I wished to recall Rome or Nice, or something older still!

The night was too lovely!

And on this my last evening, just as if it had done it on purpose, the moon shone out cold and clear, illuminating all the beauties of my town. Mine! Of course it is, *my town*. No one is likely to dispute the possession with me. I am too insignificant.

Besides, does not the sun belong to everybody? I went into the dining-room. The moonlight poured in through the large open windows and flooded the white stuccoed wall and the white chair covers. We can't help feeling melancholy on such a summer night, whether we will or no.

I went twice round the room. I felt a lack of something or other, and yet I was not unhappy. Far from it. I did not want anything. I should have liked always to feel so gentle, so good. My soul expanded under this feeling of happy calm; it seemed as though it would enwrap me all round. I sat down at the piano, and let my white tapering

fingers wander over the keys. But still there was something wanting, some *one* perhaps. . . .

I am going to Russia. . . . How willingly I ought to go to bed early to-night, so as to shorten the time before starting, on the day I have looked forward to so impatiently!

I am drawn towards Rome. . . . Rome is a city one doesn't understand at first. The first few days I was there I saw nothing but the Pincio and the Corso. I did not understand the simple beauty of a country treeless and houseless, yet surcharged with associations. Nothing but a plain swelling like the sea in a storm, dotted here and there with flocks of sheep with their shepherds, just as Virgil describes.

For it is only our demoralised class of society which undergoes such numberless transformations. Simple people, unartificial people, do not change, and are the same in every country.

Side by side with these vast plains, furrowed with aqueducts whose straight lines cut the horizon and produce the most thrilling effect, we see the finest relics of barbarism and civilisation.

Though why should I say barbarism? It is we modern pygmies, in our petty pride, who consider ourselves more civilised, because we were born last.

No description can give a correct idea of those lovely and noble lands, those lands of sunshine, beauty, soul, genius, art; of those lands which have fallen so low and remained prostrate so long that it seems impossible they should ever rise again.

When people talk of glory, soul; or beauty, they are only talking of love. They only talk of glory and beauty in order to make a fittingly handsome frame for that picture which is always the same yet ever new.

The idea of leaving my diary here hurts me.

Poor diary, it contains all my strivings towards the light, all those aspirations which would be considered those of an imprisoned genius if they were crowned in the end with success. If, on the other hand, I never come to anything, they will be looked upon as the conceited ravings of a commonplace person.

To marry and have children! Any washerwoman can do that.

Unless I could find a civilised and enlightened man, or one who is pliant and very much in love.

What do I want? Oh, you know, well enough. I want GLORY.

This diary certainly won't give it me. It will only be published after my death, for I cannot lay myself *quite bare* to the world in my lifetime. Besides, it ought only to be complementary to a distinguished life.

A distinguished life! A will-o'-the-wisp produced by isolation, historical readings, and a too lively imagination! . . .

I don't know any language really well. My native tongue I merely know because it was spoken at home; and I left Russia when I was ten years old.

I speak English and Italian well, I think, and write in French, and I believe I still make mistakes in spelling! And I am often at a loss for a word, and then I find my thought easily and gracefully expressed by some celebrated writer. It is aggravating beyond anything!

Take this for instance, "Whatever may be said to the contrary, travelling is one of the saddest pleasures of life; when you really feel at ease in some strange town, it is because you are beginning to make it a home."

It was the author of *Corinne* who said that. And how many times have I sat, pen in hand, losing patience because I cannot make my meaning clear! how often have I finished

by bursting into some such expression as this—"I hate new towns ; what an infliction new faces are !"

We all think alike, it seems ; the difference consisting in our way of expressing it : just as all people are composed of the same materials, yet how vastly they differ in features, height, complexion, and character !

And some day or other I shall be sure to meet with this very idea, only expressed cleverly, eloquently, and attractively.

What then am I ? Nothing. What do I want to be ? Everything.

My head is tired. Let me rest it after all these yearnings for the Infinite. Let me think about A——. Ah, still harping on him ! A mere child, a wretch !

No ; Is it not possible that he does not altogether love me ?

He loves me as I love him. Oh, well then, it is not worth talking about. . . . No ; the chief thing is that I am leaving my diary behind.

I have finished this manuscript-book. When I get to Paris I will begin another, which will probably do for Russia as well.

No one will take any notice of a manuscript-book at the Custom house.

I am taking Pietro's last letter.

I have just re-read it. He is unhappy ! But why hasn't he got more spirit ?

I can speak of it quite coolly ; yes, I in my most exceptionally despotic position—but he ? Those Romans !—It is a most unheard-of thing.

Poor Pietro ! My future fame prevents me from thinking seriously about him. It seems to rebuke me for the thoughts which I bestow on him.

Dear goddess, make 'yourself easy. Pietro is only a diversion, a strain of music under which to conceal my

soul's lament. And yet I am angry with myself for thinking about him, because he is useless to me! He can't even serve as the first rung of the divine ladder on whose topmost round rests satisfied ambition.

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS.

July 4th.

Amor, ut lacryma, oculo oritur, in pectus cadit.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

Wednesday, July 5th.—Yesterday, at two o'clock, I left Nice with my aunt and my maid Amelia. Choclat has hurt his feet, and will be sent on in a couple of days.

Mamma was crying over my departure for three days before I left, so I have been very gentle and affectionate with her.

The loves of husbands, lovers, friends, and children, come and go, for all those relationships *can occur twice*.

But there can only be one mother, and a mother is the only being on whom we may absolutely rely, whose love is disinterested, devoted, and eternal. Perhaps I felt all this for the first time when I was bidding her good-bye. And how scornful I felt towards my loves for H—, L—, and A—! How paltry it seems to me now! Nothing at all.

Grandpapa nearly melted into tears. But then there is always something solemn in an old man's farewells. He blessed me and gave me a picture of the Madonna.

Mamma and Dina came with us to the station.

As usual, I looked as cheerful as possible at starting, but I felt very much distressed all the same.

Mamma did not cry, but I could feel how unhappy she was, and a flood of regret came over me at parting for having so often been harsh towards her. However, as I looked at her from the carriage window, I reflected that I had never been harsh out of perversity, but because I was so sad and

despairing myself, and now I am going away so that I may change our life altogether.

When the train had started, I felt that my eyes were full of tears, and I involuntarily compared this departure with the last I made—that from Rome.

Were my feelings weaker then, because I was not leaving so great a sorrow—a mother's sorrow—behind?

I at once began to read *Corinne*. The description of Italy is most fascinating to me. And what a pleasure to be able to see Rome once more through my author's eyes!—Rome, my beautiful Rome, with all its treasures!

I admit, frankly, that I did not understand Rome at first. What impressed me most was the Coliseum. If I knew how to express my thoughts, I should have uttered a crowd of beautiful ideas that came into my head, when I was standing speechless in the precinct of the Vestal Virgins, opposite the Emperor's.

We reached Paris at half-past one. It must be admitted that if Paris is not the most beautiful of towns, she is, at any rate, the most winning and charming.

Has not Paris also the history of greatness, decay, revolution, glory, and terror? And yet all pales before Rome, for Rome was the mother of all the other nations.

Rome swallowed up Greece, the nursery of civilisation, art, heroes, and poets. As to architecture, sculpture, or thought, which has since been developed, is it aught but imitation of the ancients?

With us there is no originality except in what is mediæval. Oh, why, why is it that the world is *effete*? Is it that the spirit of man has already done all that it is capable of doing?

Monday, July 10th.—It is all very well for the novels to say the contrary, but it is quite true that power and glory (inferior things that this world can give) *do* set a halo round

what we love, and even almost make us love what is distasteful to us.

So true is this that, notwithstanding the outcry of all the *sentimentalists*, it is quite clearly demonstrated that the strongest minds are not proof against plausible advantages, against outside show.

Putting that aside, how does it look from the side of the affections?

How horrible it is that a trifling cause can separate two persons, can make one suffer the agonies of doubt, estrangement, and unhappiness! all on account of money. I despise money, but I admit that it is very necessary.

When we are physically well, our brain and affections are unfettered. Then we can love disinterestedly, without reservation and without sordid ideas.

Why have so many women loved kings?

Because a king is a type of power, and though a woman loves to rule, she needs something strong to lean upon, just as a frail and delicate plant entwines itself round a tree.

Now I love A——; but my love is constantly shaken, now by doubt, now by fear.

At one moment I am degraded in my own self-respect, humiliated by my undignified dependence; I might have loved him very much, with a strong and enduring love. Instead of that I am buffeted by a feeling which drags me now this way, now that, and which makes me doubtful, undecided, mercenary, and wretched.

Oh, don't impute mean and sordid motives to me! I don't love a man because he is rich, but because he is free, unhampered in his actions. I should like to be rich, because then I shouldn't have to think about money at all, should not have to submit to this brutal but irresistible force of circumstances.

I was just going to begin again, but all I can say resolves itself into this: Perfect moral well-being can only

exist when the material side of us is satisfied, and when we are not forced to remember that we have an empty stomach.

When we love the passion is at white heat, carries all before it, but only for a moment, and afterwards you become more conscious of all I have been saying. I didn't read it in books, nor have I experienced it myself. But let those who have lived, who are no longer sixteen years old like me, put aside that false shame which prevents them from confessing things of the kind, let them tell the truth for once, and say whether I am not right in what I am trying to prove. *If people are contented with little it only proves that they don't see further than their noses.*

Thursday, July 13th.—In the evening we go to see Countess M. She talks marriage to me.

“ Oh no,” I said, “ I don't want to be married ; I want to be a singer. Now, dear Countess, I'll tell you what we must do. I will disguise myself like a poor girl, and you and my aunt will take me to the best singing master in Paris, and tell him I am a little Italian whom you are interested in, and who shows promise in singing.”

“ Dear me ! ” said the Countess, “ what next ? ”

“ You see,” I went on calmly ; “ that is the only way in which I shall be able to learn the truth about my voice. And I have a last year's frock which will do beautifully.” And I pursed up my mouth.

“ Very well,” said the Countess ; “ it is a brilliant idea.”

Father sends a telegram to say he is expecting me impatiently. Uncle Étienne sends another to say that he will meet me at the frontier. Uncle Alexander sends a third to say that the cholera is in Russia. I am not in the least afraid. I am no fatalist, nor do I believe in predestination. I firmly believe that nothing happens without the

will of God. If God intends me to die now, nothing in the world can hinder it. And if He intends me to live long, no epidemic that ever raged can do me any harm.

Auntie has come to beg me to go to bed, because it is one o'clock.

"Oh, do go away!" I said; "if you worry me I shall go out of my mind."

O God! what is this weight on my mind? Paris! yes, it is Paris, the common meeting-ground of genius, glory, everything. Light, vanity, dizziness!

O God, give me the life I would have, or let me die!

Thursday, July 14th.—I have been taking great care of myself all the morning. I cough as little as I can; I keep still; I am baked with the heat, and parched with thirst, and yet I don't drink to quench it.

Not before one o'clock did I have a cup of coffee and an egg. The egg had so much salt in it that it was like eating salt accompanied by egg rather than egg accompanied by salt.

I have an idea that salt is good for the throat.

I put on a plain grey cambric dress, a black lace *fichu*, and a brown hat. When I was dressed I thought I looked so nice that I should always like to be dressed like that.

We started at last, picked up Madame on the way, and reached the door of 27, Chaussée d'Antin. This is the house of M. Wartel, the first singing-master in Paris.

Madame M—— had already called on him, and spoken of a girl from Italy, who had come to her with the very best recommendations. Her relatives wished to know what course to take with regard to her musical career.

M. Wartel said he would see her on the following day, and with considerable trouble appointed four o'clock for the interview.

We reached the house at three o'clock, and were shown into an outer room. We were just going further, but were stopped by a servant, who would not let us pass till we said that M. Wartel was expecting us.

We were then shown into a small room leading into another, where the professor was giving a lesson.

"The interview is at four o'clock, madame," said a servant entering.

"I know; but perhaps you will allow this young lady to sit here and listen."

"With pleasure, madame."

So we sat there for an hour and listened to the English-woman's singing. She had a frightful voice, and such a style! I never heard anybody sing like that.

I indignantly recalled to mind Faccioti, Tosti, and Creschi.

The walls of our waiting-room were covered with portraits of well-known artistes, with the most affectionate inscriptions underneath.

Four o'clock struck at last. That Englishwoman departed.

I began to tremble, and my strength oozed out of me.

Wartel beckoned to me to go in.

I did not understand.

"Come in, come in, mademoiselle!"

So in I went, followed by my two chaperons. I asked them to go back into the waiting-room, for they made me nervous, and I was really frightened.

Wartel was an old man, but the accompanist youthful.

"Can you read music?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"What can you sing?"

"I can't sing any song, Monsieur, but I can sing a scale or an exercise."

"Take an 'exercise, Monsieur'" (to the accompanist).

"What is your voice? Soprano?"

"No, Monsieur, contralto."

"Well, we shall see."

Wartel, remaining seated in his arm-chair, signed to me to begin. So I attacked an exercise, trembling at first and then infuriated, but at my ease by the time it was ended, for I did not take my eyes off the master's immensely long face. It is a remarkable face.

"Oh, he said, "yours is more of a mezzo-soprano. Its pitch will rise."

"What is your opinion, Monsieur?" said the two ladies coming in.

"She has some voice, but of course you will understand that she will have to work very hard. Her voice is very young as yet, but it will grow, and it will develop *pari passu* with the young lady herself. There is good material, there is good compass, but she must work."

"Then you think, Monsieur, that it is worth while to cultivate it?"

"Yes, yes, if she works."

"Her voice will be a good one?" asked Madame M—

"It will be a good one," replied the man coolly, in his off-hand and reticent way. "But it must be developed, pitched, practised, and of course all that means business."

"I sang badly," I got out at last, "I was nervous."

"Ah, well, Mademoiselle, of course you must get accustomed to control that nervousness; it would be entirely out of place on the stage."

But I was delighted with what he said. It was an immense deal to say to a poor girl who would not bring him any profit.

Accustomed as I am to flattery, the man's grave and magisterial way of treatment seemed chilly, but I divined that he was satisfied.

He had said, "There is good material, you must work hard." That is splendid to begin with.

All this time the accompanist was eyeing me all over, minutely examining my figure, arms, hands, and face. I lowered my eyes and reddened as I asked the ladies to go back to the other room.

Wartel sat down, and I stood in front of his arm-chair.

“Have you taken lessons?”

“No, Monsieur, never; at least, only ten lessons.”

“Yes, you must work. . . . Can you sing a ballad?”

“I know a Neapolitan song, but I have not the music with me.”

“*Mignon!*” cried my aunt from the other room.

“Good. Sing *Mignon*.”

While I was singing a slight look of surprise appeared on Wartel’s face, which had been at first merely attentive; then he looked astonished, and at last relaxed sufficiently to bend his head to the time, smile pleasantly, and join in himself.

“H—m—m—m!” said the accompanist.

“Yes, yes,” nodded the *maestro*.

I sang on, though very nervous.

“Do keep still; don’t move; breathe deeply!”

“Well, Monsieur?” we three chorused.

“Ah, that is very nice. Let her do a —” (Oh, bother it, I have forgotten the word.)

The accompanist made me do the —, the name of it doesn’t matter; he made me run over all *my* notes.

“Up to *si*,” he said to the old gentleman.

“Yes, it is a mezzo-soprano; all the better, all the better for the stage.”

I was still standing.

“Sit down, *Mademoiselle*,” said the accompanist, measuring me from head to foot.

So I sat down on the edge of the sofa.

“Well, *Mademoiselle*,” said the severe Wartel, “you must work hard and you will succeed.”

He made several observations, in that impassive way of his, about the stage, singing, and study.

"How long will it take before her voice is formed?" asked Madame M—.

"Of course, Madame, you will understand that that depends on the student herself. Those who are clever take less time than others."

"That child has quite as much ability as she need have."

"Really? All the better. It will be easier for her."

"But how long will it take?

"To form her voice properly, to render it perfect, three years. . . . Yes, three years of hard work. *Quite* three years!"

I was holding my tongue and vowing vengeance against that horrid accompanist. He looked as if he was thinking, "That girl is well-grown. She is pretty. What fun!"

After a few more remarks, we got up to go. Wartel remained seated, but held out his hand to me kindly. I bit my lips.

"Look here," I said, when we reached the door, "let us go back and tell him the truth."

My aunt proffered her card. We went back laughing, in high spirits. I told the severe *maestro* the trick I had played him.

I shall never forget the accompanist's face when he heard it. Revenge is sweet.

"If you had talked a little more," said Wartel, "I should have known you for a Russian."

"Yes, Monsieur," said I, "I knew you would. That is why I didn't talk much."

The two ladies explained how I had wished to learn the truth from his famous lips. "It is just what I told you, ladies; she has a voice, she must have talent too."

"I mean to have talent, Monsieur; in fact, I have some already. You shall see."

I was so delighted that I agreed to walk all the way to the Grand Hotel. . . .

"Set your mind at ease, my dear," said the countess, "I watched the professor's face from the other room. When you sang *Mignon* he was really surprised, wasn't he, Madame? He hummed it himself—just fancy a man like him doing so!—with a little Italian before him whom he was prepared to criticise as severely as he could."

We dined together. I was in high spirits, and showed myself as I really am. All my whims and crotchets came out, all my ambitions and hopes.

After dinner we lingered for some time on the step in front of the door to enjoy the fresh evening air and the sight of the countless numbers of people who came and went through the courtyard.

I must study under Wartel. And Rome?

We will see about it.

It is getting late. I will tell it all to-morrow.

Sunday, July 16th.—When I think about the good fortune of Mademoiselle K—, Princess de S—, all my worst feelings revive in me. I am envious!

That girl, she was nothing at all at Nice, with her vulgar red cheeks and big Moldavian nose!

Of course, she is good looking, but it is a style of beauty that I should like to have in a lady's maid in some outlandish costume, a woman to put my boots on, and to fan me with a large fan when I am hot. Now she is a queen, made queen in a critical moment, such a moment as would be invaluable to ambitious girls. Certainly, *her* place in history is settled. What about me!

..
Tuesday, July 18th.—I have had some very extraordinary

experiences to-day. We paid a visit to the celebrated clairvoyant, Alexis.

He seldom gives consultations now except on the subject of health.

We were ushered into a half-darkened room, and as soon as Madame M—— had said "We have not come for a medical consultation," the physician went away, leaving us alone with the man who was lying in a trance.

The fact that it was a man that was lying there, and the absence of anything that looked like imposture, made me incredulous.

"We have not come for a medical consultation," said Madame M——, putting my hand into Alexis'.

"Ah!" said he, his eyes half closed and glazed like those of a corpse, "But meanwhile, I may tell you your little friend is very unwell."

"Oh," I cried out, frightened, and I was just going to tell him not to say anything about that, for fear of what I might hear, only before I could speak he had diagnosed my ailment, which is laryngitis, something chronic. But my lungs are very strong, and that has saved me.

"You had magnificent lungs," said Alexis sympathetically. "Just now they are overworked. You must be careful."

I ought to have written it down; I can't remember all those details about the bronchi and the larynx. I will go back and get them to-morrow.

"I have come to consult you, Monsieur, about this person," said I, and handed him a sealed envelope containing the Cardinal's photograph.

Before I write down here all the extraordinary things that happened, let it be understood that there was nothing in my appearance which could at all indicate that I was concerning myself about a Cardinal. I hadn't breathed a word of it to any one. Besides, what likelihood was there of a young

Russian lady of fashion going to consult a clairvoyant about the Pope, the Cardinal, the Devil ?

Alexis concentrated his thoughts and bethought himself. I grew impatient. .

“ I can see him,” he said at last.

“ Where is he ? ”

“ In a great city, in Italy ; he is in a palace, surrounded by many people ; he is a young man. . . . No ! It is his impressive face that deceived me. He is grey-headed. . . . He is in uniform. . . . He is a man over sixty.”

I, who had been snatching the words from his mouth with increasing eagerness, felt suddenly chilled.

“ What kind of uniform ? ” I asked.

“ It is rather strange. . . . he is not in the army.”

“ No, that is quite true.”

“ Very well, then what uniform is it ? ”

“ A strange one ; not of our country. . . . it is. . . .”

“ It is . . . well ? ”

“ It is an ecclesiastical vestment . . . wait a moment. . . . He occupies an elevated place, he bears rule over others, he is a bishop. . . . No ! a cardinal.”

I started up, and flung my slippers to the other end of the room. Madame de M—— shook with laughter at my excitement.

“ A cardinal ? ” I repeated.

“ Yes.”

“ What is he thinking about ? ”

“ Something very serious. He is much engrossed by it.”

Alexis' slowness, and his seeming difficulty in uttering the words, made me nervous.

“ Come,” said I, “ try and see who is with him ? What does he say ? ”

“ He is with two young men . . . in the army, two young men whom he often sees, who belong to the palace.”

I always used at the Saturday receptions to see two young soldiers who were in the Pope's retinue.

"He is talking to them," continued Alexis, "he is talking in a strange language. . . . Italian."

"Italian?"

"Ah, he is very learned, he knows nearly all the languages of Europe."

"Can you see him now?"

"Yes, I can. Those people about him also belong to the Church. There is one, very tall and spare, in spectacles, who is going up to him and speaking in a low voice. He is very short-sighted. He is obliged to go quite close to an object to see it."

Oh, my word! that is the man whose name I always forget. He is very well known at Rome. It was he who talked about me at that dinner at the Villa Mattei.

"What is the Cardinal doing?" I asked. "What was he doing a little while ago? Whom did he see last?"

"Yesterday. . . yesterday there was a great gathering at his house. . . Churchmen. . . all! Yes, they discussed a serious, a very serious matter, on Monday, yesterday. He is very much worried, for the discussion was about . . ."

"About what?"

"They have been discussing, working. . . . they want . . ."

"They want what? Look again!"

"They want to make him. . . . Pope!"

"Oh. . . !"

The tone in which he said it, the clairvoyant's astonishment, the very words themselves, electrified me. The ground went from under my feet. I took off my hat, tangling my curls, taking out the pins and sending them spinning into the middle of the room.

"Pope!" cried I to myself.

"Yes, Pope," repeated Alexis. "But there are great difficulties in the way. . . He is not the man who has the best chance."

"But will he be Pope?"

"I do not read the future."

"Oh, Monsieur, do try, you can . . . come!"

"No, no, I do not see the future! I cannot see into it?"

"Who is the cardinal? What is his name? Can't you make out from his surroundings, from what people say to him?"

"A . . . wait a bit. Ah!" said he, "the picture of him that I see is destitute of vitality, and you are so restless that you take all the strength out of me; your nerves give electric shocks to mine. Do be quieter!"

"Very well," said I, "but you say things which make me jump. Now then, what is the cardinal's name?"

He pressed his hand on his forehead, and began to sniff at the envelope. It was grey and of extra thickness.

"A——!"

I had nothing more to take off; I fell backwards in a heap into my arm-chair.

"Is he thinking about me?"

"A little. . . and not favourably. He is against you. He is dissatisfied in some way. I do not quite see how. . . on some political grounds."

"Political grounds?"

"Just so."

"But will he be Pope?"

"I don't know. The French party will fall to pieces. I mean there is so small a chance of one of their nominees being elected. Oh, hardly any at all. . . and so his party will be amalgamated with Antonelli's or the other Italian one."

"Which of the two? Which will be victorious?

"I can't say until they set about it, but there is much opposition to A——, the other will . . ."

"Will they soon set it going?"

"I can't tell. The present Pope is still there. They can't kill him. The Pope must live. . . ."

"Will Antonelli live long?"

Alexis shook his head.

"Is he ill?"

"Very much so."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He has something the matter with his legs. He has gout, and yesterday, no, it was the day before yesterday, he had a severe attack. He has decomposition of the blood—but I cannot go into that with a lady. . . ."

"It's quite unnecessary."

"Don't be so restless," he said, "you tire me. Think quietly, I cannot keep up with you. . . ."

His hand trembled, and I shook all over. I let it go, and became calm.

"Take this," I said, giving him Pietro's letter sealed up in an envelope exactly like the other.

He took it, and as before pressed it to his heart and forehead.

"Ah!" said he, "this one is younger, very young. This letter was written some time ago. It was written at Rome. Since then the writer has changed his residence. In Italy, still. . . . but it is not Rome. . . . no, there is the sea. . . . This man is in the country. . . . out in the open country, Oh, he has left Rome since yesterday; certainly not more than twenty-four hours ago. This man is in some way connected with the Pope, I see him behind the Pope. . . . There is a link between him and A——, there is a tie of near kindred between them."

"But what sort of man is he? what's his disposition? what does he think about?"

"His is a strange nature. . . . reserved. . . . sombre, ambitious. . . . His thoughts turn to you constantly. . . . but he thinks most of gaining his ends. . . . He is ambitious."

"Does he love me?"

"Very much. Still it is a curious, an unhappy nature. He is ambitious."

"Then he can't love me."

"Yes, he does! but in him love and ambition go together. *He needs you.*"

"Tell me more about his disposition."

"He is just the opposite of you," said Alexis, "although just as nervous."

"Does he visit the Cardinal?"

"No, they are not on good terms. The Cardinal has been estranged from him for some time, for political reasons."

I often remember what Pietro told me "my uncle wouldn't mind the Caccia Club and the volunteers; what are they to him? There are political reasons at the bottom of his animosity."

"He is his near relative," went on Alexis. "The Cardinal is dissatisfied with him."

"Haven't they seen each other lately?"

"Wait a moment!" You think of too many things at once. These are difficult questions. I am mixing up this note with that other one! They have been in the same envelope!"

"It was true. They were in the same envelope yesterday."

"Do try and see, Monsieur!"

"I see now. They saw each other two days ago, but they were not alone. . . . There is a lady with him."

"Is she young?"

"No, an old lady. His mother."

“ What did they talk about ? ”

“ Not very openly about anything. They felt embarrassed. They talked vaguely, and hardly said anything about that marriage.”

“ What marriage ? ”

“ Between you and him.”

“ Who mentioned it ? ”

“ *They* did. Antonelli does not speak of it, but he lets other people do so. . . . He, himself, is against it, and has been from the very first. Just now they regard the idea rather more favourably.”

“ But what are the young man’s ideas ? ”

“ He knows what he wants. He would like to marry you . . . but Antonelli will not let him. However, he is less hostile to you within the last day or two.”

Madame M—— was dreadfully in my way, but I went on manfully, though my spirits had fallen to the very lowest ebb.

“ If that man is only thinking of his own ends, he evidently can’t care about me.”

“ Oh yes he does. I told you so. If you were once united to him, you and his ambition would march in step.”

“ Then he does love me ? ”

“ Very much.”

“ Since when ? ”

“ You are too restless, you tire me ; your questions are too hard. . . . I can’t see it.”

“ Oh, do try, do ! ”

“ I can’t. . . . Has he loved you long ? I can’t see that.”

“ What is the connection between him and A—— ? ”

“ He is a near relative. . . .”

“ Has A—— any intentions as regards the young man ? ”

"Oh yes. But there are political differences between them. But things are going more smoothly now.

"You say that A—— is against me?"

"Strongly. He does not wish this marriage to take place, for religious reasons. But he is beginning to soften. . . . just a little. . . . It all depends on political questions. . . . I told you that some time ago there was open hostility between A—— and the young man. A—— was opposed to him at all points."

Well, what do you think of that, you who call all such things quackery? If it is quackery, it certainly produces extraordinary results. I have written it down exactly as it occurred. I may have left out a little here and there, but I have added nothing at all. Well now, don't you think it astonishing? Don't you think it strange?

Aunt pretended she didn't believe it, because she is so angry with the Cardinal. She began a string of commonplaces to Alexis without any object whatever, which irritated me greatly, because I knew perfectly well she wasn't thinking of what she was saying one bit.

I am as wretched to-day as I was happy yesterday.

Saturday, July 22nd.—Finding that I did not come to Russia, I—— telegraphed to mamma. She wrote to me to say that he and L—— are my best friends. It is quite time. I don't think any more about Pietro. He isn't worth it. Thank God I didn't love him!

Until the day before yesterday I used to pray every night that God would keep him for me and make me victorious. I don't say anything more about it in my prayers now. Besides, God knows that I intend to have my revenge, even though I don't pray for it. Vengeance is not a Christian sentiment, but it is a noble one for all that. It is all very well for plebeians to forgive injuries.

Besides, people only forget things when they can't help themselves.

Sunday, July 23rd.—Rome. . . . Paris. . . . The stage, singing, painting!

No. Russia before everything else. That is the basis of all. Heigh-ho! Since I am setting up as a philosopher, let me reason the matter out in a fit and proper manner. No imaginative will-o'-the-wisp shall delude me from the right path.

Russia first! I pray God to help me. I have written to mamma. I am heart free, and up to my eyes in work. Oh, if God will only help me, all will go well!

O Virgin Mary, pray for me!

Thursday, July 27th.—We left Paris yesterday at seven in the morning.

I whiled away the time on the journey with giving a history lesson to Chocolat. Thanks to me, the young beggar has some idea of the ancient Greeks, Rome under the kings, then Rome developing through the Republic into the Roman empire like France. He also knows something of the history of France from the king's accession up to the time that his head was cut off.

I explained all about the different political parties as they are now, and gave him all the facts. He even knows what a deputy is. After I had told him all, I began asking questions.

And when I had done, I asked him what party he belonged to, and the rascal answered—

“I am a Bonapartist!”

This is how he sums up what I taught him: The last king was Louis XVI. He was very good, but the Republicans cut off his head. The Republicans are the people who only want to get money and honours. They also beheaded his wife, Marie

Antoinette, and made a Republic instead. Then France was very wretched, and there was a man born in Corsica who was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was so clever and brave that they made him colonel and then general. Then he conquered the whole world, and the French liked him very much. But when he went to Russia he forgot to take the soldiers' great-coats, and they were very wretched because of the cold ; and the Russians burned Moscow. Then Napoleon, who was already Emperor, went back to France ; but because he was unlucky, the French didn't like him any more, because they only like those who are lucky. And all the other kings wanted to be revenged, so they said he must abdicate. Then he went to the island of Elba, then he came back to Paris for a hundred days ; after that they chased him. Then he saw an English ship and asked them to save him ; and they took him on board and made him prisoner, and took him to St. Helena, where he died."

There is a good deal of truth in what Chocolat says.

We reached Berlin this morning.

The town impressed me very favourably. The houses are very fine.

I can't write anything to-day — it is too much trouble.

"Two feelings are common to lofty or affectionate natures. One is extreme susceptibility to other people's opinions, the other is extreme bitterness when those opinions are unjust."

Friday, July 28th.—Berlin reminds me of Florence. No, stay ! It reminds me of Florence because I am there with my aunt, and because I am living the same sort of life.

We went first of all to the museum. Whether it

was from ignorance or from prejudice I know not, but I was quite unprepared to find anything of the kind in Prussia.

As usual, the sculpture fascinated me most; I seem to have an extra sense, a *special faculty* for understanding statues.

In the large hall there is a statue which I thought at first was an Atalanta, owing to a pair of sandals which I took as a criterion. The inscription said it was a Psyche. It is all the same, however, a remarkable piece of sculpture, both for beauty and naturalness.

After looking at the Greek casts, we passed on. My eyes and head were already tired, and I noticed nothing in the Egyptian section but those hurried flying lines which remind me of the ripples made in water when you throw something in.

There is nothing more trying than to go about with a person who is bored by what interests you. My aunt hurried on, tired and grumbling. It is true we have been on foot for two hours.

I was much interested in the historical museum of miniatures and statues, as well as in the early engravings and miniature portraits. I am passionately fond of those sort of things; and in looking at such portraits my imagination goes wandering off ever so far, into all epochs; it invents characters, adventures, dramas. Enough, however.

Then the pictures.

We have reached the time when painting has attained perfection—reached the ideal of art.

The old painters began by hard lines and colours that were too violent and not well united; they arrived at feebleness, bordering on confusion. There never has been a faithful copy of Nature, whatever they may say and write to the contrary.

Let us ignore all art between the early masters and modern art,* and consider these two only.

Harshness, colours that dazzle you, rudely-drawn lines, are the characteristics of the first.

Softened tints, shades so harmonised as to lose much of their relief, a want of lines, are characteristics of the second.

What we now want is to take up, with the end of the brush, so to speak, the too striking colours from the old pictures of the early masters and mix them with the insipidities of the moderns. Then you will have perfection.

There is also that latest style of painting which consists of painting by patches. It is a grave mistake, although by means of it one may produce some striking effects.

In the new style of pictures, tangible objects—furniture, for instance, and houses or churches—are not clearly defined. Precise delineation is held in contempt, and a kind of *dis-integration* of line is the result. There is too much stumping done, even without using a stump at all, the result being that the figures do not stand out from the background, and seem as lifeless as the surrounding objects, which latter, lacking in precision of form, do not seem to be altogether fixed and motionless.

Very well, my dear, since you know all about perfection Never mind, I am going to work hard, and, what is more, I am going to succeed !

I came in extremely tired, after having bought thirty-two English books, some of them translations from the best German writers.

“A library already !” cried my aunt in alarm.

The more I read, the more I want to read ; and the more I learn, the more there is to learn. I don’t make this remark

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* By modern, I mean here Raphael, Titian, and the other great masters.

in imitation of some ancient sage or other. I really feel what I say.

I am deep in Faust. I am sitting before an old-fashioned German desk, with books, manuscript-books, and rolls of paper before me. . . .

Where is the devil? Where is Marguerite? Alas! the devil is always with me. My mad vanity is the devil. O fruitless ambition! Useless aspiration towards an unknown goal!

I have the most profound objection to the happy mean. What I want is either a life in the very thick' of the fight, or absolute repose.

I don't quite see that it is relevant, but I certainly don't love A——. Not only I do not love him, but I don't think of him any more. *All that* seems a mere dream.

But Rome attracts me; it is the only place where I shall be able to study. Rome—its noise and its silence, its dissipation and its dreams, its light and shadow stay a moment: light and shadow; yes, that's right—where there's light there's shadow, and *vice versa*. . . . Oh no; I am quibbling, that's certain. At any rate, all I want is there! I want to go to Rome—the only place on earth which suits me—the only place I love for itself.

The Berlin Museum is a very fine and valuable one; but is it due to Germany? No; to Greece, Egypt, Rome!

After contemplating all these antiquities, I got into the carriage deeply disgusted with our arts, our architecture, our manners and customs.

If people would take the trouble to analyse what they feel when they leave places like the Berlin Museum, they would find that they thought just as I do. But why wish to identify oneself with other people?

While disliking the materialism and the cut-and-driedness of the Germans, we must acknowledge their good qualities; they are very polite, very obliging.

What I especially like about them is their devotion to their Prince and their national traditions ; they are untainted by the virus of so-called Republicanism.

There is nothing to equal the ideal republic ; but republics are like ermine—the smallest stain is fatal. And where will you find a republic which knows not a stain ?

No ; I really couldn't stand this life. It's a horrid country. There are fine houses, handsome streets ; but nothing whatever for the soul or imagination to feed on. The smallest town in Italy is worth all Berlin.

My aunt wants to know how many pages I have written. She "should think I have written a hundred."

I don't wonder ; for I seem to be writing while I think and muse, and read ; and then I write two words. Thus it goes on all day.

It seems strange that, since I became a Bonapartist I should understand the advantages of a republic so well.

Yes ; truly a republic is the only happy form of government. But a republic is impossible in France. Besides, the French Republic is founded in blood and mud. Come now, why should I think about republics ? I have been thinking of them for nearly a week. Well, then, has France been worse off since becoming a republic ?

No, quite the contrary. What then ?

And how about the abuses ? There are plenty everywhere.

What is really wanted is a good Liberal constitution, with a man at the head to hold the reins loosely and be a sort of imposing figure-head, which does not really increase the value of the shop, but inspires confidence and is agreeable to look at. Very well, a president can't be that.

But enough for this evening. Some other time, when I know more about it, I will write more too.

Sunday, July 30th.—There is nothing more depressing than Berlin. There is a stamp of simplicity about the city, but it is a hideous disgusting simplicity. All the monuments which encumber the bridges, streets, and gardens look idiotic and out of place. Berlin reminds me of a picture moved by clock-work. At certain fixed moments the soldiers come out of barracks, the ferrymen begin to row, and the ladies in hood-bonnets pass by holding ugly children by the hand.

On the eve of entering Russia and remaining there without mamma or my aunt, my spirits are sinking, and I feel afraid. I wish I didn't vex my aunt so much.

.. The lawsuit, and the uncertainty of it all And then, and then—I don't know, but I am afraid I shan't effect any change!

The thought of having to begin again my old life when I go back, only then without hope of change, without the prospect of "Russia," which used to console and strengthen me. . . . O God, have pity on me; consider the state of my soul, and be merciful!

We leave Berlin in two hours. To-morrow I shall be in Russia. No, I am strong; I won't give way. . . . Only, if I should be going in vain? That's the worst of it. We ought never to despair beforehand. Oh, if only some one could know what I feel!

Monday, July 31st.—My aunt, I, Chocolat, and Amalia, arrived at the station yesterday evening at ten o'clock. I was feeling pretty wretched, but cheered up at the sight of our compartment, as comfortable as a little room, especially as it was lighted by gas, and we were sure of being alone. As there were only three places, the servants sat side by side. Considering that we were on the point of separating, I should have liked a talk with aunt, but I am never effusive when I feel deeply, and she held her peace for fear of making me

cross or worrying me if she talked. So that I had no choice but to bury myself in Octave Feuillet's *Mariage dans le Monde*. A wholesome work, upon my word, which gave me the deepest horror of adultery and all its filthiness.

Pondering these reflections, I went to sleep, and only woke within three hours of the frontier, at Eydkühnen, which we reached towards four o'clock.

The country is flat, the trees green and bushy. Although the foliage is fresh and vigorous, it is yet slightly depressing after the luxuriance of the South.

We were shown to an inn called the Hôtel de Russie, and established ourselves in two little rooms with whitewashed ceilings, unstained wooden floors, and simple wooden furniture to match.

Thanks to my dressing-case, I was able at once to get a bath and to dress properly; and after having partaken of eggs and milk served by a stout blooming German girl, I am beginning to write.

There is a certain fascination in sitting in this bare little room, in a white dressing-gown, with my lovely bare arms and golden hair.

I have just been looking out of window. The immensity of the view tires one's eyes. The absence of hills and general flatness give one the impression of being on the top of a mountain, overlooking the whole world.

Chocolat is ridiculously vain.

"You're my courier," said I. "How many languages can you speak?"

The youngster said he could speak French, Italian, Niçois, and a little Russian; and that, if I would teach him, he would be able to speak German too.

He came to me in tears, while Amalia roared with laughter, to complain that the landlord had assigned him a

bed in a room already inhabited by a Jew. I looked very serious, and pretended that I thought it quite in the ordinary course of things that he should sleep with a Jew. But poor Chocolat howled so much that I began laughing, and consoled him by making him read several pages of a universal history that I had bought on purpose for him.

I like this little black boy. He is a real live plaything. I teach him, I train him for service, I encourage him in the nonsense he talks. He is my pet dog and doll rolled into one.

Life at Eydkühnen has its charms. I am devoting myself to young Chocolat's education. He is getting on famously in morals and philosophy.

This evening I made him go through his Scripture history. When he got to the place where Judas is on the point of betraying Jesus, he told me in a pathetic way how the said Judas sold the Lord for thirty pieces of silver, and pointed Him out to the guards by a kiss.

"Look here, Chocolat," said I, "would you sell *me* to my enemies for thirty francs?"

"No," said Chocolat, looking down.

"Would you for sixty?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"For a hundred and twenty?"

"No."

"Well, for a thousand francs?" I went on.

"No, no," said Chocolat, fidgeting his monkey-like fingers on the edge of the table, looking down and shuffling his feet.

"Well, but, Chocolat, suppose somebody offered you ten thousand?" I persisted, affectionately.

"No."

"Good boy! But if they offered you a hundred thousand francs, would you then?" I asked once more, to get my conscience clear.

"No;" said Chocolat, and his voice changed as he whispered, "I should want more——"

"What?" I shouted.

"I should want more."

"Well then, my dear boy, you faithful young scapegrace, how much? Tell me. Come, two millions? three? four?

"Five or six."

"But, bless the boy," I cried, "isn't it just as bad to be a traitor for six million francs as for thirty?"

"Oh no," said he, "when you have got all that money. . . . the others couldn't do one any harm."

So in utter disregard of all morality, I fell upon the sofa shouting with laughter, and Chocolat, highly pleased with the result, departed into the other room.

Guess who cooked my dinner? Amalia. I should have died of hunger if she had not roasted two chickens. As for thirst—well, they brought us some perfectly undrinkable Château Larose.

It is really funny here! Eydkühnen! We shall soon see what Russia is like.

Tuesday, August 1st.—I should like to write a novel on Chivalry. The one I began is stowed away at the bottom of my white box.

My aunt and I are here in the blissful inn of Eydkühnen, awaiting my most honoured uncle's arrival.

About half-past eight I got tired of being shut up indoors, and went to meet the train myself. As I was told that I was in plenty of time, I took Amalia and went for a walk first.

Eydkühnen has a charming promenade, well paved and shady, with pretty little well-kept houses along the right hand side. It even boasts two cafés and a kind of restaurant. The engine whistle recalled me in the middle of my

walk, and forgetting my little feet and high heels, I set off at a run across kitchen gardens, and heaps of stone and railway lines, hoping to get there in time—and in vain.

What is my noble uncle about?

Wednesday, August 2nd.—As if I hadn't worries enough already, I find that my hair is coming out. To lose your hair is a grief that no one can at all appreciate, unless they have gone through it themselves.

Uncle Étienne sends a telegram from Konotop. He is only starting to-day. So we are in for another twenty-four hours of Eydtkühnen! There is nothing to see or hear but a grey sky, a cold wind, some Jews in the street outside, and now and then the noise of a passing cart, and in fact noises of every kind by the yard.

This evening aunt tried to make me talk about Rome. . . . I haven't cried since I don't know when, but I cried this evening, not from love, but at the recollection of our humiliating life at Nice!

Thursday, August 3rd, and Friday, August 4th (July 23rd Old Style.)—I went to meet the train at three o'clock yesterday, and by good luck my uncle was there this time.

But he could only stay a quarter of an hour, for he had had the greatest difficulty to pass the Russian frontier at Wirballen without a passport, and he had pledged his word to an official at the Custom-house to come back by the next train.

Chocolat ran to fetch my aunt, for there were only a few minutes to spare. When she came we had scarcely time to exchange two words. As we went back to the inn, aunt, in her anxiety about me, imagined that she had observed a certain kind of constraint in my uncle's manner, and threw out so

many obscure hints, that I got depressed and uneasy too. I got into the carriage at last about midnight. Aunt was crying, but I held my head very high to prevent any tears from falling. The guard gave the signal, and for the first time in my life I was quite alone!

I began to cry out loud, but don't think that I did not turn my tears to good account. I studied from Nature how we cry.

"Look here, my dear," I said to myself, getting up, "enough of that." It was high time. I was in Russia. On getting out of the carriage I fell into the arms of my uncle, of two policemen, and two Custom-house officials. They treated me like a princess, and did not even examine my luggage. The station is large; the railway people are a fine set, and uncommonly civil. Everything was so nice that I thought I was in Utopia. A common policeman here is better than an officer in France.

I may as well remark here, that there is something to be said on behalf of our poor Emperor—people say that there is something queer about his eyes. Every one who wears a helmet—and there are not a few at Wirballen—has the same sort of eyes. I don't know whether it is due to the weight of the helmet over the eyes, or to imitation. It may be imitation, because it is well known in France that all his soldiers had a look of Napoleon.

They gave me a compartment to myself, and after I had talked over business and other matters with my uncle, I went to sleep, raging inwardly about my telegram to A—.

You can get a good lunch at the station refreshment-rooms, so I got out pretty often.

I can't say that my fellow-countrymen roused any feeling in particular in me—nothing of the rapture I feel when I come again to a country I have seen before. Still I felt very sympathetic towards them, and I began to feel very happy.

And really you can't help being pleased; everything goes so smoothly, the people are so polite, and there is such a look of frankness, cordiality, and kind-heartedness in every Russian.

Uncle came and woke me up at ten o'clock this morning.

The engine fires are fed with wood, and so we are spared the horrible griminess of coal smoke. I woke up quite fresh, and whiled away the day in chatting, sleeping, and looking out of window at our beautiful country, which is very flat, but recalls the Campagna about Rome.

At half-past nine it was still light. We had passed Gatchina, the former residence of Paul I., who was so persecuted in the life-time of that wonderful mother of his. Soon we reached Tzarskoe-Selo, and in twenty-five minutes were in Petersburg.

I went to the Demouth Hotel with an uncle, a lady's maid, a negro boy, a quantity of luggage, and fifty roubles in my pocket.

I was having supper in my good-sized sitting-room—it has no carpet and a plain ceiling—when my uncle came in.

"Do you know who is here with me?" he asked.

"No. Who?"

"Guess, Princess."

"Oh, I can't."

"Paul Issayevitch. May he come in?"

"Yes, let him."

Issayevitch is here at Petersburg with the military Governor of Wilna, M. Albedinsky, who married the Emperor's old mistress.

He had received the telegram I sent him before leaving Eydtkühnen. As he could not get leave, he had told his friend, Count Mouravieff, to come and meet me. But

the Count had all his trouble for nothing, for we passed Wilna at three o'clock in the morning, and I was happily asleep.

Who will deny that I am kind-hearted, when I have said that I enjoyed myself this evening because I knew that Issayevitch was pleased to see me? Or is it selfishness?

I was glad to give another so much pleasure. At any rate, I have a knight to escort me about Petersburg. I am at Petersburg at last!

I haven't yet seen anything but *droshkis*. The *droshki* is a one-seated vehicle on eight springs (like Binder's great carriages) drawn by one horse. I have caught a glimpse of the Cathedral of Kasan, with a colonnade in the style of St. Peter's at Rome, and of numerous public-houses.

Everybody here is singing the praises of Princess Margaret—"so unaffected, so kindly!" Oh yes, nobody appreciates simplicity in an ordinary woman. You may be as unaffected and kindly and amiable as you please, but if you are not a queen your inferiors will take liberties with you, and your equals will put you down as a "nice little thing," and will much prefer women who are neither the one nor the other.

Oh, if I were a queen! Wouldn't they adore me! Wouldn't I be popular!

The Italian princess, with her husband and retinue, is still in Russia. They are at Kieff just now.

"The mother of all the Russian cities," as the great king Saint Waldemar called it after he had become Christian, and had baptised half Russia in the Dnieper.

Kieff is the richest town in the world in churches, convents, monks, and relics. The gems which these convents possess are something fabulous; they have cellars full of them, as in the *Arabian Nights*.

I saw Kieff eight years ago, and I can still remember the subterranean passages, crammed with relics, which go right round the town, and under all the streets, and which serve as means of communication between the different convents. Thus you get miles of passages ornamented on both sides by tombs of saints. May I be pardoned for a bad thought but I really don't believe there *were* as many saints as all that!

Sunday, August 6th.—Instead of going to see churches I slept late, and Nina came to fetch me to breakfast with her. Her parrot chattered, the children cried, and I sang. I almost imagined myself back at Nice. The three Graces went through the pouring rain, in a two-seated carriage, to see the Cathedral of Issakië, celebrated for its malachite and lapis-lazuli colonnade. These columns are extremely rich, but in bad taste, the green of the malachite and the blue of the lapis-lazuli jar. The paintings and mosaics are quite ideal, they are genuine figures of the Virgin, the saints and angels. The whole church is built of marble. The four façades, with their granite columns, are fine, but do not harmonise with the gilded Byzantine dome. And, taken all together, the exterior gives you a rather painful impression, for the dome is too overpowering for the four small domes above the façades, which would be beautiful by themselves.

The profusion of gold and ornaments in the interior produces the happiest result. What is motley is harmonious and in the best taste, with the exception of the two lapis-lazuli columns, which would be splendid elsewhere.

There was a popular wedding going on: The bridal couple were ugly, and we did not stop long to look at them. I do like the Russian people—simple, good, faithful, and frank. These men and women stop in front of every church and

chapel, before every niche where there is an image, and cross themselves in the middle of the street, just as if they were at home.

After having seen the Cathedral of Issakië, we went on to the Cathedral of Kasan. We saw another wedding, and the bride looked charming. This Cathedral is built in the style of St. Peter's at Rome, but the colonnade looks superfluous: it does not seem to belong to the rest of the building, and it is too short, so that the semicircle is incomplete; all this gives an odd and unfinished look to the whole.

Further on is the statue of Catherine the Great on the Newsky.

In front of the Senate, near the Winter Palace, which, it may be parenthetically remarked, is merely a great barrack, stands the statue of Peter the Great, one hand pointing to the Senate, the other to the Neva. The popular interpretation of this attitude is rather curious. They say that the Tzar points one hand to the Senate and the other to the river to indicate that it is better to be drowned in the Neva than to argue in the House.

The chief thing to notice about Nicholas's statue is that it is not supported on the two hind legs and tail of the horse, that is, on three supports, but only on the two legs; this singularity made me reflect in a melancholy way that, as the tail support is wanting, the Nihilists won't have so much to do.

I dined alone with the three Graces, Étienne and Paul looking on. They tell me quite seriously that they are my retinue, and they irritate me beyond endurance. I wish only to be with Giro and Marie.

It rains, and I have caught cold. I wrote to mamma:—“Petersburg is a muddy hole! The paving is disgraceful, considering it is the metropolis; you get so frightfully jolted. The Winter Palace is a barrack, and so is the Grand Theatre.

The cathedrals are magnificent, but barbaric and difficult to make out."

Add to all that the climate, and there you are!

I tried to get up some excitement as I looked at Pietro A——'s portrait; but he does not seem handsome enough to make me forget that he is a sorry devil, a despicable creature.

I am not angry with him any longer, for I despise him too much, not for any personal insult, but for the way he lives, for his weakness. Stay, let me define this feeling. The weakness which stirs us to kindness and tenderness, which makes us forgive injuries, may be called weakness. But the weakness which incites us to base and mean actions is rightly cowardice.

I expected I should miss my own people more than I do. Yet I am not happy. This, however, is due rather to the presence about me of disagreeable and commonplace people (my poor uncle, for instance, in spite of his good looks) than to the absence of those whom I am fond of.

Monday, August 7th, 1876 (July 26th).—"All our originality is mediæval," I wrote in the last book of my journal.

Our? Whose? The Christians? Which is the truth: has the world been really regenerated? Or has it gone on with the same morals that have prevailed from the very first, under different exteriors merely, though always tending to amelioration?

The life of nations resembles a stream flowing slowly, sometimes over rocks, sometimes over sand, now between two mountains, now underground, and now across a sea and mingling with it, but emerging at the other end really the same, though it may have changed its name and even its

course. But, whatever form and direction it assumes, it is always pursuing the same *end*, an end which is fixed and unknown.

Fixed by whom?

By God? or by Nature? If God is Nature, then we are but fools, for Nature has nothing to do with men and human interests.

Philosophical lectures demonstrate the existence of a Supreme Being, by which they mean the mechanism of the universe. But do they demonstrate the existence of a God such as we picture to ourselves?

Nature has to do with the motion of the stars; to look physically after our planet. But what about our mind and soul? We must admit a God other than a mere vague personification of a universal mechanism.

Why must we?

At this point I was interrupted, and at present I have lost the thread.

I have been to the post to get my photographs and a telegram from my father. He telegraphed to Berlin that it would be "a real pleasure" to him to see me.

Finding Giro in bed I stopped with her for some time. A passing word set us off upon Rome. I told her all about my doings in that city with much animation. I only stopped talking to laugh, and Giro and Marie rolled over in their beds with laughing.

An incomparable trio. I never laugh like that except with my Graces.

Then by a sudden and perhaps natural reaction, I grew melancholy on the way home.

I came in at midnight with uncle and Nina.

Petersburg gains upon you at night. I know nothing finer than the Neva, with its rows of lamps contrasting with the moonlight and the deep blue, almost grey, sky. The defects of houses, roads, and bridges are mellowed by the kindly

shadows of night. The great wharfs stand out in all their majesty. The peak on the Admiralty seems to melt into the sky, and through a blue haze edged with light loom the dome and graceful outline of the cathedral of Issakië, looking itself like a floating cloud from heaven.

I should like to be here in winter.

Wednesday, August 9th (July 28th), 1876. I am without a sou. What a condition!

Étienne is a most estimable man, but he always rubs all my most delicate feelings the wrong way. I got very angry this morning, but when we were at the Sapogenikoffs' half an hour after, I was laughing as if nothing had happened.

Dr. Tchernicheff was there, and I should have liked to ask him for a remedy for my hoarseness, only I hadn't any money, and this gentleman does nothing gratis. This is a most charming position to be in. But I won't cry out beforehand; it is bad enough when it comes, without crying beforehand.

At four o'clock Nina and the three Graces departed in a carriage for the Peterhoff station, all the three dressed in white under long dust-cloaks.

The train was just starting, and we got in, without tickets, under the protection of four guardsmen, doubtless fascinated by my white feather and my Graces' red heels. So there we were, Giro and I, like chargers at the sound of the military band, with our ears pricked up, our eyes bright, and full of spirits. . . .

When I got home I found supper waiting, Uncle Étienne, and the money which Uncle Alexander sent me. I ate the supper, got rid of my uncle, and concealed the money.

Then, oddly enough, I felt depressed, conscious of a great

void. I looked at myself in the glass ; my eyes looked as they did that last night at Rome. Heart and head were filled with the remembrance.

I shut my eyes, and that evening came back when he begged me to stop only one day longer.

“Yes,” I murmured, as if he had been there, “I will stay for my love, my lover, my well-beloved ! I love you, I wish to love you. You do not deserve it, but what does it matter, it pleases me to love you.” . . .

Then suddenly I took a few steps in my room, and began to weep before the glass. A few tears make me look rather beautiful, on the whole.

Having worked myself up by a whim, I calmed down because I was tired, and began to write, laughing softly to myself.

I often invent a hero, a romance, and a drama to myself like that, and then I laugh and cry over my imaginary scene as though it were real.

I am delighted with Petersburg, but one can’t sleep here. It is daybreak already ; the nights are so short.

Thursday, August 10th (July 29th), 1876.—To-night is a memorable one. I here give up looking upon the Duke of H—— as my cherished shadow. I have seen a portrait of the Grand Duke Vladimir at Bergamasco’s house. I couldn’t tear myself away from that portrait.

No more perfect and entrancing beauty could be imagined. Giro and I raved about it together, and ended by kissing the portrait on the lips. Have you noticed how much pleasure a portrait’s kiss gives ?

It is the fashion to adore the Emperor and the Grand Dukes ; and we have done the same as all the other young ladies of the Institute ; but then they are all so absolutely handsome that there is nothing to wonder at in that. I brought away with my kiss from the picture a curious

feeling of sadness, and something to dream about for a whole hour. I had been adoring the Duke when I ought to have been adoring a Russian Imperial Prince. It's silly, but one can't help that kind of thing ; and then I always have looked upon H—— as my equal, as the man for me. I have forgotten him now. Who is going to be my idol ? Nobody, I shall look for fame, and simply a *man*.

My heart will overflow as it has done before, dropping its fulness as may happen along the dust of the road-side, without emptying this heart, so constantly replenished from generous springs that will never dry up.

Where did you read that, young lady ? In my own mind, you pitiful readers !

So I am free. I love nobody, but am looking for some one to love. May it happen soon. Life without love is a bottle without wine. But for all that, the wine should be good.

The lamp of my imagination is lit ; but shall I be more successful in my search than that dirty old madman called Diogenes ?

Saturday, August 12th (July 31st).—Everything was ready ; Issayevitch had bidden me good-bye ; the Sapogenikoffs had come with me to the station, when—oh, confound it !—money ran short ; we had miscalculated the fare. I was obliged to wait at Nina's house until seven o'clock in the evening, so that uncle might get me some money in town.

At seven I departed, more or less humiliated by the accident ; but just as I was going off, I was very much pleased to see a dozen officers of the guard, followed by six soldiers in white uniforms, carrying flags. This brilliant escort had just taken down two officers who were going to Servia on a Government mission. Servia is perfectly draining Russia of her men ; for as the Emperor will not declare war, all

Russia volunteers, and subscribes willingly, on behalf of the Servians. Nobody talks of anything else, and every one is loud in the praises of a Russian colonel and several officers who died really heroic deaths. I can't help feeling touched with pity for our countrymen thus coolly allowed to be hacked and butchered by those Turkish savages—a race without genius, without civilisation, without morals, and without renown.

And to think that I cannot even subscribe!

About an hour before I reached my destination I threw my book aside, so as to get a good view of Moscow, our real capital, the city which is really and truly a Russian one. Petersburg is a German copy; still, as the Russians have made the copy, it beats the Germans hollow. Here, however, everything is Russian, the architecture, the vehicles, the houses, the peasants by the road-side who watch the train pass, the little wooden bridge thrown across a stream, the very mud in the road is all Russian; everything is open-hearted, simple, pious, and loyal.

The churches, with their cupolas shaped and coloured like a green fig upside down, give one a favourable impression as one reaches the city. The porter who came to take our luggage took off his cap and greeted us like old friends, with a broad but respectful smile.

The people here are equally free from French impudence and the stupid and heavy gravity of the Germans.

A carriage was called, and as we drove to the hotel I looked out of the window the whole time.

The air is cool, but damp and unhealthy, as at Petersburg. The city is very old; and, judging by the extent of ground covered, the largest in Europe. The streets are paved with large irregular cobbles, and are themselves irregular, first up, then down, and all the time in and out among low-storeyed houses, often of one storey only, but airy and with large

windows. The luxury of having plenty of space is so common that nobody takes any notice of it, and the heaping of several storeys on the top of each other is a thing unheard of here.

The "Bazar-Slave" is an hotel like the Grand Hotel at Paris. You even find the great circular restaurant which you see from the first floor as from the gallery of a playhouse. But although it is perhaps not quite so luxurious as the Grand Hotel, the Bazar-Slave is infinitely more comfortable and infinitely cheaper—especially when you compare it with the Demouth hotel.

The porters of the houses are clad in black jackets, trowsers tucked into high boots up to their knees, and an astrakan cap.

The various national costumes are rather conspicuous here. Everybody wears a characteristic dress. Those odious German jackets are not to be seen, and German sign-boards are still rarer, though I regret to say there are a few.

When I chose my cab I was quite overcome—the cab-drivers beg you to get in with so much earnestness that you are really afraid to choose one for fear of mortally offending the others. At last we got into a sort of phaeton, exceedingly narrow, and then started on a wild career. We flew along like the wind right through the middle of carriages, foot-passengers, over cobble paving and tramway lines, jolted at every step and often nearly shot out of the carriage. Uncle groaned with anxiety, and I laughed at him, at myself, at the frantic way we went along, at the wind which tossed my hair and burned my cheeks—in fact, I laughed at everything. And whenever we came to a church or chapel or niche for images, I devoutly crossed myself like those good folk in the street.

I was disagreeably surprised to see women going bare-foot.

I went into the Solodornikoff passage to buy a white frilling. I walked in with my head in the air, my hands hanging down, and a smiling face, just as if I were at home. I want to get on to-morrow, so I can't buy anything, because I have only just enough cash to take me to Uncle Étienne's house. . . .

Catherine II.'s triumphal arch is painted red, with green columns, and yellow ornamentation. Notwithstanding the startling colours, you can't help liking it. Besides, it harmonises well with the roofs of the houses and churches, which are nearly all of sheet iron, painted green or dark red. The ingenuousness of exterior decoration makes you feel the kindly simplicity of the Russian people, and gives you a feeling of great satisfaction. And the Nihilists are already undermining it—Mephistopheles seducing Margaret. The propaganda does its deadly work, and when the day comes that these simple people, deceived and roused, rise in revolution the result will be perfectly awful. For if the Russians are as gentle and obedient as sheep in times of peace and quietness, when they *do* rise they will be raving maniacs, demons of cruelty.

At present their love for the Emperor is still intense, thank God! and so is their respect for religion. There is something touching in their devotion and loyalty.

Perfect flocks of grey pigeons inhabit the square in front of the Grand Theatre. They are not a bit afraid of vehicles, and the wheels pass within a few inches without the pigeon's putting itself out. You know, the Russians don't eat these birds, because the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove.

I am not going to see any sights this time. When I come back and have some money I shall go and see all the historic curiosities—to see Moscow is a good week's work. I have merely caught a glimpse of the Kremlin, for just as some one

was pointing it out my attention was absorbed by a cab painted to look like malachite.

Amongst the names posted up in the list at the hotel I saw that of Princess Souwaroff. I immediately sent Chocolat to ask whether she would receive me, but he came back to say that the princess was out and would not be back till seven o'clock.

Uncle Etienne is asleep, and I am writing in the dining-room.

On the back of the breakfast menu was printed a desperate appeal to the Russian people and clergy on behalf of the Slav Committee of Moscow. A copy was given me this morning when I arrived. I shall keep it.

This appeal has stirred a chord in me. Why don't they go to the Tzar and ask him to declare war? If the whole nation were to rise and go and fall before the knees of the Emperor and beseech him to go and help his brothers given over to the rage of savages, who would dare to refuse?

But then there are the Nihilists, that's the worst of it. If once the troops were out of the way, they would make a rising with all kinds of convicts and blackguards, and would have a little Commune all to themselves—*just to make a beginning*.

To think of being here, in the very heart of this lovely and promising country, and to feel threatened with horrors like that! I would fain take it up in my arms and carry it far off, like a child whose eyes we cover and whose ears we stop, lest it should see and hear ribaldry and vileness.

Oh, how could I kiss him on the face, I the first! O foolish accursed creature! Ah, I cry and shiver with rage! *Turpis, execrabilis!*

He thought it came quite natural to me, that it wasn't

the first time, that it was a regular habit! Vatican and Kremlin! I am suffocated with rage and shame!

A cup of broth, a hot calatch, and some fresh caviare, were the first courses of an incomparable dinner. Calatch is a kind of bread, but you have to go to Moscow to make its acquaintance properly, and at Moscow calatch is almost as celebrated as the Kremlin. As one helping of *asseétrine* I received two huge slices, which would be looked upon abroad as enough for four helps. Of course I didn't eat it all. Besides that I had a veal cutlet fifty square centimetres in size, with green peas and potatoes; and a whole chicken. And a saucer of caviare is considered "half a help."

Étienne laughed, and told the servant that in Italy that would be considered enough for four people. Without moving a muscle or altering a line of his face, the man, who was tall and thin, like Gianetto Doria, and impassive as an Englishman, replied that that accounted for the smallness and sparseness of the Italians. And the Russians are so strong, he added, because they like to feed well. With that remark the impassive brute condescended to smile, and went off with about as much animation as a wooden doll.

But quantity is not the only merit of the food here, it is of the finest quality too. When you have had a good meal your spirits rise, and when you are in good spirits you look upon happiness with more complacency, and misfortune in a philosophical spirit, and you are benevolently disposed towards your fellow-creatures. Gluttony is monstrous in a woman, but a little epicureanism is as desirable as wit and good dressing; besides, a simple and delicate diet maintains health and consequently youth, the clearness of the skin, and the roundness of contour. Take me, for instance. Marie Sapogenikoff was quite right when she said that I ought to have had a much prettier face to match a body like mine, and yet I am by no means ugly. When I think of what I shall be when I

am twenty, I smack my lips. . . When I was thirteen I was too fat, and I used to be taken for sixteen. Now I am thin, my figure is entirely formed, with ample curves—perhaps too ample. I compare myself with all the statues I see, but none of them are so curved and broad across the hips as I am. Is this a defect? And my shoulders, require just a trifle more fulness.

“Yes,” I said, “I should like some tea,” so they brought me a samovar, with four-and-twenty lumps of sugar, and enough cream for five cups of tea, both of the finest kind. I am very fond of tea, even when it is poor in quality, and I drank five cups—they were only little ones—with cream, and three without, like a regular Russian.

Real Russians and their two capitals are entirely new experiences to me.

Before I went abroad I knew nothing of Russia except the Ukraine and the Crimea.

The few Russian peasants who used to come out into the country as pedlars seemed almost foreigners to us, and we used to laugh at their dress and their speech.

I may say what I like, but all the same my lips have been soiled since that defiling kiss.

You good people, cynical women, I pardon your contemptuous smile at my affectation of candour! . . . But really am I degrading myself by admitting such a thing as incredulity. . . Must I swear it? . . . No, I think I do a great deal in thus speaking my least thoughts, especially as no one obliges me to do so. I don’t make a merit of it, because my journal is my life, and in the midst of all my enjoyments I think “What a lot I shall have to tell to-night!” as if I were under some compulsion.

Monday, August 14th (August 2nd).—We left Moscow yesterday at one o’clock. The city was in a great stir, and

lined with flags, because of the coming of the kings of Greece and Denmark.

The whole journey Uncle Étienne nearly worried me to death.

Imagine me deep in a study of Cleopatra and Mark Antony, and continually interrupted by this sort of remark :—"Would you like something to eat?"—"Do you feel cold?"—"There is some roast fowl and cucumber here."—"Will you have a pear?"—"Shall I shut the window?"—"What will you have to eat when we get there?"—"I have telegraphed to them to have a bath ready for you, our queen. I sent for a marble one for you; and the whole house has been got ready to receive your Majesty."

It is all very kind, of course; but unspeakably tiresome.

There are some gentlemen paying attentions to Amalia, as if she were a lady. Chocolat is surprising me by his emancipated ideas and his ungrateful, sly, and cat-like nature. At Grousskoë station we were met by two carriages, six peasant serving-men, and my good-for-nothing brother. He is tall and broad, but beautiful as a Roman statue, with comparatively small feet. Then an hour and a half's drive to Chpatowka, during which I foresee a number of petty rivalries and bones of contention between my father and the Babanines. I held up my head, and kept my brother in his right place, who is, for that matter, delighted to see me.

I am not going to take sides with any one. I want my father.

"Gritzko"—the Ukraine *patois* for Gregory—"waited here a fortnight to see you," said Paul; "we thought you were never coming."

"Has he gone, then?"

"No; I left him at Poltava. He wanted to see you very

much. "You know," he said; "I knew her when she was that high!"

"Then he thinks that he is grown up, and that I am a little girl?"

"Yes."

"Of course. What is he like?"

"He always speaks French, and he goes into society at Petersburg. He has the reputation of being close-fisted, but he is only careful and gentlemanly. He and I wished to welcome you at Poltava with a band, but papa said that was only suitable for queens."

I notice that my father is afraid of seeming a swaggering braggart. I will soon reassure him. I adore all the nonsensical whims that he is so fond of.

Eighteen *versts* of ploughed fields, and then a village of small and wretched cabins. As soon as the peasants saw the carriage they bared their heads. These people, standing there so patient and respectful, touched me, and I smiled at them. They were astonished, and replied with smiles to my little friendly overtures.

The house is one storey high, small, but with a large garden growing wild. The peasant women are remarkably well grown, and look smart and handsome in their dress, which outlines their form and leaves the legs bare to the knee.

Marie, my aunt, came to meet us on the steps. I had a bath, and then we dined. Several skirmishes with Paul. He tried to get me into a pet, without meaning it perhaps, but in obedience to an impulse set in motion by his father. I sat upon him superbly, and saw him humiliated as he had wished to see me. I can read him through and through.

He has no belief in my success, and means to tease me as regards our position in society. Everybody here calls me "queen." If my father wants to dethrone me, I shall make

him give in. I know him, for in many respects he and I are birds of a feather.

Tuesday, August 15th (Aug. 3rd.) — The house is as bright and gay as a lantern. The flowers smell sweet, the parrot talks, the canaries sing, the servants run about. At about eleven o'clock a peal of bells announced a neighbour, M. Hamaley. Most people would think him an Englishman. Well, he is nothing of the kind, but belongs to an old and noble family here. His wife is one of the Prodggers.

As my luggage had not yet arrived we got out of the train a station sooner than we need have done—I appeared in a white dressing-gown. What an immense difference between me now and a year ago! A year ago I hardly dared open my mouth, "I didn't know what to say." Now, like Margaret, I am grown-up.

This gentleman lunched with us; what am I to say about him and the other people I shall see here? Excellent people in their way, but smacking of provincialism.

Another visitor turned up towards dinner-time, which was not long after luncheon—the brother of the aforesaid gentleman. He is a young man and has travelled much, but very obliging all the same. The sudden arrival of my eight trunks was followed by some music and two songs sung by me. Then I busied myself with my embroidery, but listened with all my ears to a conversation on French politics—a matter supposed to imply a knowledge of things beyond my sex.

The second bearded Hamaley stopped till ten o'clock.

Up till eleven o'clock I was straining my poor voice, which has scarcely recovered from the raw climate of Petersburg.

In this blissful Chpatowka they do nothing but eat. Then they go out for half an hour, and then they eat again, and so on all day long.

I went for a walk with my arm just resting on Paul's while my thoughts were wandering to the devil, and just as we were passing under some trees whose branches came very low down over our heads, forming a ceiling of interlaced leaves, I imagined to myself what A— would be saying if he were walking along this avenue with me on his arm. He would lean a little towards me, he would say in that languishing and penetrating tone which he never used to anybody but me, . . . he would say, "How happy one feels here, and how I love you!"

Nothing can give any idea of the tenderness of his voice when he was talking to me, when he was saying things that were meant for me alone. His ways, as of a tiger-kitten, his eyes burning you through and through, his witching voice, muffled and yet so thrilling, murmuring words of love in tones of complaint or entreaty . . . so humbly, so tenderly, so passionately!—He was never like that except to me, me only.

But it was an empty tenderness, a manner, nothing more. If he seemed stirred to the depths, it was only a habit of his, just as some people seem to be always in a hurry, others astonished, others sorrowful, without being so really.

Oh, how I should like to know the truth about it all! I should like to go back to Rome married; otherwise it would be humiliating. But then I don't want to marry. I want to remain free, and above all to study. I have found my vocation.

And frankly, to marry simply in order to spite A— would be foolish.

No, it isn't that, but I want to live like everybody else!

I am dissatisfied with myself to-night; and I have no particular idea why.

Wednesday, August 16th (August 4th). — A crowd of neighbours of both sexes, the cream of this noble neighbourhood. One lady who has been to Rome and possesses a daughter who won't open her mouth. In a sudden and unexpected way three angels dropped in unawares: the JUGE D'INSTRUCTION, the notary, and the secretary.

My uncle, who has been Justice of the Peace for seven years past, has generally some business on hand with these functionaries.

In two years he will be a state councillor, and he is burning to be decorated.

I put on a blue silk dress and little fancy shoes.

These fine gentlemen have not worried me like the dusty people at Nice, they have only made me laugh heartily. They dare not make advances, but admire me at a respectful distance.

Sunday, August 20th (August 8th). — I started again with my brother Paul: Paul does very well. We had two hours to wait at Kharkoff. My uncle Alexander was there.

Notwithstanding my letters, he was almost dumbfounded to see me. He told me how terribly anxious my father had been, thinking that I was not coming at all. He did nothing but ask for the letters I wrote to my uncle, so as to know whether I was on the way.

In short, uncle Alexander was most graciously pleased to see me — from proper pride, if not from love of me.

Uncle Alexander tried to put a spoke in my wheel, but my policy is to take neither side. He found me a seat by introducing the colonel of the Menzenkanoff guards, who gave up his

I feel at home in my country; everything knows me or mine; there is nothing uncertain in our position, and we walk

and breathe freely. But I shouldn't like to live here. Oh no, certainly not !

We reached Poltava this morning at six o'clock. No one to meet us.

When we reached the hotel, I wrote a note. Abruptness often pays.

"I have arrived at Poltava, and not even found a carriage.

"Come at once. I will wait for you till noon. Really, this is hardly a proper welcome.

"MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF."

I had scarcely despatched this letter when my father burst into the room. I threw myself into his arms with a stately dignity. He was visibly satisfied with my appearance, for his first care was to look me over with a kind of eagerness.

"How tall you are ! I hardly expected it. And pretty, too. Yes, indeed, uncommonly so."

"And that is how you welcome me ; not even a carriage ! Did you get my letter ?"

"No ; but I have just got the telegram, and I ran here. I hoped to have been in time for the train—I am quite covered with dust. I got into little E——'s troika to save time."

"I have just written you such a letter !"

"Anything like the last one ?"

"Pretty much."

"Ah, very good very good !"

"Now you know. I expect to be waited on."

"So do I. Now look here, I am devilishly freakish."

"So am I, only more so."

"You are accustomed to have everybody running after you, like so many puppies."

"So they must, or they'll get nothing out of me."

"Well, you needn't expect this sort of thing from me."

"Well, you can take it or leave it."

"But why treat me as the elderly father? I am a jolly good fellow, a young man, there!"

"All the better."

"I am not alone. Prince Michel E—— and your cousin Paul Q—— are here too."

"Let them come in."

E—— is a regular little masher, screamingly funny, very deferential, engulfed in a pair of trousers three sizes too big for him, with a collar up to his ears.

The other is called Pacha,* his family name is too difficult to write. He is a sturdy vigorous lad, with light brown hair, clean-shaved, has a Russian look, and is square, frank, serious, and sympathetic; but either taciturn or much pre-occupied—which of the two I am not quite clear about.

They had been expecting me with intense curiosity. My father was delighted. My figure charms him. The conceited man is proud of being able to show me off.

We were ready, but were obliged to wait for the servants and the baggage, so as to make the procession imposing; a carriage and four, another open one, and a hooded droshki, yoked to an idiotic troika belonging to the little prince.

My pater looked at me with great satisfaction, but took pains to look cool and even indifferent.

Besides, it is his way to conceal his feelings.

When we were half way there, I mounted the droshki, and went like the wind. We did ten *versts* in twenty-five minutes. There were still two *versts* to Gavronzi, and I went back to my father, that he might have the satisfaction of making an imposing entry into the place.

* Diminutive of Paul.

Princess E—— (Michel's mother-in-law and my father's sister) met us on the steps.

"Look here!" said my father; "isn't she tall? . . . and isn't she interesting? Now isn't she? Eh'?"

He certainly must have been pleased with me to be so effusive before one of his sisters; but this one is a really nice woman.

A steward and others came up to congratulate me on my happy arrival.

The estate is picturesquely situated—hills, a river, trees, one large house, and several small ones. All the buildings and the garden are remarkably well kept. Besides, the house has been thoroughly done up and re-furnished this winter. The place is kept up in fine style, with an appearance of simplicity and a look of "this sort of thing goes on every day."

Of course we had champagne for luncheon—an affection of aristocratic ways and simplicity bordering on pomposity.

Portraits of ancestors—tokens of a long line of descent which are of course very acceptable.

Fine bronzes, Sèvres and Saxon china, and art treasures. All this quite surpasses my expectations here.

My father poses as an unhappy man—one who wished for nothing better than to be a model of all the domestic virtues, deserted by his wife.

There is a large portrait of mamma, painted during her absence. Signs of regret are not wanting at the remembrance of perished happiness, with outbursts of hatred against my grandparents, who caused the breach. He takes a tremendous lot of trouble to make me feel that my arrival will make no difference in the ways of the house.

There was a card-party, during which I did my canvas-work, and threw in a remark from time to time, which was eagerly listened to.

Papa quitted the table and sat down by me, leaving the cards to Pacha. I talked as I embroidered, and he listened very attentively.

Then he suggested a walk in the country. I walked at first arm-in-arm with him, then with my brother and the little prince. We went and saw my old nurse, who made a pretence of wiping away a tear. She only nursed me for three months ; my real nurse is at Tchernakowka.

They took me a good long way. "We must give you an appetite," said my father.

I complained of being tired, and said I was afraid of walking on the grass, for fear of serpents and other "ferocious beasts." The father was reticent ; so was the daughter. If his sister the princess, Michel, and the other one had not been there, it would have been much better.

He made me sit down beside him to see some sleight of hand and gymnastic performances on the part of Michel. He learned the "profession" in a circus, which he accompanied as far as the Caucasus on account of a little circus girl.

As soon as I got home I recalled a remark made by my father, whether accidental or on purpose. I dwelt on it till it assumed large proportions, and then sat down in a corner and wept long, without moving and without blinking once, but staring fixedly at a flower on the wall-paper—plunged in misery, restless, and sometimes so despairing as not to care.

This is what happened. They were talking about A—, and asking me all sorts of questions about him. Contrary to my usual custom, I replied with reserve, and did not enlarge on the subject of my conquests, leaving them to imagine or guess what they liked. And then my father observed, with the utmost indifference—

"I heard that A— was married three months ago."

Once in my room, I did not reason about it ; I simply

remembered the remark, and flung myself on the floor, crushed and miserable.

I looked at his letter :—“ I need the consolation of a word from you.” This upset me completely, and almost made me condemn myself.

And then—oh, what horror in fancying you love and yet in not being able to love ! For I really cannot love a man like that—a feeble, dependent creature, who hardly knows anything ! I can’t love. I can only be bored.

The people here have given me a green bed-room and a blue sitting-room. Really, when I think of my peregrinations this winter they are curious enough ! And, even since I have been in Russia, how many times have I changed guides, habitations, and surroundings !

I change my habitation, my relatives, and my acquaintances, without the smallest surprise, or that strange feeling which I felt before. All these people—my protectors or otherwise—all these means of luxury or usefulness get mixed up together, and leave me calm and unmoved.

What can I do to get my father to Rome ?

Tuesday, August 22nd (10th).—There is a good deal of difference between life here and the open-handed hospitality of Uncle Étienne and Aunt Marie, who gave up their room to me and waited on me like niggers.

Here it is very different. There, I was at home in a friendly country. Here, I came to beard long-established relationships, trampling under my little feet hundreds of quarrels and millions of squabbles.

My father is a hard man, who has been frozen and flattened down from his very childhood by that terrible old general his father. Scarcely did he gain his freedom and come into his property than he took his fling and half ruined himself.

Puffed up as he is with self-love and puerile conceit, he prefers to seem a monster rather than let his real feelings appear, especially when he is much moved, and in this he is like me.

But the merest blind man would see how pleased he is to have me, and he does show it a little when we are alone.

At two o'clock we started for Poltaya.

This morning we have already had a skirmish on the Babanine question, and in the carriage my father allowed himself to insult them, especially grandmamma, in the name of his lost happiness. The blood rose to my face, and I told him severely to leave the dead in their grave.

"Leave the dead!" he exclaimed. "If I could only get at the ashes of that woman and the"

"Silence, father! You are insolent and ill-bred!"

"Chocolat may be insolent; I am not."

"Yes, my good father, you are, and so are all who are lacking in refinement and education. I will not have people talking like that. If I have enough delicacy to be reticent on that point, it is absurd for others to complain. You have nothing whatever to do with the Babanines; mind the business of your own wife and children. As for them, do not speak of them in any other way than as I speak of your relations to you. Appreciate my tact, and do likewise."

All the time I was saying this I felt extremely proud of myself.

"How dare you say such things to me?"

"I say it, and I repeat it. I am sorry I came here."

And I turned my back on him, for I was choked with tears and with a frantic desire to cry.

Then my father began to laugh, in confused embarrassment, and tried to kiss me and take me in his arms.

"Look here, Marie, let us be friends. We won't ever talk of that. I won't say anything more about it, I give you my word."

I resumed my ordinary bearing, but without giving the smallest sign of forgiveness and friendliness. The result of which was that papa got more amiable still.

My child, my angel—(I am talking to myself)—you are an angel—an absolute angel! You always knew what to do, but you couldn't always do it. You are only just beginning to put your theories into practice!

At Poltava my father is monarch; but what a fearful kingdom!

My father is tremendously proud of his two bays. When they were brought out in the municipal state carriage, I condescended to remark that they were "very pretty."

We drove through the streets, as silent as those of Pompeii.

How on earth can these people live like that? But then I am not here to study the townspeople's habits, so let us get on.

"Ah," said my father, "if you had come a little sooner, there were plenty of people. We might have got up a ball, or something! Now, there isn't a dog left. The fair is over."

We went into a shop to order a canvas for painting. This shop is the meeting ground of all the swells of Poltava, but to-day we found not a soul.

This was also the case in the public gardens.

For some unknown reason my father won't introduce anybody to me. Perhaps he is afraid of a too severe criticism.

M—— turned up in the middle of dinner.

Six years ago, when we were at Odessa, mamma often used to see Mme. M——; and her son Gritz came every day

to play with Paul and me. He used to pay court to me, and bring me sweets, flowers, and fruit.

They used to laugh at us, and Gritz used to say that he would never marry any woman but me. To which a certain gentleman invariably remarked—

“Oh, what a boy! He wants a ruler for a wife!”

When we left Russia for Vienna, the M——s came with us as far as the steamer. I was a regular flirt in those days, although I was so small. I had forgotten to bring my comb, and Gritz gave me his. Our parents let us kiss each other when we said good-bye.

“O jours fortunés de notre enfance,
Où nous disions, maman, papa ;
Jours de bonheur et d'innocence,
Ah! que vous êtes loin.déjà.”

“You know, my dear cousin, Gritz is rather deaf and rather stupid,” said Michel E——, while M—— was going up the restaurant gallery stairs.

“I know him well, my dear chap; he is no more stupid than you and I; and he is a little deaf owing to some illness he had, and chiefly because he puts cotton-wool in his ears so as not to catch cold.”

Several people had already come up and shaken hands with my father, burning to be introduced to the daughter from abroad; but my father only looked contemptuous on my behalf, and did nothing. I was getting afraid he would do the same as regards Gritz.

“Marie, let me introduce to you Grigori Lvovitch M——,” said he.

“We have known each other a long while,” said I, graciously putting out my hand to the friend of my childhood.

He wasn’t a bit changed. The same brilliant complexion, the same spiritless look, the same little mouth—rather

scornful it was—and a microscopic moustache; dressed to perfection, and very gentlemanly.

We looked at each other curiously. Michel looked sarcastic. Papa blinked, as he always does.

I was not at all hungry. It was time to start for the theatre, which, like the restaurant, was in the gardens.

I suggested that we might walk about a little, and go to the theatre afterwards. My model father inserted himself between Gritz and me, and when it was time to go into the theatre he ran up and gave me his arm. Upon my word, he is quite the pattern father that you get in story-books.

A huge stage-box on the first tier, hung with red cloth, just facing the Prefect.

A bouquet from the prince, who fills up the day with paying me compliments, in return for which he gets such remarks as "There, go now, my good fellow!" or, perhaps, "My cousin, you are really the flower of fashion!"

Few people there, and a commonplace piece on the stage. But our box had plenty of interest all to itself.

Pacha is a curious fellow. As frank and straightforward as a child, he takes everything seriously, and tells me so exactly what he thinks that I sometimes suspect that he must be immensely sarcastic at bottom. He sometimes doesn't speak for ten minutes; and when any one says anything to him, he starts, as if he had only just woke up. When you try to be agreeable to him, and say with a smile, "How good you are!" he gets huffy, and retires into a corner, growling "Not a bit of it; and if I say so, it is because I think it!"

I showed myself in the front of the box to gratify my father's vanity.

"There," he said, proudly, "see me playing the paternal rôle. It is comic. But I am a young fellow still—I am."

"Ah, papa!" said I, "that is your weak side. Very well. You shall be my elder brother, and I shall call you Constantine. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

M— and I particularly wanted to have a talk to ourselves; but Paul E— or papa always got in the way, as if they did it on purpose. At last I ensconced myself in a corner which was like a little separate compartment, looking on to the stage, and letting you see the actors' preparations. Michel, of course, followed me; but I sent him to get me some water, and then Gritz sat down by me.

"I have been impatiently looking forward to seeing you," he said, examining me curiously. "You are not a bit changed."

"Oh, I don't like that," I said; "I was very plain when I was ten."

"Oh, it isn't that; but you are always the same."

"H'm!"

"Oh, I see what that glass of water meant!" whined the prince, handing me one. "Oh yes, I see!"

"Pay attention to what you are carrying. You will upset it on my dress if you bend so much."

"You are unkind; you are my cousin, and yet you always talk to *him*."

"He was my friend when we were children; you are—oh! you are—a gay butterfly of a day."

We found we remembered the smallest incidents.

"We were both children; but how well we remember our childhood passed together, do we not?"

"Yes."

M— is quite an old man of the world in mind. It is quite comical to hear this fresh rosy boy talking of serious domestic useful matters. He inquired whether I had a good lady's-maid. Then—

"Your having studied so much will be a good thing when you come to have children, and . . ."

"What an idea!"

"Well, am I not right?"

"Oh yes, you are quite right."

"There is your uncle Alexander," said my father to me.

"Where?"

"Over there, opposite."

And there he was, with his wife.

Uncle Alexander came over to us, and at the next interval my father sent me over to aunt Nadine. The dear little woman was pleased, and so was I.

Between one of the acts I went out into the garden with Paul. My father ran after me and took my arm.

"So you see," said my father, "how civil I am to your relatives. I am not so devoid of manners after all."

"Very well, papa. Those who want to get on with me ought to obey my wishes and serve me."

"Oh no."

"Oh yes. They can take it or leave it; but now confess that you are happy in having a daughter like me—pretty, well-formed, graceful, clever, and well-read. Confess!"

"It is quite true; I confess it."

"Oh, although you are such a young fellow, and every one will be surprised to find your children so big?"

"Oh yes, I am still quite a young man . . ."

"Papa, we are going to have supper in the garden."

"It isn't considered proper."

"Oh, come, papa; not proper with one's own father, the *maréchal de noblesse*, whom all the curs know; the most prominent man of the golden youth of Poltava!"

"But the horses are waiting."

"That is just what I wanted to talk to you about. Send them away, and we will go home in a cab."

" You in a cab ? You certainly shall not. And, besides, supper isn't respectable."

" Papa, when I condescend to consider a thing respectable, it is quite absurd for any one to presume to think differently."

" Well, well, then, we will have supper ; but solely to please you. I am tired of these amusements."

So we had supper in a private room, ordered by papa out of deference to me. Bashkirtseff, father and son, uncle Alexander and Nadine, Pacha, E——, M——, and I. M—— busied himself chiefly in putting a cloak about my shoulders, and declared I should catch cold.

We had some champagne. E—— asked for one bottle after another, so as to give me the last drop.

We had several toasts, and my boy-friend, taking his glass, bowed towards me, and said, gently, " Your mother's health." And as he looked frankly into my eyes as an old friend, I also replied in a whisper with a frank look of thanks and a friendly smile.

A few minutes afterwards I said out loud, " To mamma's health !" and they drank it afresh. M—— watched my smallest actions, and palpably was trying to conform to my opinions, my tastes, and even my jokes. I amused myself by changing them, so as to put him out. He kept on listening, and at last exclaimed—

" Oh, how charming she is !" He was so open, natural, and delighted at it, that I couldn't help being pleased myself.

Nadine went home in the carriage with papa and me, and I went to her house, and there we chatted as much as we liked.

" My dear Moussia," said my uncle Alexander, " you delighted me. I was very much pleased with your proper way of treating your relations, and especially your father, I was getting anxious for you ; but if you go on as

you have begun, I can assure you that everything will go well."

"Yes," said Paul; "even if you only stop a month, you will get the whip-hand of our father, which will be a very good thing for everybody."

My father occupied the room next to mine, on the right, and he made his servant sleep in my dressing-room.

"I hope she is well guarded," he said to my uncle. "You know, I am a gay dog, and lead a life of pleasure; but from the moment that her mother entrusts her to me, I shall justify her confidence and fulfil my duty in the most sacred way."

Yesterday I borrowed twenty-five roubles from my father in order to have the pleasure of returning them to him to-day.

We started in the same order as we did yesterday.

We were hardly in the fields before my father asked, quite suddenly, "Well, are we going to fight again to-day?"

"As much as ever you like."

He took me abruptly in his arms, wrapped me about in his cloak, and laid my head against his shoulder.

I closed my eyes. That is my way of being tender.

We remained like that for several minutes.

"And now," he said, "sit up again."

"A cloak, then, for I shall be cold."

He wrapped me in a cloak, and I began to speak of the places abroad, of Rome and the pleasures of society, taking care to make him understand how immensely we enjoyed ourselves, speaking of Mgr. de Falloux, of Baron Visconti, and the Pope. Then I enlarged upon the society of Poltava.

"Passing one's life in losing at cards, degenerating in the depths of provincialism, and drinking champagne in wineshops. Getting rusty and stupid. Whatever else one does, one ought always to be in good company."

"Oh then, that is as good as saying that I am in bad company ?" he said, laughing.

"I say so ! never. I am only speaking generally—of nobody in particular."

I said so much that he asked me the cost of a fine suite of rooms in which to give parties at Nice.

"You know," said he, "if I were to go down there, and stay for the winter, the position would be a very different one . . ."

"Whose position ?"

"Oh, that of the birds of the air," he said, laughing, with some amount of pique.

"My position ? Yes, it is quite true. But after all Nice is not a pleasant town. Why not come this winter to Rome ?"

"I ? H'm ! . . . Yes ! . . . H'm ! . . .

That's all right, the first word has been sown, and it has fallen on good ground. What I fear are the adverse influences which may be brought to bear. I must accustom this man to me, must make myself pleasant and necessary to him, and in short manage to let aunt T—— find a barrier between her brother and her malice.

He is pleased to find that I can talk on every subject. As we went in to dinner I finished a discussion on chemistry with one Kapitanenko, a retired officer of the guard, who had got rusty exposed to the universal ridicule of this provincial society. He is constantly at the house.

My father said as he got up—

"You see, Pacha, how learned she is !"

"You are laughing at me, papa ?"

"Not at all, not at all. All right, my dear. Yes, ah ! very good ; h'm, very good."

Wednesday, August 23rd (August 11th).—I have written almost as much to mamma as in my journal. It will do her

more good than all the medicine in the world. I make her think I am delighted, but I am not—as yet. I tell her everything just as it happens, though I am not yet very sure what will be the end of the story. However, we shall see. God is very good.

Pacha is my first cousin, my father's sister's son. This man puzzles me. We had a talk this morning; we spoke of my father, and I said that sons always criticised their fathers' actions, and that as soon as they were in their places the sons did exactly the same, to be criticised in turn by their own children.

“Exactly,” said he, “but my sons won’t criticise me, because I shall never marry.”

A moment after, I went on—“No young people ever lived who haven’t said the same thing.”

“Yes, but it isn’t the same thing with me.”

“Why not?”

“Because I am twenty-two, and have never been in love, and no woman has attracted me.”

“That’s very natural. No one ought to be in love before twenty-two.”

“Why, some boys fall in love from the age of fourteen.”

“All their loves have nothing to do with real love.”

“Very likely; but I am not everybody. I am hot-headed and proud—I mean, of course, I am speaking of my self-respect, and besides——”

“But those are good qualities which you are speaking of . . .”

“Good?”

“Certainly.”

Then, à propos of I don’t know what, he told me that if his mother were to die he should go out of his mind.

“Yes, for a year; and then——”

"Oh no; I should go mad—I know it."

"For a year perhaps; but new faces obliterate old impressions."

"Then do you deny that virtue and lasting feelings exist?"

"Of course I do."

"It is very curious, Moussia," he said, "how quickly one gets into familiar ways when there is no constraint. The day before yesterday I called you Maria Constantinovna; yesterday, Mlle. Moussia; and to-day——"

"Moussia, simply; and I told you to do so."

"It seems to me that we have always been together, your manners are so simple and pleasing."

"Yes, doesn't it?"

I enjoyed talking to the peasants we met on the road and in the forest; and look you ("look you," a *portier's* phrase), I can speak the dialect here very fairly.

The Vorsklo, the river which runs through my father's village, is so shallow that it may be crossed on foot in the summer, but in winter it is a torrent. I took it into my head to make my horse paddle in the water, and, gathering up my riding-habit, I rode him right in. It was very a pleasant sensation, and delicious to see. The water came up to the horse's knees.

I was hot from the sun and my ride, and I was trying my voice, which is gradually coming back. I sang the *Lacrymosa* out of the *Funeral Mass*, as I did at Rome.

My father was waiting for us under the colonnade, and looked at us with satisfaction.

"Well, did I take you in? Do I look badly in a riding-habit? Ask Pacha how I mount. Are you satisfied?"

"Very true; yes; h'm! Very good; very good indeed."

And he inspected me with a pleased air.

I am far from being sorry that I brought thirty dresses, for my father's weak side is vanity. Just at that moment came M—— with a trunk and a servant. When he had paid his respects to me, and I had made the usual replies, I went to change my dress, saying, 'I am coming back.'

I came back in a dress of Oriental gauze, with a train two yards long ; a bodice of silk, open in front in the Louis XV: style, and fastened by a great white bow ; the skirt was naturally all in one, and the train cut square.

M—— talked to me about dress, admiring mine.

People call him stupid, and he can talk of everything—music, art, science. It is quite true that it is I who do the talking, and he only says, " You are perfectly right ; I quite agree."

I said nothing about my studies, fearing to scare him. But when we were at table, I was provoked into doing so. I quoted a Latin verse, and expatiated with the doctor on classical literature and its modern imitations.

They exclaimed that I was astonishing, and that there was nothing in the world that I couldn't talk about, no subject of conversation in which I wasn't at home.

Papa made heroic attempts to hide his beaming pride. Then a fowl stuffed with truffles started a discussion on cookery, in which I showed an acquaintance with gastronomic science which made M—— open his eyes and his mouth still more. Passing to sophistry, I began to explain the utility of good cookery, maintaining that good cookery makes men virtuous.

I went to the first floor. The rooms are very large, especially the ball-room. They have just placed the piano there.

I played. Poor Kapitanenko made frantic efforts to keep Paul from talking.

"Good heavens!" cried the simple fellow, "when I hear that, I forget that I have been fusty and rusty for six years here in a province! I am alive again!"

I am not playing well to-day. I flounder frequently. However, there are some things that I don't play badly. But all the same, I was quite aware that poor Kapitanenko was sincere; and I was pleased at the pleasure I gave him.

Kapitanenko on my left, Eristoff and Paul behind, and Gritz looking at me with a beaming countenance, I had no eyes for the others.

When I had finished *The Brook*, they all kissed my hand.

Papa blinked on his sofa. The princess went on working without saying anything; but she is a good-hearted woman all the same.

I breathe freely; I am in my father's house. He is one of the chief government officials, and I fear neither want of respect nor frivolity.

At ten o'clock papa gave the signal for retiring, and handed over to Paul the young men who all live in the red house with him.

And I said to my father, "That is what we shall do when I go abroad again. You will come with me."

"Perhaps," he said. "Yes, I will think about it."

I was satisfied. A short silence intervened, and then we talked about something else. When he went out, I went in to the princess for a quarter of an hour.

I told my father to invite uncle Alexander here, and he wrote him a very amiable letter.

What do you think of me?

I say that I am an angel, provided that God continues to be well disposed.

Don't laugh at my devotion. There, you have only to begin, to find everything ridiculous in my journal. If I were to

begin to criticise myself as an author, I might spend my whole life at it.

Thursday, 24th August (12th August).—At nine o'clock I went to my father's room. I found him in his shirt-sleeves trying to fasten his necktie. I did it for him while kissing his forehead.

The gentlemen came to drink their tea, and Pacha too. Yesterday evening he did not appear, and the servant came to say that he had "gone to bed ill." The others laughed at his bearish attentions to me; and he is so sensitive about the slightest thing that they couldn't get a word out of him this morning.

To amuse me, E—— sent for a game of skittles, and of croquet, and a microscope with a collection of fleas.

A scandal took place of a certain kind. You can judge for yourself.

Paul took out of his album the photograph of an actress whom my father is intimately acquainted with; and when papa saw that, he took out his portrait too.

"What is that for?" asked Paul in astonishment.

"Because I fear that you will also throw away my portraits."

I paid no attention to that, but to-day Paul drew me aside and took me into a room, where he showed me his album, empty but for the woman's photograph.

"I did that to please my father, but I was obliged to take all the other portraits out too. There they are by themselves."

"Let me see them."

I took all the photographs of grandpapa, grandinamma, mamma and myself, and put them in my pocket.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Paul.

"I mean," said I, coolly, "that I am taking back our portraits. They are in such bad company here."

My brother was ready to cry; but he tore the album across, and went out. I did all this in the drawing-room, and I was seen, so my father will hear of it.

We had a long walk in the garden, and went to see the chapel and vault containing the tombs of my grandparents Bashkirtseff. M—— was my escort, and helped me up and down.

Michel followed us like a dog who tries to come over you with submissive beseeching eyes, and looked despairingly at Gritz the whole time.

Pacha walked in front; and when he looked at me, he did so with such malignant eyes that I turned my head away.

If mamma knew that at the supper at Poltava I had the last drop of a bottle of champagne by chance, and that when they drank my health the arms of Nadine, Alexander, Gritz, and my own crossed as for a wedding——! Poor mother, how happy she would be!

Certainly Gritz is getting very soft; but I pray from the bottom of my soul that he won't ask me to marry him — narrow, vain as he is, and with a devil of a mother!

We talked over our childhood and the public gardens at Odessa.

"I paid court to you then," he said.

I replied by my best smiles, while the young man made beseeching grimaces, and begged me to let him carry my train. He did it yesterday, and got nicknamed the train-bearer.

We made up a set for croquet.

When I was pleasantly warm, I went back to the Chinese drawing-room (called by this name from its vases and dolls), and, sitting down on the floor, began arranging my paint-brushes and colours. My father is incredulous about my talents. I made Michel sit in one arm-chair and Gritz in

another, and sitting on the floor I caricatured Michel in fifteen minutes on a drawing-board which Gritz held, turning himself into my easel. And while I dabbed away right and left, I felt their eyes devouring me.

My father was satisfied, and Michel kissed my hand.

I went up-stairs and sat down at the piano. Pacha listened from a distance. Soon the others came in, and arranged themselves as they did yesterday. But, passing from music into talk, Gritz and Michel spoke of wintering at Petersburg.

"Yes, and I can imagine to myself what you'll do there," said I. "Shall I tell you how you will live now, and you tell me afterwards if I am wrong?"

"Yes, yes."

"In the first place, you'll furnish your rooms with the most rubbishing things sold you by sham antiquarians, and with the most commonplace daubs sold you for 'Originals'; for it's necessary to be passionately fond of art and antiquities. Next, you will keep horses, and a coachman who will be familiar. You will consult him, and he'll even meddle in your love-affairs. You'll go out on the Newsky with one eye-glass, you'll meet a group of friends, you'll get down to ask the news, you'll laugh till you cry over one of those jokes of your friends whose business it is to be witty. You'll ask when Judic's benefit comes off, and whether they've been yet to see Madame Damié. You'll laugh at Princess Lisa, and rave about the young Countess Sophie. You'll go to Borreel's, where doubtless there is a François, a Baptiste, or a Désiré, who knows you, and who will come bowing and scraping to tell you of the suppers that have or have not taken place, the last scandal about Prince Pierre, and the adventures of Constance. You will swallow a glass of something strong with a frightful grimace, and you'll ask if what they gave the prince was better cooked than what you got at your supper. And François or Désiré will answer, 'Monsieur

le Prince, can you gentlemen imagine it ?' And he will tell you he had for you a Japanese turkey and truffles from China. You will fling him two roubles and look about you, and then you will get back into your carriage to follow the women, leaning foppishly first to one side, and then to the other, exchanging observations with your coachman, who is as fat as an elephant, and who is known among all your friends for being able to drink three samovars a day.

" You will go to the theatre, and tread on the heels of those who have got there before you, shaking hands with—or, rather, extending your finger-tips to—friends who will tell you of the success of the new actress, whilst you, opera-glass in hand, will stare at the women with your most impertinent look, and think you are making an impression.

" And how you do take yourselves in ! And how perfectly the women see through you !

" And you prostrate yourselves to ruination before the Parisian 'stars' who come to shine before you after they have gone out in Paris.

" Then you sup, and you go to sleep on the carpet ; but the restaurant waiters won't leave you in peace ; they thrust pillows under your heads, and put quilts over you, your wine-stained dress-coats, and your crumpled shirt-collars.

" You go home next morning to go to bed—or, rather, some one takes you. And how pale and ugly and wrinkled you look ! And how intensely you pity yourselves !

" And then, when you are thirty-five or forty, you definitely become enamoured of a ballet-girl and marry her. And she beats you, and you sit behind the scenes the most miserable being alive, while she dances on the stage"

Here I was interrupted, for both Gritz and Michel

fell on their knees and asked for my hand to kiss, exclaiming that it was miraculous, and that I talked like a book.

"Only," said Gritz at last "it's all true, all except the ballet-girl. I shall never marry anybody but a woman of the world. I am a man of rank. I shall adore having my house, my wife, and great squalling babies; I shall be distractedly fond of them."

We had a game of croquet while papa looked on. He observed how attentive Gritz was. How should it be otherwise? I am the only woman here.

He ought to have gone at four o'clock, but at five he asked me if he might stay to dinner, and after dinner declared he would much rather not go by night.

I talked about furniture, carriages, liveries, and house-keeping, and I was amused to see how my father swallowed my words, and, forgetting his pride and reserve, asked various questions.

Gritz talked much, not cleverly, but like a man of the world who knew everything.

I had all my photographs in my hand, and he begged me so hard to give him one that I couldn't refuse, and, as he was an old friend, I gave him one.

But I did refuse him the little locket miniature, for which he was ready to give "two years of his life." *Ah! Dio mio!*

Friday, August 25th (August 13th).—M—— and Michel departed after breakfast.

My father proposed that we should walk to Pavlovsk, his other property.

It suits me very well; but I am nervous to-day, and talked little, for the least exertion in speaking made me melt into tears.

Thinking, however, of the effect it would have on mamma to hear of the entire absence of festivities of any kind, I told my father that I wanted society and gaieties, that I found my position strange and even absurd.

"Very well," he said, "if you want it, it shall be done. Would you like me to take you to the Prefect's?"

"I should like it."

"Very well; it shall be done, then."

Reassured on this point, I could go with an easy mind to see the farm-works, and even to enter into details which didn't amuse me at all, but which may come in useful some day when I want to act the connoisseur on household arrangements; perhaps I shall be able to astonish some one by talking about the sowing of barley, and the qualities of wheat, and a verse of Shakespeare, or a discourse on Platonic philosophy, all in one breath.

It may be seen that I turn everything to account.

Pacha got me an easel, and about dinner-time I received two large canvases, sent me from Poltava by M——

"How do you like M——?" asked papa.

I told him how I liked him.

"Well," said Pacha, "I didn't like him the first day. After that I got fond of him."

"Did you like me at first sight?" I inquired.

"You? Why?"

"Never mind; say."

"Well, yes; you pleased me. I did not expect to find you that kind of girl. I thought you would not know how to talk Russian, that you were affected . . . and . . . and then I found you . . . what you are."

"Very good."

I remarked what a depressing effect the country and the fields, already bare, had on me.

"Yes," said Pacha, "everything is yellow. How the time flies! It seems only yesterday that it was spring."

"People always say that. Ah! we were happy in the South; we did not have these marked changes."

"But then you haven't got the spring to enjoy," said Pacha, enthusiastically.

"All the happier for us. Sudden changes spoil the equableness of our tempers, and life is happiest undisturbed."

"What?"

"I aver that spring in Russia is a season adapted to treachery and baseness."

"How so?"

"In winter, when everything about us is cold, dark, and dumb, we are gloomy and cold and suspicious. When the warm weather comes we sun ourselves; and, behold! we are transfigured—for the state of the weather has an immense influence on the character, the disposition, and even the convictions of mankind. In spring we feel happier, and consequently better; we are disinclined to believe in the evil and baseness of people. 'When everything is so lovely, and I am so happy, so full of enthusiasm, and almost intoxicated with well-being, how can there be any room for evil thoughts in other people's hearts?' That is the general sentiment. Well, in the South we don't get intoxicated—or, at any rate, only very slightly. Whence I infer that we are in a normal condition, which maintains an even level."

Pacha worked himself up to the pitch of asking me for my portrait to wear in a locket his whole life long.

"Because I respect and love you like nobody else."

The princess opened her eyes, and I laughed as I begged my cousin to kiss my hand.

He was obstinate, then reddened, and ended by obeying. He is a curious barbarian. This afternoon I was talking of my contempt for the human race. . .

"Ah! you are right," he cried. "And therefore I am a poor

wretch!" And red and trembling he took to his heels and fled the drawing-room.

Saturday, August 26th (August 14th).—Oh, how intolerable the country is!

With astonishing rapidity I sketched two likenesses of my father and Paul. It took me thirty-five minutes.

Combien de femmes en ce monde
Ne pourraient pas en dire autant.

My father, who had looked upon my talent as something of a vain boast, now recognised it, and was pleased. I was enchanted, for to be able to paint is one of my aims. Every hour passed without painting or without flirtation (for flirtation leads to love, and love possibly to marriage) falls on my head like a weight. Read? No! Act? Yes!

This morning my father came into my room, and after a few ordinary remarks, when Paul had left the room, there fell a silence, during which I was aware that my father had something to say; and as I wished to talk of the same thing, I purposely held my tongue, as much because I did not want to begin, as for the pleasure of seeing somebody else's hesitation and embarrassment.

"H'm! . . ." then "what do you say?" he asked at last.

"I, papa? Nothing."

"H'm! . . . you said . . . H'm! . . . about my coming to Rome with you . . . H'm! . . . in what way?"

"Why, in the ordinary way, of course."

"But"

He hesitated, and fidgeted with my brushes and combs.

"If I come with you . . . H'm! . . . Mamma, you know . . . she won't come? Then . . . you see, if she won't come . . . H'm! . . . what shall we do?"

Ah! ah! excellent father! There we are! You are the one to hesitate . . . splendid! That's capital.

"Mamma? Mamma will come."

"Ah!"

"Mamma will do anything I like. She only lives for me."

Visibly relieved, he asked a number of questions as to how mamma passed the time, and a heap of things besides.

How was it that mamma warned me against papa's evil disposition, and his habit of confounding people and humiliating them?

Because it is the truth.

But then why am I neither confounded nor humiliated, while mamma always was?

Because my father is cleverer than mamma, but not as clever as I am.

Besides, he has an immense respect for me, for he always gets the worst of it in a discussion with me; and then my conversation is full of interest for a man buried in Russia, but still with sufficient intelligence to appreciate intelligence in another.

I reminded him of my wish to see the society of Poltava, and I can see quite well by his replies that he doesn't want to show me in the society of which he is the ornament. It was only when I said, that I particularly wanted it, that he said my wishes should be granted, and set to work with the princess to make out a list of ladies whom we should have to call upon.

"Madame M—— too," I said, "do you know her? Yes, but I don't visit her. She lives very quietly."

"But I must go with you to see her. She knew me when I was little, and she is a friend of mamma's. And, besides, when she knew me I was an unformed little girl, and not externally taking, and I want to obliterate that unfavourable impression."

"Very well, then, we will go . . . only I wouldn't go if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Because . . . h'm! . . . she might think . . ."

"Think what?"

"Oh! all sorts of things . . ."

"No, tell me: I like people to be explicit; hints try my patience."

"She might think that you had designs . . . she will think that you would like her son for a suitor."

"Gritz M——? Oh no, papa. She won't think so. And, besides, of course M—— is a very nice young man, the friend of my childhood, whom I am very fond of; but to marry him! No, papa; he isn't the sort of husband I want. Don't worry yourself."

The Cardinal is dying.

Wretched man! . . . (I am speaking of his nephew.)

We talked about courage at dinner, and I made an uncommonly true remark. I said that the man who is afraid and yet faces the danger is more courageous than the man who is not afraid; the greater the fear, the greater the merit.

Sunday, August 27th (August 15th).—I have punished some one to day for the first time in my life—I mean Chocolat.

He wrote to his mother, and asked her permission to stop in Russia for much higher wages than what he gets from me. This ingratitude pained me on his account; and so I summoned him, *unmasked* his baseness before everybody, and ordered him down on his knees. The youngster began to howl, and did not obey. So I was obliged to take him by the shoulders and knees; and then, less from force than from shame, he went down on his knees, shaking a whatnot covered with Sèvres china as he did so. Then I stood up in the middle of the drawing-room and hurled

the thunderbolts of my eloquence at him, and finished by saying that I should send him back to France through the agency of the negroes' consul, in the fourth class, with the sheep and oxen.

"For shame, for shame, Chocolat! You will come to a bad end! Get up, fie, and be off!"

I had worked myself into genuine anger, and so when five minutes afterwards the monkey came to beg my pardon, I said that if he only repented under M. Paul's coaching, I would have none of his repentance.

"No, I repent of my own accord."

"You are sorry then, yourself?" He rammed his fists into his eyes.

"Tell me, Chocolat. I shall not be angry."

"Y . . es!"

"Very well, then, you may go. I forgive you. But don't you see that all this is for your good?"

Ah! Chocolat will either be a great man or a great scoundrel.

Monday, August 28th (August 16th).—My father has gone to Poltava; he was on duty. I tried to talk philosophy with the princess, but it degenerated into a talk about love, men, and kings.

Michel brought over uncle Alexander, and Gritz came in later.

There are some days when one feels ill at ease; this is one of them.

M—— brought a bouquet for the princess, and a moment afterwards, at dinner, he got into a discussion with Alexander about the breeding of sheep.

"Gritz," said my father, "I much prefer you to talk of bouquets than of sheep."

"Ah! papa," said I, "you see it is the sheep that give us the bouquets."

I meant nothing but the literal words; but every one looked up, and I blushed up to my ears.

Then in the evening I very much wanted Alexander to see that Gritz was paying me attention, and I did not succeed. The fool would not leave Michel.

Really he is stupid, and everybody here says so. I wished to defend him; but this evening, whether from bad temper or from conviction, I am very much of everybody's opinion.

When they had gone to the red house, I sat down at the piano, and poured out all my boredom and irritation upon the keys. And now I am going to bed to dream of the Grand Duke Nicholas, which will perhaps amuse me.

The moon here is insipid. I looked at it while they were firing off the cannon. My father has gone to Kharkoff for two days. The cannons are one of his hobbies. He has nine of them, and they were being fired off this evening while I was looking at the moon.

Tuesday, August 29th (August 17th).—Yesterday I heard Paul say to uncle Alexander, as he winked at me—

“If you only knew, my dear uncle! She has turned all Gavronzi upside down! She has re-fashioned papa to her liking! Everything yields before her!”

Have I really done all that? All the better.

I have been sleepy and bored since this morning. I do not yet allow I am bored, because I lack amusement or diversion. When I am bored I look for a cause, feeling sure that this more or less pronounced discomfort comes from *something*, and is not, on the other hand, simply the result of solitude or lack of amusement.

But here at Gavronzi I am in want of nothing, I have no regrets, everything turns out exactly as I want, and yet I am

bored. Am I then to suppose simply that I am bored by the country? *Nescio*. Oh! devil take it.

When they sat down to cards, I stopped in my studio with Michel and Gritz. Gritz is certainly different since yesterday. There is a certain constraint in his manner which I cannot make out.

The party to-morrow is postponed till Thursday, and he wants to go away on a long tour.

I was preoccupied, and they told me so. For some time I have been hovering between two worlds. I don't hear when they speak to me.

The gentlemen went to bathe in the river. The river at the bathing-place is beautiful, deep, and shaded with trees. I stopped with the princess in the great balcony which makes a covered carriage entry.

Amongst other things, the princess told me an odd story. Yesterday Michel came to her and said—

“Mamma, let me get married.”

“To whom?”

“To Moussia.”

“Silly boy, you are only eighteen.”

He insisted so seriously that she had to tell him to go to the devil.

“Only, my dear Moussia,” she added, “pray don't tell him, he would eat me up.”

The gentlemen found us still on the balcony, which attracted the heat fearfully. As for air, there isn't any to speak of, and not the slightest breath of wind in the evening. But the view is delightful. Opposite are the red house, and summer-houses scattered about; the mountain to the right with the church halfway up quite hidden in the trees, and the family vault a little further on; to the left the river, the fields, the trees, the horizon. And to think that all this belongs to us, that we are the sovereign lords of all this; that all the houses, the church, the court which is like a little

town—everything, everything belongs to us ; and the servants, nearly sixty in number ; and all

I waited impatiently for the end of dinner, because I wanted to get at Paul, and ask him for the meaning of certain words he had let fall at croquet which worried me disagreeably.

“ Didn’t you notice,” said Paul, “ that Gritz has changed since yesterday ? ”

“ I ? No, I didn’t notice anything.”

“ Well, I did, and Michel is at the bottom of it.”

“ How ? ”

“ Michel is a good fellow, but has never met any women except at fast suppers, and doesn’t know how to behave a bit ; besides, he has an evil tongue. Further, his tongue is too long—witness his story of the other day. He said he wanted In short, he is madly in love with you, and capable of any villainy. I spoke to uncle Alexander about it, and he said I ought to have pulled his ears for him. Aunt Nadine thinks so too. . . . Wait a bit ! I tell you that Gritz has been persuaded by his mother or his friends that every one is trying to hook him for his great wealth. Well, up to yesterday he was praising you up to the skies ; and yesterday—of course I know that you don’t want him, that you don’t care a button (pardon the expression) about all that ; still, it is not nice. And it is always Michel that makes the tittle-tattle.”

“ Yes, but what can one do ? ”

“ Oh, you must you have quite enough cleverness for that, and more too ; you must say must make him understand ; he is an ass, but he will understand that. In short, you must When we are having dinner I will help you, and you will relate a story, or anything you like.”

That was just my idea.

“ Very well, Paul, we shall see.”

Alexander went to the theatre after us, and heard people talking of the arrival of "Bashkirtseff's girl, who is a great beauty."

In the lobby he was taken in tow by Gritz, who talked enthusiastically about me.

I couldn't help making up a tableau on the great staircase. I sat in the middle; the gentlemen who came up with me sat lower on the stairs; the prince on his knees. Have you seen the engraving of Goethe's Eleonore? It was exactly like that, even to my dress. Only I did not look at anybody; I looked at the lamps.

If Paul had not put one of them out, we should have stayed for a long while like that.

Good-night. Oh, how bored I am!

Wednesday, August 30th (August 18th).—Whilst the young men were running after the housekeeper with the fireworks, which they threw at her legs, the princess, Alexander, and I were talking of Rome and the Pope.

I pretended to be uneasy, saying that the Cardinal was dead.

I dreamed that Pietro A—— was dead. I went up to his bier, and put a topaz necklace with a golden cross round his neck. I had scarcely done so when I noticed that the dead man was not Pietro.

Death in dreams means marriage, I believe. You may imagine my annoyance, and with me annoyance shows itself in passiveness and complete silence. But woe to those who tease me, or even make me talk!

The conversation was on the morals of Poltava. Profli-gacy is much practised. There is a story—taken quite as matter of course—that Mme. M—— has been seen in the street at night in a dressing-gown with M. J——.

The young ladies behave with a lightness but when

they began to broach the chapter on kissing, I began pacing the room.

A young man was in love with a girl who loved him. After some time he married another, and when he was asked why he had changed in this way, he replied—

“She has kissed me, and she either has kissed or will kiss other men.”

“Quite right,” said uncle Alexander.

All men reason like that.

Such reasoning is in the last degree unjust. The result is that I am in my own room, undressed, and maddened with vexation.

• It seemed to me that they were speaking at me. Then this is the cause of it —— !

In Heaven’s name, let me be able to forget! Good God! have I committed some crime, that Thou tormentest me so?

Lord, Thou doest right. My conscience, which leaves me not a moment’s peace, will heal me.

What neither education, nor books, nor advice, could have taught, experience has taught me.

I thank God for it; and I advise girls to be a little more *cunaille* in their hearts, and to take care not to cherish any sentiment whatever. For men compromise them first of all, and then turn them into ridicule.

The finer a feeling is, the more easily is it turned to ridicule; the more sublime, the more ridiculous. And there is nothing in the world more ridiculous and degrading than ridiculed love.

I shall go to Rome with my father; I shall go into society, and then they shall see.

• • •

A delightful outing. The prince’s troika, notwithstanding uncle Alexander’s weight, flew like lightning; Michel drove. I love going fast; the three horses took the bit in their teeth,

and for several minutes I could not breathe for delight and excitement.

Then croquet kept us till dinner-time, about which time M—— turned up. I was already on the look-out for a "story," when the princess happened to mention the Miss R——s

"They are very nice, but very unfortunate," said Gritz.

"Why?"

"Because they do nothing but hunt for husbands without finding them. For example, they wanted to catch me."

Here everybody burst out laughing.

"Catch you?" they asked. "Did you charm them so much?"

"Well, I think . . . however, they soon saw that I wouldn't have them."

"Really," said I, "what a very unfortunate position to be in! to say nothing of its being intolerable for the other people!"

Every one laughed, and exchanged looks that were anything but flattering to M——.

Ah! you see, when a man is an ass, it is a great misfortune.

I noticed the same constraint in his behaviour this evening as there was yesterday. Perhaps he was thinking that some one was wanting to "catch him."

And the cause of all this—Michel.

Gritz scarcely dared speak to me from the other side of the drawing-room, and it was not till half-past nine that he ventured to approach me. I smiled contemptuously.

Oh, what a fool he is to be such a fool! I was stiff and severe, and gave the signal to break up the evening.

I am quite sure that Michel is priming him with all kinds of nonsense. The princess told me, "You

have no idea what Michel is capable of. He is sly and base."

Oh, what a misfortune it is to be a fool!

Thursday, August 31st (August 19th).—Paul came to me quite upset to say that papa had refused to allow the picnic in the forest.

I slipped on a dressing-gown, and went to papa to say that we should go.

In about three minutes I had talked him over.

After no end of comical misunderstandings we started for the forest, I being in an excellent frame of mind, contrary to all expectation. Gritz was as natural as on the first day, and our strained and unpleasant relations no longer exist.

We fared as comfortably in the forest as if we had been at home. Everybody was hungry, and had a capital appetite, making merry at Michel's expense all the time. For he ought to have been the man to make all the arrangements for the picnic, only he shamefully backed out of it this morning, and the provisions came from Gavronzi.

Several squibs were let off, and then a Jew was got to tell a lot of nonsense. In Russia the Jew is a being midway between a dog and an ape. The Jews can do everything, and are made use of for everything. We borrow their money, beat them, intoxicate them, entrust business to them, and make fun of them.

When I got back to my room I was so depressed that I should have spent the night in crying from sympathy had not Amalia begun gossiping, and directed my thoughts into another channel.

Always cut short your temper; it avoids scenes, tears, and grovelling.

And I hate making scenes of that kind.

Poor Gritz! just now I pity him; he departed rather unwell.

Saturday, September 2nd (August 21st).—I fainted with the heat, and when two “crocodiles” from Poltava arrived about dinner-time, I got myself up very gorgeously, although my spirits were very low. There was a display of fireworks, which we saw from the gallery, hung all round with Venetian lanterns; so was the court, and the red house.

My father then suggested a stroll, as the night was a very fine one. I changed my dress, and we went into the village. We sat down outside the inn, and woke up a fiddler and a mad fellow to dance. But the fiddler was only accustomed to play the second violin, and could not be got to understand that the first violin wasn’t there, and insisted on playing second. At the end of half an hour a move was made to the house with perfidious intent—especially my father, Paul, and I, who climbed up to the top of the belfry by a wretched ladder, and began to ring the fire-alarm; I pulled with all my might. I had never been so near to the bells before. When you try to speak while they are vibrating, you feel at first a kind of terror, for the words seem to die away on your lips as in a nightmare.

All this wasn’t particularly interesting, and I was very glad to get back to my room, where my father came in, and we had a very long talk.

But I was depressed, and, instead of talking, I cried the whole time. Amongst other things he spoke to me about M—, saying that mamma had undoubtedly chosen him for me as an excellent match; but that, for his part, he wouldn’t move a finger to bring it about, because M— was nothing but an animal with money. I hastened to reassure him; and then we talked of all sorts of things. My father rather tried to be restive, but I didn’t give in an inch, and we got on admirably. Besides, for several* days now there has constantly been a refined delicacy in his bearing towards me; and in his harsh dry way he has said such tender things that I have been touched by it.

I had no scruples as regards my aunt T——. I told my father plainly that she ruled him, and that therefore I could not feel sure of him.

"Me?" he cried. "Not at all. Besides, she is the one of all my sisters whom I like least. Be easy; when she sees you here she will fawn upon you like a dog, and you will have her at your feet."

Sunday, September 3rd (August 22nd).—It seems that I am having a fine time. I have been carried in a carpet like Cleopatra; I have tamed a horse like Alexander; and I have painted like—some one who is *not yet* Raphael.

We went net-fishing in a large party this morning. Stretched on a rug (I must say this, because I don't want to be suspected of rolling myself in the dust) on the river-bank—the water is lovely and deep here—under the trees, eating water-melons, which the "crocodiles" brought from Poltava, we passed two hours, more or less pleasantly. As we came home I acted Cleopatra, and was carried in my rug as far as the railing, and there Michel and Kapitanenko improvised a litter by joining their hands; after that Pacha carried me by himself. Having thus exhausted all the methods of getting along, I found myself at the foot of the great staircase, which I walked up alone, Michel being invariably entangled in the end of my train.

I looked charming when I appeared at luncheon; I am speaking of my dress—a Neapolitan chemise of sky-blue China crape and old lace, a very long skirt of white silk, with a great piece of striped Oriental stuff, white, blue, and gold, draped in front and knotted behind. All the rest of the stuff fell naturally, just as a sheet does if you put it on like an apron. Nothing more pretty and fantastic can be imagined. ..

While some of them squandered their breath in card-

playing, and others in abusing the heat, somebody or other mentioned the greys, boasting of their youth, strength, and vigour.

For several days there has been some talk of my riding one of them, but everybody raised such a number of fears that I let it pass. However, to-day, partly because I was angry with my cowardice, and partly to give the "crocodiles" something new to talk about, I ordered the animal to be saddled.

Whilst I was playing, my father, who was lying on the grass, did nothing but look from me to the "crocodiles" and blink. He was satisfied with the impression I made.

My outlandish though charming costume was set off still more by a white silk handkerchief which I put on my head, low in front and fastened behind, with the ends coming back to the front as the Egyptian women wear them, quite covering the nape and the rest of the neck. The horse was brought out, and a chorus of objections arose. At last Kapitanenko, remembering his service in the mounted regiment, got on, but from the first step he was so shaken that the charitable lookers-on began to laugh as idiotically as possible.

The horse reared, stopped still, ran away, and Kapitanenko declared in the midst of the general amusement that I might mount the horse—in three months. I looked at the quivering animal, in whose skin the veins stood out every moment like ripples made in water by the wind, and I said to myself, "Now, my dear, you are going to show off your false bravery, like a real 'young lady.' The 'crocodiles' won't have anything to relate of you. You are afraid? All the better. The only really brave people are those who are afraid, and walk straight up to the thing they fear all the same. Courage doesn't consist in doing a thing which other people fear, but which doesn't frighten you. No, the

only true courage lies in compelling yourself to do something you are afraid of."

I ran up-stairs four steps at a time, put on my black habit and a velvet cap, and came down to mount again on horseback.

I rode at a walking pace round the grass, Kapitanenko by my side on another horse. Finding the eyes of the lookers-on levelled at me, I rode back to the house-steps to reassure them. My father got up into a dog-cart with one of the gentlemen, the others found seats in the prince's troika, and, followed by these two vehicles. I rode into the long avenue. I don't know how it happened, but quite naturally I set off at a gallop, first gently and then headlong; then falling into a trot, I rode back to the carriages to gather up compliments.

I was enchanted, and my purple face seemed to emit fire, as did my horse's nostrils. I was radiant. A horse that had never been ridden!

In the evening there were fireworks, the houses were illuminated and with my initials visible everywhere. There was a village band, and peasants danced under the gallery.

The table was laid on the other side of the house, and we passed through a crowd of inquisitive eyes.

"Why, it is a regular church procession," said a woman in the crowd, "and there is our Lord's body."

As a matter of fact we were lighted by torches, and Michel was carrying my train. You know that on Good Friday a painted banner is carried about representing the body of Jesus.

Michel performed some gymnastic feats, while the village lads looked at him stupefied, as they hung on to ropes and swings, looking, in the darkness, like so many hanged people, such as you see on sinister and half-effaced engravings. "

I was surrounded by these rustics. I am wrong to call

them rustics, for they paid court to me—both men and women—in a most courtly way, and showered compliments on me after this pattern :—

“ The horse this afternoon was very fine, but the rider far surpassed it.”

You know I love to mix in low life ; I talked to them about everything, and very nearly began to dance too. Ah ! but this peasant-dance of our people—they look so submissive and simple, but they are as deep as Italians in reality—is a regular Parisian cancan ; and a most seductive one, to say no more of it. They don’t, it is true, kick their legs up to their nose—which is a hideously ugly performance—but the man and woman twist about, approach and pursue each other, accompanied by gestures, shrill cries, and sudden smiles, which send a shiver down one’s back.

The girls dance little, and very simply.

They had something to drink, and after leaving these amiable savages I intended to go to bed ; but on the staircase I stopped as I did the other night, and Paul and the others grouped themselves on the steps. Chocolat sang us a Nice song, to my great satisfaction.

After the song came music.

I got the most incredible sounds out of the violin, and these shrill, pathetic, discordant and intermingling tones made me roar with laughter, and my laughter, with this savage accompaniment, made the others, even Chocolat, split their sides.

Thursday, September 7th (August 26th).—The every-day dress of a girl in Little Russia consists of a stout linen shirt with large puffed sleeves, embroidered in red and blue ; a piece of black cloth made by the peasants wrapped about them from the waist downwards. This wrap is shorter than the shirt, and leaves the embroidery visible at the lower edge. The piece of cloth is only fastened by a waist-band of coloured wool.

They wear a number of necklaces, and a ribbon round their head. The hair is plaited into a braid, from the end of which hang one or several ribbons.

I sent to the peasants to buy a similar costume. Then I dressed in it, and, accompanied by our young men, I went into the village. The peasants did not recognise me, for I was not dressed like a young lady; but I looked very handsome and well dressed as a peasant—a peasant girl, that is. The married women are attired differently. As to my feet, they were clad in black shoes with red heels.

I nodded to everybody, and when we reached the inn we sat down near the door.

It was my father's turn to be surprised but he was delighted.

“Everything becomes her!” he exclaimed, and making us all four get up into his vehicle he drove us about the streets. I shouted with laughter, to the great amazement of those good people, who asked each other who the handsome peasant girl was, driving about with “the old *scigneur*” and “the young gentlemen.”

Set yourselves at rest. Papa is by no means old.

A Chinese tam-tam, a violin, and a musical-box, were our evening's amusements.

Michel drummed on the tann-tam, I played the violin (played! good heavens!), and the box played of its own accord.

Instead of going to bed early, as usual, the author of my being stopped up with us till midnight. If I have made no one else's conquest, I have made the conquest of my father. When he talks he looks for my approval, he listens attentively to what I say, he lets me say what I like about T—, and decides in my favour.

The musical-box is his present to the princess; we have all given her something. It is her birthday. The servants are delighted to wait upon me, and to be rid of the “French

people." I even order the dinner! And to think that I thought myself in a strange house, and was anxious about the ways and hours!

They wait for me as if I were at Nice, and I fix the hours myself.

My father loves gaiety, and his own people have not given him much of it.

Friday, September 8th (August 27th).—Miserable fear, I will conquer you! Did I not take it into my head yesterday to be afraid of a gun? It is true that Paul had loaded it, and I didn't know how much powder he had put in; and then I was not acquainted with the weapon. It might burst, and it would be a stupid way of dying—or I might be disfigured.

All the worse: it is only the first step that counts. Yesterday I fired at fifty paces, and I have fired to-day without any sort of fear. I think—Heaven forgive me!—that I hit the mark each time.

If I succeed with Paul's portrait, it will be a miracle, for he doesn't sit to me, and to-day I only worked for a quarter of an hour by myself. Not quite by myself, though, for Michel was opposite me, and dares to have fallen in love with me.

All this took us on to nine o'clock. I dawdled, and dawdled, because I saw how impatient my father was. I knew quite well that he was only waiting for us to leave the drawing-room to fly into the forest—like a wolf.

I held my court on the stairs again. . . . I like staircases, because you mount them. . . . Pacha ought to leave to-morrow, but I managed so well this evening that perhaps he will stay, though it would be much better for him to go. Loving me like a sister is dangerous for a clown, a dreamer, and a melancholy youth of twenty-two. I couldn't get on

better with him and Michel, which makes him love me much. But when I am with men who are fools I grow stupid; I don't know how to make myself intelligible to them, and I am afraid every moment lest they should imagine I am in love with them—like poor Gritz, for instance. He thinks that all the girls want to "catch him," and behind the least smile he detects an ambush and conspiracy against his celibacy. Do you even happen to know the etymology of this word *celibate*?

Cœlebs in Latin means "forlorn." It also comes from the Greek word *κοῦλος*, meaning "hollow, empty!"

Oh! you celibates—hollow, empty, forlorn!

I had scarcely heard my father decamp than I burst in on the princess, where I rolled about on her bed, combed Pacha's hair, patted Michel on the head, and in short talked so much nonsense that I am quite astounded to this hour.

O God, don't let me get to hate Pacha, the good lad! he is so upright!

They have been reading Poushkin out loud, and have talked about love.

Ah! I should like to ~~love~~, to know what it is like. Or have I ever loved already? In that case, love is a great misery, which one only takes up to—fling away.

"You will never love," said my father.

"If it were true," I replied, "I should thank Heaven for it."

I should like to, and yet I shouldn't. And yet in my dreams nevertheless *I do love*. Yes, but an imaginary hero.

As for A—? I love him? No; do people love like that? No. Even if he were not the Cardinal's nephew, if he

were not surrounded by priests, monks, ruins . . . and the Pope, I should not love him.

But there, what need is there to explain ? You know all about it, better than I do ; you know quite well that the operatic music and A—— in the *bareaccia* produced a charming effect ; and you ought also to be aware of the power of music. It was pastime, but not love.

When shall I love ? I am going to divert myself a while longer in bestowing the superfluous affection of my heart on all sides, in being enthusiastic, in crying—and all about trifles.

‘ Saturday, September 9th (August 28th).—The days slip away, and I am losing a precious portion of the best years of my life.

Family gatherings, delightful diversions, a gaiety of which I am the life and soul . . . And then I let Michel and the other man carry me in an arm-chair up and down the great staircase, admiring my shoes in the looking-glass on the way down, and every day the same.

Oh ! how wearisome it is ! Not a single intelligent remark, not a word such as one would get from a cultured man ! I am unfortunately a blue stocking, and I love to hear talk about the classics and science . . . Where can I get that here ? Cards and nothing else. I should shut myself up to read ; only, considering that my object here is to make myself liked, it would be rather an odd way of attaining it.

As soon as ever I settle down for the winter I shall begin to study again as I used to.

In the evening we had a squabble about servants with Paul. My father encouraged the valet. I reprimanded (that's the word) my father, and my father swallowed the reprimand. There's vulgarity for you ! However my journal

is full of it. I beg you to believe that I am not vulgar because I am vulgar and don't know any better. I adopted this hurried style to save time, and also because it is so expressive.

There was displeasure in the air; I was vexed, and my voice had those tremulous tones which forecast a storm.

Paul doesn't know how to behave himself, and I can see that as regards him my mother had good *cause* to feel unhappy.

Sunday, September 10th (August 29th).—My Royal Highness, my father, brother, and two cousins, set off to-day for Poltava.

I am perfectly satisfied with myself; everybody yields to me, flatters me, and, best of all, loves me. My father, who at first wanted to dethrone me, has now almost entirely come to see why sovereign honours are rendered to me as my due, and, with the exception of some slight puerile harshness which is natural to him, he renders them himself.

This man, usually so hard, so entirely a stranger to every domestic feeling, gives vent to outbursts of paternal tenderness towards me which astonish everybody about him. Paul has developed a twofold respect for me; and as I am kind to everybody, everybody likes me.

"You have changed so much since you came here," said my father to-day.

"In what way?"

"Well, h'm! . . . I mean that if you will get rid of certain unimportant angularities (I have them myself in my character), you will be all that can be desired—a perfect treasure."

In other words. . . Well, only those who really know the man can appreciate the significance of these words.

And this evening he took me in his arms and tenderly kissed me (a most unheard-of thing, according to Paul), and said—

“See, Michel, all of you, what a dear daughter I have! . . . Here is a girl worthy to be loved.”

“Am I not, papa? I am a treasure.”

“Michel, I promise you shall marry my daughter. Look forward to the honour. Perhaps she will be a princess of the blood.”

I am writing from Poltava. It has rained all day, and when we had to climb that diabolical mountain, which is half-way here, the horses almost refused to obey; so my father got on the box, and the coachman got down and ran by the side in the mud, and whipped up the horses to a gallop to prevent their having time to think about the difficulty. The noise of the bells, the crack of the whip, the shouts of the footman, the coachman, and papa, the mute astonishment of Chocolat—it was an exciting scene; it reminded me of a close race drawing to an end. We reached town at eight o'clock, and went straight to the prince's house. He had left at five o'clock this morning so that his house might be ready. It is a small house, very plain on the outside, but charming inside. Nothing was yet finished; the carpet was down the lamps, the plate glass, the beds, the wine, bought and arranged.

In all Russian houses there is a hall beyond the ante-room, and this hall is all white; then a delightful drawing-room, in dark red, and a bed-room for me, full of all needful and pleasing details, delicate attentions at every turn. Just imagine, on the dressing-table I found powder and rouge!

All this took up the time till seven o'clock. At seven o'clock it turned out that there was nothing to eat! And when we came in, Michel pretended that he had not expected us any longer, lied very awkwardly, and, owing to our pitiless chaffing, remained ill at ease all through dinner, which was

brought in from the club at about ten o'clock. Gilded champagne cups led me into temptation ; I took two, which heightened my beauty and loosened my tongue in a curious way, just enough to produce animation, though indeed I had been animated all day.

My father's plan has fallen through ; the people he wanted to introduce to me are out of town.

When we had got rid of Michel, we talked about the idiotic conduct of Gritz.

"What an ass he is!" I said to myself. "Just think of it," I remarked to my father and brother. "Is it likely, with my ambitions, after having read, studied, seen the world, I should go and marry M——?"

"H'm!" said my father, "yes, of course he is a fool."

And he looked at me, not knowing whether he ought to look contemptuous, or to say what I know he was thinking—

"M—— would be a very good match—even for you."

And now let me go to bed, in the bed which the prince made with his own hands.

"*Le ha fatto il letto!*" cried Amalia. "*Un principe! Dio! lei è proprio una regina!*"

At this moment I heard shrieks. . . . It was Amalia howling because Paul had opened the window which faces the gallery, and looked at her bathing. What a boy ! Pacha and the prince have been asleep a long time.

I have scarcely room for my MS. book—the table is so laden with phials, flagons, powder-boxes, brushes, sachets, &c.

Intoxicated by my success as a daughter, I said to myself, "Those who don't love me are clowns, and those who love me basely are scoundrels!"

Tuesday, September 12th (August 31st).—A day at Poltava, wonderful to say. Not knowing what else to do,

my father took me on foot about the town, and we had the luck to see Peter the Great's column in the middle of the public garden.

At midnight yesterday we left Poltava, and to-day, Tuesday, we are at Kharkoff. The journey was a pleasant one. We took a railway carriage by storm.

I was waked near Kharkoff by a bouquet from Prince Michel.

Kharkoff is a large town lighted by gas. The hotel we are at is "The Grand," and justifies its name. The landlord is Andrieux, and it provides every comfort. It is here, too, that the golden youth sup, lunch, dine, get drunk, and fraternise with the innkeeper, who notwithstanding does not presume. I wonder at that. They have queer customs here.

I had my hair dressed by Louis, another of those French torturers.

Then tea, and gingerbread

Yes, and I visited a menagerie, and the poor beasts shut up in cages made me feel sad.

I saw my uncle Nicholas, the youngest of the family, who pretends he is studying medicine. Poor uncle! he used to help me in old days to play with dolls, and I fought him and pulled his ears.

I kissed him, ready to cry. "Come in," I said, "no need of ceremony. Papa doesn't like you, but I do with all my heart. I am always the same, only a little bigger; that's all. Dear Nicholas, I can't ask you to lunch, because I am not alone, and there are all sorts of strangers about, but be sure and come back to-morrow."

I went into our private dining-room, quite upset.

"You needn't worry about it," said my father. "If you wished it, you could have asked him. Only I should have found an ingenious excuse for taking myself off."

"Father, you are unkind to-day. It is no use saying any more about it. That will do!"

My father's timidity gave way before my dry heat, and no more was said.

Thursday, September 14th (September 2nd).—Pacha's departure was talked about, as he came and went changing his guns, for he is a great hunter before the Lord, like Nimrod. My father begged him to stay; but when once his headstrong nature has said no, he won't abate an inch for anybody.

I have named him the Green Man, because his illusions are so youthful. I say quite frankly, because I am certain, that the Green Man looks upon me as something unique. I told him to stay.

"Don't ask me to stay, please," he said, "because I shan't be able to obey you."

I begged in vain, and I should not have been sorry to keep him, especially as I knew it was impossible.

At the station we found Lola, her mother, and uncle Nicholas, who had come to see me off.

There was an enormous crowd, because fifty-seven volunteers were leaving for Servia. I walked about the station, sometimes with Paul, sometimes with Lola, sometimes with Michel, Pacha—and, in fact, everybody in turn.

"Well, really, Pacha is not agreeable," said Lola, on learning what the matter was.

Then, constraining myself not to laugh, I went up to the Green Man and made him a little speech, looking very cold and offended. As the tears were in his eyes, and I felt inclined to laugh, I came away for fear of destroying the effect by laughing right out.

We could scarcely get about, and only reached our compartment with great difficulty.

I was diverted by this crowd after the country, and placed myself by the window. They pushed, and drove, and shouted, and I was looking on, when I stopped short, for all at once

there arose the sound of a choir of boys' voices, more beautiful and purer than any woman's. They were chanting an antheim, and seem'd like an angelic choir.

They were the Archbishop's choristers, praying for the volunteers.

Every one uncovered his head, and the tuneful voices in so divine a harmony took my breath away; and when they had finished, and I saw everybody clapping their hands and waving their hats and handkerchiefs, with eyes full of enthusiasm and chests heaving with emotion, I could but do likewise, and shout "Hurrah!" like them, and laugh and cry.

The shouts lasted several minutes, and did not cease 'till the choir struck up the Russian hymn, "*Boje, zaria chranii.*" But prayers for the Emperor sounded flat after those for the men who were going to face death in succouring their brothers.

And the Emperor leaves the Turks alone. Good God!

The train started in the midst of frantic shouts. Then I turned round, and saw Michel laughing, and heard my father say, "Dourak!" instead of "Hurrah!"

"Papa, Michel, is it possible? Why don't you cheer? Good heavens! what are you made of?"

"Aren't you going to say good-bye to me?" said Pacha, stiff and red.

The train was already moving.

"Good-bye, Pacha," I said, holding out my hand. He seized it and kissed it silently.

Michel is playing the jealous lover. I watch him when he looks at me for a long while, and then flings his hat on the ground and savagely takes himself off. I watch him and I laugh.

So I am back again at this detestable Poltava. I know Kharkoff much better, for I lived there a year before going to Vienna. I remember all the streets and all the shops.

This afternoon at the station I recognised a doctor who had attended grandmamma, and I went up and spoke to him.

He was surprised to find me grown up, although uncle Nicholas had already spoken of me in his hearing.

I want to go back to the South. "Know'st thou the land where the orange is in bloom?"—not Nice, but Italy

Friday, September 15th (September 3rd).—This morning Paul brought me little Étienne, uncle Alexander's son. I did not recognise him at first. I paid no attention to what amount of pleasure or the reverse the sight of a Babanine gave my father, but devoted myself to the pretty little lad.

At last my father took me to see the Poltava notabilities.

We went first to call on the Prefect's wife. She is a woman of the world, very pleasant indeed, so is the Prefect. He had a committee going on, but came in to the drawing-room, and told my father that committees did not count when there was such a charming young lady to be seen.

The Prefect's wife came with us as far as the ante-room, and then we resumed our search for desirable people.

We called on the Vice-Governor, on the principal of the institute for young ladies of the nobility, on Mme. Volkovitsky (Kotchoubey's daughter); the latter is very lady-like. Then I took a cab and went to see uncle Alexander, who is at the hotel here with his wife and children.

Oh, how nice to be among one's own people again! No fear of either criticism or scandal here. Perhaps my father's family seems to me cold and unsympathetic by contrast with ours, which is unusually intimate, united, and affectionate. ..

Talking now of business matters, now of love, and now of

scandal, I spent two very happy hours, at the end of which my father's messengers began to arrive. But as I told them I was not yet inclined to go, he came himself; and then I teased him for more than half an hour, dawdling, looking for pins, my handkerchief, &c. &c.

However, we started at last, and when I thought he had calmed down a little I said—

“ We have been guilty of great courtesy.”

“ What courtesy ? ”

“ We have been to see everybody except Mme. M——, who knows mamma, and who knew me as a child.”

This remark led to a conversation, ending in a refusal.

As the Prefect asked me how long I was going to stay with my father, I said I hoped to take him back with me.

“ You heard what the Prefect said when you said you wanted to take me back with you ? ” inquired the illustrious author of my being.

“ What was that ? ”

“ He said I should have to get a permit from the Minister as a *maréchal de la noblesse*.”

“ Very well, then, be quick and ask him for it, so that nothing may detain us here too long.”

“ Very well.”

“ Then you are coming with me ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Speaking seriously ? ”

“ Yes.”

It was past eight o'clock, and the darkness of the carriage allowed me to say all I wanted without my wretched face interfering.

Saturday, September 16th (September 4th).—Notwithstanding all, I remain pleased. The flattery of the Governor and his wife has raised me in my father's estimation. Besides, he

is flattered by the effect I produce; and I am not sorry myself when they say, "You know, Bashkirtseff's daughter is a great beauty." (Poor creatures! can they never have seen anything!)

Sunday, September 17th.—Gavronzi.—While awaiting my future celebrity I have been shooting, in masculine attire, with a game-bag slung round my neck.

We—my father, Paul, the prince, and I—started about two o'clock in a waggonette.

Now, I find it hard work to give a description because I don't know the names of—of anything that belongs to sport—the briars, the reeds, the grasses, the wood so thick that we could scarcely get through it, the branches which belaboured us on all sides, and a beautifully fresh air; no sun, and a sprinkle of rain especially made to charm sportsmen—when they are hot.

We walked on and on and on.

I walked round a little lake with my gun loaded and ready to fire, hoping every moment to see a duck rise. But nothing did. I was already asking myself whether I should not fire off my gun at the lizards that were darting over my feet, or at Michel, who was walking behind me, and whose eyes, I could feel, were fixed upon my person in masculine garb with the most guilty thoughts.

I found the happy mean—the happy mean that France cannot find—I killed a raven which was perched on the top of an oak without thinking of any such thing, especially as it was devoting its attention to my father and Michel, who were lying in the middle of the glade.

I pulled the feathers out of his tail and made myself a tuft.

The others did not shoot once; they did nothing but walk.

Paul killed a thrush, and that was the sum of our shooting.

If a mother who thinks her child dead, and dead through her fault, who is not certain it is dead, and dare not speak of it for fear of finding her fears well founded—if she suddenly finds again her lamented child who has caused her so much agony, so many doubts, and so much pain, that mother ought to be happy. It seems to me that her feeling must be very much the same as mine when I recover my voice after each attack of hoarseness.

After laughing very heartily in the drawing-room, I stopped for a moment, and all at once *found I could sing.*

I owe this to Dr. Walitzky's remedy.

Tuesday, September 19th.—I am depressed with hearing accusations against my relatives, which hurt me without my being able to take umbrage. I could easily stop my father's mouth if it wasn't for this miserable dread of losing my end by doing so. . . . He is kind to me—I am very good to say so. How could he be otherwise towards a daughter who is clever, well read, pleasant, gentle, and good-tempered (for I am all that at present, and he has said so himself), who asks him for nothing, who has come to pay him a graceful visit, and who gratifies his vanity in every way?

When I got back to my room, I wanted to fling myself on the floor and cry. I restrained myself, however, and it passed off. That is what I shall always do. You must not allow insignificant people the power of making you suffer. When I suffer, I lose my self-respect. I hate to think that So-and-so has had the power to hurt me.

Never mind. Notwithstanding everything, life is still the best thing there is in the world.

Friday, September 22nd.—Certainly, I am having enough of it! The country enervates, stupefies me. I told my father

so ; and when I said that I should like to marry a king, he began proving to me that it was impossible, and renewing his attacks on my family. I did not agree with him. (Granting even that you can say certain things to yourself, you mustn't let other people say them.)

I told him that Madame T—— had invented all that. I don't spare her, this good aunt of mine, and I have taken the right steps to undermine her influence.

Oh, Rome ! the Pincio rising like an island above the Campagna intersected with aqueducts, the Porto del Popolo, the obelisk, the churches of Cardinal Gastolo (one on each side of the entrance to the Corso), the Corso, the Palazzo della Repubblica Veneziana ; then the sombre and narrow streets, the palaces blackened by the passage of centuries, the ruins of a little temple of Minerva, and last, not least, the Coliseum ! I seem to see it all. I shut my eyes and I cross the city, I visit the ruins, I see

I am just the opposite of those who say that "Out of sight is out of mind." Even when an object is barely out of my sight, it acquires a two-fold value ; I see all its details, I admire, I love it,

I have travelled a good deal, and have seen many towns, but only two have thoroughly roused my enthusiasm.

The first is Baden-Baden, where I passed two summers when a child ; I still remember those lovely gardens.

The second is Rome. Rome gives one a very different impression ; but, if possible, a stronger one.

Rome is like certain people whom you don't care for at first, but for whom your liking gradually increases. That is why affection of this kind is so solid, and grows very dear without any loss of passion.

I love Rome ; Rome only.

And Saint Peter's !—Saint Peter's when a ray of sunlight pierces through the roof and falls on the pavement making

deep shadows and long streaks of light, as even as the architecture of its columns and its altars. A ray of sunlight which, with the help of these shadows only, erects a temple of light within this temple of marble !

I close my eyes and am transported to Rome and it is night, and to-morrow the "hippopotamuses" will come from Poltava. I must be beautiful I will be

The country has done me an immense deal of good ; my complexion has never been so clear and fresh.

Rome ! and I am not going to Rome ? Why not ? Because I do not wish to. And if you knew what this resolve has cost me, you would be sorry for me. Come I am weeping for it.

Sunday, September 24th, 1876.—It is beginning to get cold, and it went considerably against the grain to have myself called at seven o'clock. At eight I was still trying to snatch a few last moments, and at nine I was in the dining-room, my black velvet cap on my head, and my black riding-habit tucked up to show my monogram embroidered on the top of my boots.

All the sportsmen were there—Kamenski, a Porthos ; Volkovitski, a fury from *Iphigenia in Tauris* ; Pavelka, a horrid lawyer ; Salko, a frightful architect ; Schwabé, the owner of seventeen setters ; Lioubowitch, a *Tchinovnik*, almost as huge a creature as Kamenski ; a man whose name I don't know ; my father, Michel, and Paul.

The whole lot were examining their guns, discussing cartridges, drinking tea, and exchanging jokes which were as insipid as they were vulgar. I except my father and our two youths.

I took my place beside my father and our two guns : four carriages followed close behind.

Do you know how a wolf-hunt is conducted in Russia ?

In the first place, pardon me if I commit unsportsmanlike solecisms, for I don't know one word about it.

Well, this is what takes place:—Notice of the hunt is given a week before to the district by the Starosta or bailiff, in order to get enough men to come. There was a fair on at Poltava, so only a hundred and twenty came. There are more than two hundred men, and the nets were set over a space of six or eight kilometres. Prince Kotchoubey sent his nets, as he could not come to the meet himself.

I was shivering. My father placed us all, without distinction, on each side of the road, counted us, and divided us into two parties—the armed and the unarmed. There were about a score among the peasants who had guns; to the others they distributed pikes—that is to say, long sticks with an iron fleur-de-lys at the end, as among the ancient Gauls. These pikes are intended to kill, in a cowardly way, the beast which is caught in the nets.

The nets are set in such a way as to catch the animal, frightened by the shouts of the men, as soon as it passes beyond the hunters who are lying in wait in the front.

The hunt is just beginning. The mounted Polish intendant, in an oil-cloth cap shaped like a helmet, and with his pike in hand—the said pike rising above his head and touching the ground, notwithstanding his being on horseback—gallops hither and thither, and does nothing.

I load my gun, adjust my game-bag (which contains a handkerchief and a pair of gloves), cough . . . and then I am ready.

So here I am, alone, in the middle of the forest, with a gun loaded and ready in my hands, dampness in my feet, and cold everywhere. My steel-tipped heels were sinking into the ground, which was sodden with yesterday's rain, and increased the cold and hindered my walking. What do you think I did as soon as I was alone? Oh! it was very simple. First

of all I looked to see what was to be seen through the trees: only a cold and grey sky. Next I looked round me, and saw high trees already touched with the autumn tints. Then, noticing my father's cloak on the ground, I stretched myself on it, and began to think . . . just at this moment I felt something warm close to me . . . I turned round . . . Heavens! . . . three animals! dear caressing creatures—the great black dog and two black puppies, Jonk I. and Jonk II.

At last I heard a gun-shot—the signal—and immediately afterwards, in the distance, the shouts of our peasants. I got wider awake the nearer they came; and when they came near enough to make one feel as one always does when a number of people are yelling all together even in laughter, I stood up, sprang to my gun, and pricked up my ears. The shouts came nearer, and I already heard them beating the bushes with their pikes to increase the racket.

At every moment I seemed to hear crackling in the brush-wood, for wolves prefer thick coverts.

The shouts still increased, and when the first of the men came in sight, my heart was beating in jerks, and I even think I trembled for a moment. However, the men were not driving anything in front of them; the nets had been empty. After inspecting them they found nothing in them but a poor hare, which the giant KamenSKI killed with a kick—abominable brute!

They congratulated each other on the general luck, and walked in good spirits to the plain, where, under a hay or straw stack, they sat down to eat pickled things and to drink brandy. The peasants were regaled with roast mutton, pies, and brandy. That may sound grand, but it's quite customary in Russia.

Those good animals—I mean, men—looked curiously at the creature half woman and half men—or, rather, the woman with a gun—who smiled openly at them. My

father talked to them about the law concerning horses ; I thought he was haranguing them on behalf of Servia.

When we had rested we went back to the dark wood ; but as they were hunting hares instead of wolves, we had to go walking on and on, following the twenty-nine dogs with the hunter whom Prince Kotchoubey had sent yesterday.

The sun came out, and I should have been in good spirits if fatigue had not taken the place of dampness. After walking for two hours we did not see a single hare's tail. I got impatient, and finding our carriage I came home with my father *al paterno tetto*. I had myself rubbed down with scent, dressed, and came down-stairs to rejoin the others, who had brought home three hares.

I was looking adorable (always relatively speaking, in so far as I can be lovely) ; but it was quite thrown away—not one of those monsters resembled a man.

With peasants I am frank and familiar ; with my equals in education I can be pleasant enough, I think ; but with boors like these ! To avoid having to talk to them, I played at cards, and lost a hundred francs to the giant.

Then they played again, and I went into the library to write a letter to a horse-dealer at Petersburg. As usual, the prince followed me ; and after having begged me to give him my hand to kiss, which I did, even without much reluctance, the youth looked at me, sighed, and asked how old I was.

“Sixteen.”

“Very well, when you are five-and-twenty I shall court you.”

“Ah, very well.”

“And then you will repulse me as you do now.”

This brilliant day ended with a concert on the stairs. My voice—the half of it, that is—transported them ; but I

believe that they didn't understand it a bit, and admired haphazard.

Monday, September 23rd.—My father fetched me into the gallery to see the bridal of some peasants who had come to pay their respects. They were married yesterday. The man wore the usual dress—black boots up to the knees, loose dark trousers, and a *swita*, or kind of coat, gathered at the waist, of undyed maroon cloth woven by the women of the district, the shirt embroidered, with the plastron exposed, and a coloured tie instead of the buttonhole.

The woman had on a skirt and a bodice like the man's in cut; but of a softer colour. And instead of having her hair dressed with flowers and ribbons like the girls, her head was swathed in a silk handkerchief, hiding her hair and even her forehead, but leaving the ears and neck exposed.

They went into the dining-room, followed by the grooms-men, the bridesmaids, and those who had arranged the marriage.

The husband and wife bent the knee thrice before my father.

Wednesday, September 27th.—When I talk to my father, I adopt a laughing tone, so that I can say what I like. He was hurt by my last remark the day before yesterday.

He complains; he says he has led a foolish life, that he has pleased himself, but that he feels something lacking, that he is not happy . . .

I laughed at his sigh, and said, "With whom are you in love now?"

"Do you want to know?"

And here he blushed so red that he threw his arms round his head to hide his face.

"Yes, I do. Who is it?"

"With mamma."

And as his voice shook, I was so touched that I burst out laughing to hide it.

"I knew you would not understand me'" he exclaimed.

"Forgive me, but really this romantic matrimonial passion is so unlike you"

"Because you do not know me! But I swear, I swear it is true—before this picture of my grandmother, before this cross, my father's blessing;" and he crossed himself before the picture and the cross which hung above the bed.

"Perhaps it is," he went on, "because I always imagine her to myself young, as she was then—because I see with the imagination of the past. When they separated us, I was like a madman; I went on a pilgrimage on foot to pray to the Virgin of Ahtirna. But they say that this Virgin brings you ill-luck; and it is quite true, for the breach got worse after that. And then—shall I say it? . . . you will laugh . . . when you were living at Kharkoff, I went there alone by stealth. I took a cab, and I watched your lodgings; I stopped there a whole day to see *her* pass, and then I came back without having been seen."

"If that were true, it would be very touching," said I.

"Tell me . . . since we are talking about mamma . . . Is it that . . . has she any aversion for me?"

"Aversion? No; why should she? Not at all."

"You know . . . sometimes . . . people have . . . insuperable antipathies to each other."

"No, no indeed!"

After which we had a long talk about it.

I spoke of her as the saint she always is, ever since the time when I remember to have understood.

It was late; I was going to sleep. Had I been in

my own room, I should have had my supper, written, and read.

This morning at eight o'clock we were going to start for Poltava, when in came Mme. Hélène K—, Pacha's mother, an amiable hunchback, somewhat affected.

We had tea together, and then we started. My father has been summoned to Poltava to take the chair.

It is cold, and rains occasionally. I went for a walk, and then adjourned to the photographer's. I posed as a peasant girl—standing, sitting, and lying asleep.

We met G—

"Have you seen my daughter?" asked my father.

"Yes, Monsieur, I have seen the—"

"A better one was never created, was there? There is none better, and there never has been."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, but there was a time when Olympus existed."

"Ah! Monsieur G— you are a payer of compliments, I see."

The gentleman is rather ugly, rather dark, rather agreeable, fit for good society, somewhat of an adventurer, somewhat of a gambler—a respectable man on the whole. At Poltava he passes for very well informed and very gentlemanly.

The first touch of cold has forced me to put on my winter furs. Put away as they had been, they kept the scent which they had at Rome; this scent, these furs . . .

Have you ever noticed that you only need a perfume, a sound, a colour, to transport you in fancy to any place whatever? . . . To pass the winter at Paris? Oh no! . . .

Thursday, September 28th.—I am bored till I cry; I want to go away; I am unhappy here. I am losing my time, my life; I am wretched, I am getting mouldy, I suffer, I am *set on edge*. Ah, that's the phrase!

This life gives me the horrors. O Lord Jesus, save me from this!

Friday, September 29th.—I was in despair yesterday; I seemed to be chained to Russia for ever; it worked me up till I was ready to climb over the wall; and I cried bitterly.

Pacha's mother worries me. Why? Because she has made several remarks which show me that her son has been talking to her of me in very high terms. And when at last I insisted on her making him come, she said, half in joke and half seriously—

“No, no, he must stay where he is. You are bored here, and as you have nothing to do, you tease him; he came back to me quite crushed and bewildered.”

To which I replied with much candour—

“I don't think Pacha is the man to take offence at a few friendly jokes. If I joke and tease him a little, it is because he is my near relative—almost my brother.”

She looked at me for some time, and then said—

“Do you know what is the height of folly?”

“No.”

“Falling in love with Moussia.”

Instinctively connecting this remark with sundry others, I blushed up to my ears.

Sunday, October 1st.—Yesterday we went to see Prince Sergius Kotchoubey.

My father made himself smart—so smart that his gloves were just a little too tight.

I was in white, as at the Naples races; only I had a hat made entirely of black feathers, of the fashionable classic shape in Russia, which I don't like, but which is fitting to the occasion.

The prince's country place is eight kilometres from

Gavronzi, the famous Dikanka whose praises have been sung by Pouschkine at the same time as the loves of Mazeppa and Marie Kotchoubey. The property has been much improved by Prince Victor Pavlovitch Kotchoubey, the Chancellor of the Empire and a remarkable statesman, the father of the present prince.

In point of garden, park, and buildings, Dikanka might rival the Borghese and Doria villas at Rome. Apart from the iniinitable ruins of antiquity at Rome, which you can't get elsewhere, Dikanka is perhaps even richer; almost a little town in itself, simply the house and its offices, to say nothing of the peasants' cabins. I was astounded to find a dwelling like this in the midst of Little Russia. What a pity! Its very existence is unknown. There are courts, stables, workshops, machinery, factories. Building, manufacturing, and improving, are the prince's hobby. But as soon as the door is opened, all likeness to Italy disappears. The ante-room is mean compared to the rest. It gives you merely the idea of a nobleman's house; but as to the splendour, the stateliness, and the divine art which entrance you in Italian palaces—nothing at all. The prince is a man of fifty or fifty-five; a widower for, I think, the last two years—a type of the Russian lord, one of the ancient *régime* whom we are beginning to regard as animals belonging to a different species to ourselves.

His mien and his conversation put me out a little at first, stupefied as I am at present, but after five minutes I was quite happy.

He gave me his arm, and took me to see his chief pictures, and through the large rooms. The dining-room is magnificent. I was given the place of honour on the right, and on my left were the prince and my father. Beyond him again were several people who were not introduced, and who came in and humbly took their seats—the feudal dependants of the Middle Ages.

Everything went on capitally, when I felt suddenly unwell and got giddy; I rose, and indeed the meal was just over.

We went into the Moorish drawing-room, where after having sat down I nearly fainted. They showed me pictures, statuettes, the portrait and blood-stained shirt of Prince Basil. (The shirt is hanging in a cupboard, with the portrait for a door.) I was taken to see the horses, but I could not look at anything, and we had to leave.

Saturday, October 14th.—I have got some dresses from Paris. I dressed, and went out with Paul.

Poltava is a more interesting town than one would think. In the first place, as regards sights, there is the little church of Peter the Great. It is wooden, with a brick casing to preserve it; between this sheath and the walls of the church a man can easily pass.

Just by the side of the church is the column put up on the spot where the Emperor condescended to sit down on a stone and rest, after gaining the battle of June, 1709. The column is of bronze.

I went into the old wooden church, knelt down, and touched the floor with my forehead three times. They say that if you do this in a church where you are for the first time your prayer will be granted.

Continuing my search for the sights, I went to see the great convent of Poltava.

It is on the top of the second hill. Poltava is built on two hills.

There is nothing in particular there except the wonderfully-carved wooden screen before the choir.

My ancestor, grandpapa Babanine's father, is buried there. I paid my reverence to his tomb.

Tuesday, October 17th.—We were playing croquet.

“Pacha, what would you do to the person who has hurt me—cruelly hurt me?”

“I would kill him,” said Pacha, simply.

“You have fine words on your tongue; but you are joking, Pacha.”

“Are you?”

They call me the devil, the tempest, the evil spirit, the hurricane; I have been all that since yesterday.

I only quieted down a little so as to deliver the most contradictory opinions concerning love.

My cousin’s notions are of ideal grandeur; Dante might have borrowed from him his divine love for Beatrice.

“Of course I shall fall in love,” he said; “but I shall not marry.”

“Look here, Green Man, people who say such things get thrashed.”

“Because,” he added, “I should like my love to endure for ever—at any rate, in imagination; retaining its divine purity and vehemence. . . . Marriage extinguishes love, just because it sets it going.”

“Oh, oh!” said I.

“Quite right,” said his mother; while the fierce orator got red and collapsed, overcome by his own words.

And in the middle of all that I was looking at myself in the glass, and cutting my hair, which had grown too long on my forehead.

“Here,” I said to the Green Man, throwing him a little tuft of golden-brown threads, “you can have this for a keepsake.”

He not only took the hair, but his look and his voice faltered; and as I wanted to take it again, he looked at me very queerly, like a child who has got hold of a toy and thinks it a treasure.

I gave my cousin *Corinne* to read, and he departed.

Corinne and Lord Melvil are crossing the bridge of

Sant' Angelo. . . . "It was when I was coming over this bridge," said Lord Melvil, "returning from the Capitol, that I thought long about you for the first time." Really, I don't know what there is in this sentence . . . but yesterday evening it made me literally faint . . . and it always does whenever I open the book.

Has not somebody said something of the kind to me ?

The words are quite simple; but there is some magic about them. Is it their simplicity, or some association ?

Friday, October 20th.—At eight o'clock in the morning, with the sky clouded and the black ground lightly powdered with snow, like Mme. B——'s face, we were already out coursing. Michel brought over his pack of harriers. As soon as I got into the fields I mounted, without taking off my pelisse, which I fastened round my waist with a strap. Three dogs in a leash were assigned me.

The frost, the snow, the horses, and the fine heads of the dogs, filled me with joy ; I was in ecstasy.

Pacha, on horseback by my side, was very agreeable, which doesn't become him at all, and puts me out. . . . Yet no ; his fluctuations of temper are not to be despised.

"Pacha, there is some one who is dreadfully in my way (don't be alarmed ; it isn't my aunt T——), and I should like to politely annihilate that person."

"Very well ; command me."

"Really ?"

"Try."

"On your honour ? And you won't tell any one ?"

"On my honour, not to anybody."

Owing to these few words, there is a sort of bond at present between the Green Man and me.

We had to talk in a low voice, in English, when his mother was not there.

Pacha wanted to go on being agreeable ; so I gave him

both my hands to kiss, and a poem of Victor Hugo to read, and I treat him like the brother he is.

Monday, October 23rd.—Yesterday we squeezed ourselves into a six-horsed vehicle, and started for Poltava.

We had a pleasant journey.

My tears, as I was leaving the paternal roof, caused general effusiveness; and Pacha exclaimed that he was madly in love.

“I swear it is true!” he cried; “but I am not going to say with whom.”

“If you are not in love with me,” I cried, “I curse you!”

My feet were cold, so he took off his pelisse and covered them up with it.

“Pacha, swear to tell me the truth.”

“Very well.”

“With whom are you in love?”

“Why?”

“I am interested. We are relatives; I am curious to know . . . and, besides, it amuses me.”

“It amuses you; that’s it.”

“Of course; but don’t take the word in a bad sense. I am interested in you because you are a good fellow.”

“You know very well that you are joking, and that you will laugh at me afterwards.”

“I give you my hand and my word that I am not joking.” But my face was laughing. “With whom are you in love?”

“You.”

“Really and truly?”

“On my word. I never talk like the people in novels. Is it necessary to fall on your knees, and utter a heap of tomfoolery?”

“Oh, my dear fellow, you are parodying some one, I know.”

"As you like, Moussia; but I am speaking the truth."

"But what nonsense it is!"

"Of course; that is just what I like about it. It is a hopeless love—what I wanted. I wanted to suffer, to worry myself; and then, when the person in question has gone away, I shall have something to think about, something to regret. I shall be a martyr, and then I shall be happy."

"Oh, green man!"

"Green man? Green man?"

"We are brother and sister."

"No; cousins."

"Well, it's all the same."

"Oh no it isn't."

Then I began to tease my lover. (Always the lover that I don't want!) I sent Pacha back to Gavronzi, and started with Paul. At the station we saw Count M——, who showed me several small attentions there, and in the carriage.

They woke me up at the third station, and I passed, half asleep, in front of the count, to hear him say to me—

"I kept awake on purpose to see you pass."

I was met at Tcherniakovka, and I immediately went to bed, thoroughly done up.

Étienne and Alexander, and their wives and children, came, and found me in bed. I want to go back to my own people. I feel better already, now that I am here. When I get there, I shall be all right.

I have seen my nurse Martha.

Thursday, October 24th.—I did not have any childhood, but the house in which I lived when I was quite little is sympathetic, if not dear to me. I know everybody and everything there. The servants—going down from father to son, who have grown grey in our service—were astonished to

find me so grown up; and I should delight in some pleasurable reminiscences, if my mind were not poisoned by other preoccupations.

They called me Mouche, Mouka; and as I could not aspire the Russian "h!" I said Moucha, like the French, meaning, "martyrdom." A lugubrious coincidence!

I dreamed of A—— for the first time since Nice.

Dominica and her daughter arrived in the evening of the same day, in answer to a note I sent them. We stopped a long while in the dining-room, which opens into the drawing-room by an undraped archway.

My Agrippina dress was a great success. I walked up and down as I sang, so as to get over the fear which always comes upon me when I sing.

Why should I write? What have I to tell? I must bore my readers to death Patience!

Sixtus V. was nothing but a swineherd, and Sixtus V. became Pope! To go back.

Lola seemed to bring a breath of Roman air with her . . . I imagined that we were coming back from the opera or the Pincio.

Grandpapa's enormous library gives you a vast choice of curious and rare books. I have selected some to read with Lola.

Thursday, October 26th.—Blessings on the railway! We are at Kharkoff, with the famous hotel-keeper Andrieux. We started on horses thirty years old—grandpapa's horses. And our departure was as good as a firework display, in its simple pleasant gaiety. We breathe differently when we are with people who only have kindly feelings towards you.

My anger is gone, and I am dreaming of Pietro again. At the theatre I was not listening to the play; I was dreaming. But then I am at the age which dreams about

anything whatever, so long as it can only dream about something.

Ought I to go to Rome, or work at Paris? Russia, under the present circumstances, is intolerable. My father summons me by telegraph.

Saturday, October 27th.—When I got back to our old nest from Tcherniakow, I found a letter from papa. And all the evening Alexander and his wife did nothing but advise me to take him with me to Rome.

"You can do it," said Nadine; "do it; it will be a real piece of good fortune."

I replied in monosyllables, for I made a sort of promise to myself not to speak about that to anybody.

When I got in, I took down one by one all the images of saints covered with gold or silver; I shall put them in my oratory *over there*.

Sunday, October 29th (October 17th).—I have taken down the pictures, as I did the saints' images. There is a Veronese, so called, and a Dolci; but I shall find out what they are at Nice. When I was once set going, I wished to take everything. Uncle Alexander seemed displeased; but that was all the difficulty. When once I had *started*, I was all right.

Nadine has the neighbouring schools under her charge. She has with admirable energy undertaken the work of civilising our peasants.

I went out with Nadine this morning to see her school, and then I tired myself out in sorting out my old clothes, and giving them away right and left. A crowd of women turned up, each one of whom had been our servant, or had something to do with the house; I was obliged to give them something.

I don't suppose I shall ever see Tcherniakow again. I

spent a long time in wandering from one room to another, which gave me a great deal of pleasure. People laugh at those who find sweet memories in furniture and pictures which greet you and bid you farewell—who seem to see friends in these pieces of stuff and wood which, by dint of serving us and being constantly under our eyes, take a share of our life, and become a part of our very being.

Laugh away! The most subtle feelings are the most easily turned into ridicule. And where ridicule reigns, the finest delicacy of feeling disappears.

Wednesday, November 1st.—As soon as Paul went out, I found myself alone with that good and praiseworthy being whose name is Pacha.

“ Well, do you like me still ? ”

“ Ah ! Moussia, how can a man tell you so ! ”

“ Why, straightforwardly. Why this reticence ? Why can’t you be simple and frank ? I won’t laugh at you. If I do laugh, it is simply from nervousness—and nothing else. Then you don’t like me any more ? ”

“ Why ? ”

“ Ah ! because . . . because . . . I don’t remember.”

“ It is impossible to talk of these things.”

“ If I don’t please you, you may as well say so ; you are quite frank enough for that, and I am indifferent enough . . . Come, is it my nose ? my eyes ? ”

“ Any one can see that you have never loved.”

“ Why ? ”

“ Because directly you analyse features, either the nose surpasses the eyes, or the eyes the mouth. . . . All that means that you do not love.”

“ Quite true. Who told you so ? ”

“ No one.”

“ Ulysses ? ”

"No," he answered. "I don't know what I like best . . . I will tell you frankly . . . it is your air, your manner—above all, your character."

"It is a good one?"

"Yes, unless you are acting, which one can't be always doing."

"True again . . . and my face?"

"It has beauties . . . of the sort called classical."

"Yes, I know. And then?"

"Then? There are some women we see pass by whom we think pretty, and then think no more about them. . . But there are other faces which . . . are pretty and charming . . . which leave a vivid impression behind, an agreeable feeling . . . a fascinating one."

"Quite so . . . and then?"

"What an inquisitor you are!"

"I am improving the occasion by learning a little about what people think of me. I shall not meet another in a hurry whom I can question like this without compromising myself. Now, how did this feeling come upon you—suddenly or gradually?"

"Gradually."

"H'm!"

"It is all the better. It is more solid. What you love in a day you leave off loving in a day; while—"

"Rhyme it . . . 'the other endures alway.'"

"Yes, alway."

Our conversation lasted a good deal longer, and my feelings of respect went up for this man whose love has the reverence of a religion, and who has never sullied it with a single profane word or look.

"Do you like to talk about love?" I asked all of a sudden.

"No; it is profanation to talk of it lightly."

"But it's amusing."

"*Amusing!*" he cried out.

"Ah! Pacha, life is a great misery. . . . Have I ever been in love?"

"Never," he replied.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because of your character; you can only love capriciously. . . . To-day a man, to-morrow a dress, the next day a cat."

"I am delighted to have people think so. And you, my dear brother, have you ever been in love?"

"I told you I have. Yes, I told you so. You know it."

"No, no; I don't mean that," I replied, quickly, "but ever before?"

"No."

"That is strange. Now and then I think I am wrong, and have taken you for more than you are."

We then talked of indifferent matters, and I went up to my room. There is a—no, we won't call him an excellent man, the disenchantment would be too unpleasant. He declared to me a little while ago that he should go into the army—"To win glory, I tell you, frankly."

Well, this remark coming straight from the heart, half timid, half bold, and true as truth, gave me great pleasure. Perhaps I am flattering myself, but it seems to me that ambition was unknown to him. I can recall what a strange effect my first talk of ambition produced on him, and one day, when I was talking of this while painting, the Green Man suddenly got up and began to pace the room, muttering—

"Oh! one must do something—one must do something!"

Thursday, November 2nd.—My father cavils at me about everything. Over and over again I feel inclined to send everything to the devil; but I restrain myself a hundred times, which hurts me unspeakably.

It took me a world of trouble to get him to Poltava this evening. There was a gathering of the nobility, at which a quartet-player was giving a concert. I wanted to go, in order to show myself, and had no end of obstacles to overcome. As if it weren't enough not to have procured me the least pleasure, to have sent away those who might have been my companions on equal terms, to have turned a deaf ear to all my hints, and even my open request, about a wretched amateur play! As if that weren't enough! And here after three months of coaxing, of pretty caresses, of clever talk, of amiability, I get a determined opposition to my going to this miserable concert. That wasn't all, for I gained my point; but then I got a lecture on the choice of my dress. He thought fit to impose a woollen dress on me—a walking-dress! How petty all that is, how unworthy of intelligent beings!

I did not absolutely need my father—I had Nadine and Alexander, Paul and Pacha—but I took him with me by a whim, and to my great discomfort.

My father thought I looked too smart, so I had another lecture; he was afraid I should look too different from the Poltava ladies, and now he begged me to put on something else—he who had besought me to dress like this at Kharkoff! The result was a pair of mittens torn to pieces, eyes flashing fury, a diabolical temper, and—no change in my get-up. We came in when the concert was half over—I on my father's arm, and my head in the air like a woman who knows she will be admired. . . . Nadine, Paul, and Pacha followed. I walked past Mme. Abaza without taking any heed of her, and we took our seats in the first row by her side.

I had been to call on Mlle. Dietrich, who, now that she was Mme. Abaza, did not return my call. I bore myself with a haughty insolence, and took no notice of her, notwithstanding all her looks. We were soon surrounded by everybody. All

the noodles of the club, which is under the same roof, came into the room "to look on."

The concert was soon over, and we departed with our home escort.

"Did you bow to Mme. Abaza?" my father kept asking.

"No."

And thereupon I gave him a piece of my mind, and advised him to be less contemptuous towards other people, and to look at home first.

I cut him to the quick, so that he went back to the club, and came to tell me that the Abaza was appealing to all the hotel servants, declaring that she had called on me the very day before with her niece.

Otherwise, my father was radiant; he had been loaded with compliments on my account.

Saturday, November 4th (October 23rd).—I ought to have foreseen that my father would seize on all chances, great or small, of revenging himself on his wife. I did, indeed, tell myself so vaguely, but I trusted in God's goodness. Mamma is not to blame; no one can live with such a man. His true nature revealed itself suddenly. Now I know.

It has been snowing all day; the ground is white, and the trees covered with hoar-frost, producing towards evening tints of the most exquisite softness. I should like to plunge right into that greyish mist over the forest, it looks like a different world.

But the even balance of the carriage, the sweet scent of the first fall of snow; the mists of the evening—all those calming influences failed to allay my starts of indignation at the recollection of A—, a recollection which dogs my steps like a wild beast, and which will not give me a moment's peace.

When we got home, we were scarcely in the drawing-

room when my father began to nag at me, and then, seeing that I did not reply, he cried out—

“Your mother says that I am to finish my days in the country with her! ‘Never!’”

To reply would have meant quitting the place that moment. This final sacrifice, I thought, and then at least I shall have done all; I shall have nothing to reproach myself with. I remained seated, and said not a word; but I shall long remember that moment, when my blood seemed to cease to flow, and my heart to stop beating, only to palpitate afterwards like a bird in agony.

I sat down at the table with a deliberate air, still holding my peace. My father saw his mistake, and began to find fault with everything, and to scold the servants, so as to have an after-excuse for his irritation.

All at once he sat down on the edge of my arm-chair, and put his arms round me. I immediately freed myself.

“Oh no!” I said, in a firm tone—without the slightest tearfulness this time—“I won’t stop near you.”

“Yes, do!”

And he tried to turn it into a joke.

“But it is I who ought to be angry,” he added.

“Therefore I am not. . . .”

Tuesday, November 7th.—I have broken my looking-glass! Death or a great misfortune! This superstition freezes me; and when I look out of window, everything is more freezing still. Everything is white under a pearl-grey sky. I have not seen such a picture for a long while.

Paul, with natural youthful eagerness to show off a new thing to a new-comer, had a little sledge harnessed, and triumphantly took me for a drive. This sledge has no business whatever to call itself so; it consists of a few miserable pieces of wood nailed together, filled with hay, and covered over with a piece of carpet. The horse, being very

near, kicked up the snow into our faces and down our sleeves, into my slippers, and into my eyes. The icy dust covered the three rows of lace on my head, and, drifting into the folds, froze there.

"You told me to come abroad the same time as you," the Green Man suddenly observed.

"Yes; not from a whim. You would do me a kindness by coming, and yet you won't! You never do anything for me. Who will you do it for, then?"

"Oh, you know very well why I can't come!"

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do; you know that if I were to go with you I should be seeing you the whole time, and that it pains me awfully."

"Why?"

"Because . . . I love you."

"But you would be so useful to me if you came."

"I be useful to you?"

"Yes."

"No; I can't come . . . I will look at you from afar. And if you only knew," he went on in a low and heart-rending tone, "if you only knew how I suffer sometimes! . . ."

"You will forget me."

"Never!"

"What then?"

There was no longer any trace of raillery in my tone; I was touched.

"I don't know," said he; "but I find this state of things intolerable."

"Poor thing! . . ."

I checked myself immediately; this tone of pity is insulting.

Why is it so delightful to hear avowals of the sufferings we cause? The more a man suffers for love of you, the happier you are.

“Come with us; my father will not take Paul away with him. Come!”

“I”

“You cannot—we know that. I will not ask you again. That’s enough.”

I assumed the air of an inquisitor, or of a person who is preparing to enjoy a bit of mischief.

“Then I have the honour of being your first love? Capital! You are telling lies.”

“Because my voice does not change, and I do not weep! I have an iron will; that’s all.”

“And I, who wished to give you . . . something.”

“What?”

“This!”

And I showed him a little image of the Virgin, hanging by a white ribbon round my neck.

“Give it to me.”

“You don’t deserve it.”

“Ah, Moussia!” said he, with a sigh, “I assure you that I deserve it. I feel the attachment of a dog for you—a boundless devotion . . .”

“Come, young man, and I will give you my blessing.”

“Your blessing?”

“My true benediction. My object in making you talk thus is to get some idea of the feelings of those who love; for, supposing I should some day set about falling in love . . . well, it will be very needful for me to know the symptoms.”

“Give me that image,” said the green young man, who did not take his eyes off it. He knelt on the chair, over the back of which I was leaning, and wanted to take the image, but I stopped him.

“No, no; round your neck.”

And I slipped it round his neck, still quite warm, as it came from me.

"Oh!" he sighed, "thank you again and again for that!"

And he kissed my hand *of his own accord*, for the first time.

Wednesday, November 8th.—There is a fall of snow on the ground, but the weather is bright and fine. We went out again; this time in a larger sledge—which was quite as badly appointed—for the snow was not yet firm enough to bear heavy iron sledges. Paul drove, and, taking advantage of the occasions when Pacha was most uncomfortably seated, he sent the horses at full speed and smothered us with snow, making the Green Man shout, and your humble servant laugh. He drove us through such bad roads, and into so many snowdrifts, that we could do nothing but laugh and plead for mercy. Sledging, however serious your party may be, is always like a child's game.

Paul was on my right, and Pacha on my left; I made him pass his arm behind me, so that this arm, his body, and Paul's, made me a sort of arm-chair, which was very comfortable.

The cold terrified me less. I wore only my pelisse and a sealskin hat; so that I was freer to move and speak.

In the evening I sat down to the piano, and played the reading of the letter of Venus, a charming piece from the *Belle Hélène*.

What a delightful composition the *Belle Hélène* is! Offenbach had begun his career, and had not yet grown vulgar by composing penny operettas.

I played for a very long time . . . I don't now remember what; something slow and passionate, tender and adorable, as only Mendelssohn's songs, without words, when thoroughly appreciated, can be.

I took four cups of tea while talking of music.

"It has a great influence upon me," said the Green Man.

"I feel altogether strange; it affects me . . . sentimentally . . . And while hearing it, one says what one would never dare to say under other circumstances."

"Music is a traitress, Pacha; distrust it, for it may make you do many things you would not do in calm moments. It seizes you, absorbs you, draws you on . . . and the result is terrible."

I talked of Rome and of Alexis the somnambulist. Pacha listened and sighed in his corner; and when he came near the light, the expression of his face told me better than all the words in the world what the poor fellow suffered.

(Do you notice this fierce vanity; this eagerness to set down the ravages one causes. I am a vulgar coquette—or, rather . . . no; a woman, that's all.)

"We are melancholy this evening," I said, gently.

"Yes," he replied, with an effort; "you have played, and . . . I don't know; I have a fever, I think."

"Go and sleep, my friend; I am going up-stairs; but just help me to carry my books."

Thursday, November 9th.—My stay here will, at all events, have enabled me to become acquainted with the magnificent literature of my native land. But of what do our poets and writers speak? . . . Of other lands than ours. Let us take Gogol first, our great humourist; his description of Rome has made me weep and groan, and it is impossible to form any idea of it without reading it.

To-morrow it will be translated, and those who have had the good fortune to see Rome will understand my emotion.

Oh! when shall I get away from this country—so grey, so cold, so harsh, even in summer, even in the bright sunlight! The foliage is pinched, and the sky is not so blue as . . . yonder.

Friday, November 10th.—I have been reading up to this moment. . . . I am disgusted with my journal, and feel anxious, discouraged. . . . *Rome* is all that I can say.

I have remained for five minutes holding my pen, without writing, for I don't know what to say; my heart is so full. The time is drawing near when I shall see A—— again, and a feeling of dread comes over me. Still, I believe that I do not love him—and may even say that I feel sure of it. But this recollection, this annoyance, this uneasiness as to the future, this dread of an affront A——! How this word is constantly coming to the tip of my pen! and how I hate it!

You think I wish to die. What fools you all are! I adore life just as it is, and bless the vexations, heart-rendings, and tears, which God sends, and feel quite happy.

In fact . . . the idea of being unhappy has become so familiar, that communing with myself, alone in my own room, far from the world, and from all human beings, I say to myself that I am perhaps, after all, not so much to be pitied. . . . Why do I weep, then?

Saturday, November 11th.—This morning, at eight o'clock, I left Gavronzi; but not without a slight feeling of regret. . . . No; I should rather say, of unwillingness to leave.

All the servants came into the courtyard, where I gave money to each, and a gold bracelet to the housekeeper. The snow was melting; but quite enough remained to splash throughout the journey. And though I was most desirous of keeping my face uncovered, in order to make philosophical observations, like M. Prudhomme, I was compelled, by a pitiless wind, to muffle myself up entirely.

I went straight to uncle Alexander's, whose name I

found on the doorplate, and he told me the following anecdote:—

“A civilian and an officer, who were travelling, entered the same carriage, and a desultory conversation arose respecting the new law about horses.

“‘Are you, Monsieur, the person who has been sent into our district?’ asks the civilian.

“‘Yes, Monsieur.’

“‘Then you have doubtless taken note of Marshal Bashkirtseff’s light bay horses?’

“‘Yes, Monsieur, I have.’

“And the officer proceeded to state their good and bad points.

“‘Do you know Mlle. Bashkirtseff?’

“‘No, Monsieur; I have not the honour—I have seen her; but I know M. Bashkirtseff. Mlle. Bashkirtseff is a delightful person; she is a perfect beauty—but an independent, original, and naïve beauty. I met her in a carriage near St. Petersburg, and I and my companions were quite struck with her.’

“‘That is all the pleasanter to me,’ said the civilian, ‘as I am her uncle.’

“‘Indeed!’

“‘My name, Monsieur, is Souniorokoff. May I ask yours?’

“‘Babanine.’

“‘Delighted.’

“‘Charmed,’ &c. &c.’

The count persisted in saying that my place was at St. Petersburg, and that to keep me at Poltava was detestable.

Ah! my father.

“But, uncle,” said I to Alexander, “you have, no doubt, invented all this.”

“If I have invented a single word, may I be struck dead, and never see my wife and children again.”

My father is in a fury, to which I pay no attention.

Poltava, Wednesday, November 15th.—I started on Sunday night with my father, after having seen Prince Michel and the others during my last two days in Russia.

Only my own family have come with me to the station, but many strangers are looking with curiosity at our baggage.

The journey to Vienna alone costs me about five hundred roubles. I paid for everything myself. The horses are going with us, under the care of Chocolat, and Kouzma my father's valet.

I was going to take one of the other men; but Kouzma, burning with the desire to travel, came and begged me in the Russian fashion to take him.

Chocolat will keep watch; for Kouzma is a sort of lunatic who would be very likely to forget everything while star-gazing, and let his horses or even his coat be stolen.

Having married a girl who had long loved him, he ran away after the ceremony into the garden, and remained there over two hours, crying and lamenting like a madman. I think he is a little crazy; and his scared look seems to prove it.

My father was still in a rage. As for me, I walked up and down the station as though I had been at home. Pacha kept at a distance, looking at me all the time.

At the last moment it was discovered that a parcel was missing; a perfect storm of excitement arose, and there was a rush in all directions. Amalia was justifying herself, and I was finding fault with her for not looking after the things. The lookers-on listened with amusement; and seeing that, I became doubly eloquent in the language of Dante. I was enjoying the fun—particularly as the train was waiting for us. The best of this pitiful country is that we do have our own way in it. Alexander, Paul, and Pacha, got

into the compartment; but the third bell was announcing the time for departure, and there was quite a crowd round me.

"Paul, Paul," the Green Man was saying, "let me at least say good-bye to her."

"Make room for him," I said.

He kissed my hand, and I kissed him on the cheek, near the eye. This is the custom in Russia, but I had never conformed to it. We were waiting only for the whistle, which soon sounded.

"Well!" I exclaimed.

"I shall still have time," said the Green Man.

The train began to move slowly on, and Pacha commenced to talk very fast, but without knowing what he was saying.

"Good-bye—good-bye; jump off, do!"

"Yes, adieu—good-bye!"

And he jumped on to the platform, after having again kissed my hand. It was the kiss of a faithful and respectful dog.

"Come! come!" my father was calling out from the compartment, for we were in the passage of the carriage.

I came to him; but I was so grieved at the pain of which I was the cause that I immediately threw myself down and closed my eyes in order to think quietly.

Poor Pacha! Dear and noble fellow! If there is any thing I regret in Russia it is this heart of gold, this loyal disposition, this upright spirit. Am I really grieved? Yes; for could I fail to feel just pride in having such a friend?

This Tuesday night I slept in a bed as comfortable as at the hotel.

I am at Vienna. Physically speaking, my journey has been perfect; I have slept well, have had a good appetite,

and I am clean. This last item, the most important, is only possible in Russia where wood is used for fuel, and where the railway carriages have dressing-rooms attached. My father has been fairly good-tempered ; we played cards, and made fun of the other travellers. But this evening it was the old story again.

He took a box at the opera, but refused to take me, except in my travelling-dress.

" You take advantage of my position," I said to him ; " but you shall not have the satisfaction of playing the tyrant over me. I will not go. Good-night ! "

And here I am, in my own room. What a position ! Indeed, I am penniless ; for I have only got drafts on Paris, which will be of no use to me until I get there.

Being obliged to give up my horses, I left five hundred roubles to Kouzma, and had nothing left but the drafts. This I told my father, who was offended, and, placing himself in his most noble attitude, shouted that he cared nothing for expense—that to spend money for me was nothing to him, he had spent so much in his life.

* You feel yourself in Europe here ; the sight of lofty and imposing houses raises my spirits almost as high as their top ~~storey~~. The low-built habitations of Poltava crushed me. But I do regret the lights in the carriages yesterday.

Saturday, November 18th.—This morning, at five o'clock, we arrived in Paris.

There was a telegram from mamma at the Grand Hotel. We engaged rooms on the first floor. I took a bath, and then waited for mamma. I am, however, so despairing that nothing any longer affects me. She arrived with Dina ; Dina—happy, calm, and carrying on her work of sister of mercy and guardian angel.

You may imagine that I was never more confused. Papa

and mamma! I did not know where to look. There were several jars, but nothing very serious.

My mother, my father, myself, and Dina, went out together to the theatre. I sat in the darkest corner of the box; my eyes were so heavy with sleep that I could scarcely see.

That night I slept with mamma; and instead of endearing words after such a long absence, nothing but a torrent of complaints came from my lips—which, however, very soon came to an end, for I fell asleep.

Monday, November 20th.—After dinner we went to see *Paul and Virginia*, V. Massé's new opera, which is most highly spoken of. The Parisian boxes are instruments of torture. We were a party of four, in one of the first boxes, at one hundred and fifty francs, but we could not move.

An interval of an hour or two between dinner and the play, a roomy and comfortable box, an elegant and suitable dress—these are the conditions necessary for the appreciation and worship of music. I was in quite the contrary position, which did not, however, prevent me from listening with all my attention to Engally, the Russian actress; nor from keeping my eyes fixed on Capoul, the darling of the fair sex. The fortunate artist, certain of admiration, acted as though he were in a fencing school, uttering the most piercing notes. . . .

It is already two o'clock in the morning. Mamma, who sacrifices everything for me, and thinks only of my well-being, has long ago spoken to my father. But my father replies only by jests, or by words so indifferent as to be quite revolting.

He says at last that he quite understands the step I am taking, that even mamma's enemies will only think it quite natural, and that his daughter, having attained the age of

sixteen, ought to have her father as chaperon. He accordingly promises to come to Rome as we had proposed.

If I could only believe it !

Friday, November 24th.—Until the evening all went on smoothly enough ; but suddenly a very serious, temperate, and well-meant conversation arose concerning my future. Mamma expressed herself in most appropriate terms in every respect.

This was the time to see my father ! He kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and whistled ; but as to replying, not a bit of it.

The following is a specimen of a Little Russian dialogue which is characteristic of the nation, and which will at the same time give an idea of my father's style :—

Two PEASANTS :—

First peasant : " We were walking together on the high-road ? "

Second peasant : " Yes, we were walking."

First peasant : " We found a pelisse ? "

Second peasant : " We found it."

First peasant : " I gave it to you."

Second peasant : " You did."

First peasant : " You took it."

Second peasant : " I did take it."

First peasant : " Where is it ? "

Second peasant : " What ? "

First peasant : " The pelisse."

Second peasant : " What pelisse ? "

First peasant : " We were walking on the high-road ? "

Second peasant : " Yes."

First peasant : " We found a pelisse."

Second peasant : " We did."

First peasant : " I gave it to you."

Second peasant : " You gave it to me."

First peasant : " You took it."

Second peasant : " I took it."

First peasant : " Where is it, then ? "

Second peasant : " What ? "

First peasant : " The pelisse."

Second peasant : " What pelisse ? "

And so on to infinity ; but I found no amusement in the subject. I felt suffocated, and there was a lump in my throat which hurt me dreadfully, especially as I would not allow myself to cry.

I wished I could go away with Dina, and leave mamma with her husband at the Russian restaurant.

For a whole hour I sat motionless, with rigid lips and a feeling of oppression on my chest ; I did not know what I was thinking of, nor what was going on around me.

Then my father came and kissed my hair and hands and face with hypocritical sympathy, and said to me—

" Should you ever really be in want of help or protection, say but one word to me, and I will assist you."

I collected my remaining strength, and suppressing my rising gorge I replied—

" The day has come ; where is your assistance ? "

" At present you do not need it," he answered, hurriedly.

" Indeed, I do."

" No, no ! "

And he changed the subject.

" Do you think, father, that the day will ever come when I shall be in need of money ? When that day does come I will become a singer or *pianiste* ; but I will not ask you for anything."

He did not take offence ; it satisfied him to see me miserable to the last degree.

Saturday, November 25th.—Mamma is so ill that it is out of the question to take her to Versailles. Our friends

called for us. I was dressed in white, as usual; but I wore a cap of black velvet, which suited my fair hair admirably. It was raining. We were already in the compartment, when a gentleman, still young, but decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour, appeared.

"Allow me, my dear," said the baroness, "to introduce to you M. J. de L——, one of the leaders of Napoleon's party." I bowed; while other introductions were going on around me.

This procession of deputies brought to my mind the row of pigeon-shooters in Monaco; but instead of guns they have portfolios. MM. de L—— placed us in the front seats, just above the Bonapartists; so that we were immediately opposite the Republican benches. The room, or at least the President's chair and the Tribune, also reminded me of the pigeon shooting; only, instead of holding the string of the cages, Monsieur Grévy was struggling with the bell, which did not keep the left-hand party from interrupting repeatedly the excellent speech of Monsieur Dufaure, Keeper of the Great Seal.

He was an upright man, who had fought bravely and with great ability against the infamies of the Republican dogs.

November 26th.—My father has gone; this is the first time I have been able to breathe freely for four months.

November 28th.—Mamma took me to Doctor Fauvel, who examined my throat with his new laryngoscope, and declared me to be suffering from catarrh and chronic sore throat, &c. (I do not doubt this statement when I consider the bad state of my throat); also that I shall require six weeks of powerful treatment. We shall therefore be compelled to spend the winter in Paris. Alas!

My father is acting in a delightful manner, to say the least of it. First of all, he made me spend money while I was.

staying with him, and he did not pay the expenses of my journey ; then, feeling ashamed, he spoke to uncle Alexander, and went so far as to embrace him, and to declare that he would refund all my expenses. He need not have said anything about it, as no one had asked him for anything. He next allowed his Kouzma to go with his ill-omened horses, and I paid Kouzma's travelling expenses. And now here is mamma opening a letter addressed to my father from this very man :—“ I am awaiting your instructions, sir ; having stopped here on my way. As regards Chocolat, I have sent him back to Poltava, according to your orders.”

And mind, my dear father has compelled me to give Kouzma 500 roubles, which he is in a fair way to eat up on his road. Upon my word, it is a handsome present !

“ You have banished *all society* from your daughter, so that it might be said that nobody wanted her. You have hidden her because you did not wish her to be seen as she is, having never given a sou of your own towards her education.” This is what mamma said ; and he answered by little stupid and disgusting jokes, without ever attempting to deny the fact, or to justify himself in any way.

Friday, December 1st.—We left Paris yesterday ; mamma, with her thirty-six parcels, worked me up to a pitch of desperation. Her cries, her frights, and her boxes, are excruciatingly vulgar . . .

At last !

Nice, Saturday, December 2nd.—My aunt brought me some coffee herself ; I got two or three boxes unpacked, and, for the first time since my travels, felt myself again. In Russia I had ~~no~~ sun ; in Paris, no dresses.

I beg you to observe my style of life. Packing and
W

unpacking, trying on, buying, and travelling. The same thing over and over again.

When I went into the garden I found M. Pélican with his doctor, Broussais ; Ivanoff, grandpapa's oculist ; General Wolf, General Bihovitz, and the Anitchkoffs. I had to show myself in order to please my mothers (aunt and mother), who are delighted to see me getting stouter. There's happiness for you ! But I leave them all to go and see my women of the Rue de France.

What a reception !

They told me of all the marriages, deaths, and births. I asked how business was getting on.

“Badly,” I was told.

“Ah well,” I exclaimed, “all has been going wrong since France became a republic.”

This set me going. When it was known that I had visited the Chamber, the company drew back in awe, and afterwards crowded round me. Then, with one arm akimbo, I made them a speech, well sprinkled with oaths and exclamations in the dialect of Nice, showing them the Republicans with their hands in the people's gold, like my hands in this rice—and I plunged my paw into a sack of rice. . . .

After such a long absence the sky of Nice enraptures me ; when I breathe the pure air, and look at the clear sky, my heart leaps with delight.

The sea is slightly silvered by the sun, veiled under clouds of a soft and warm grey. The verdure is dazzling. . . How lovely it all is, and how delightful it would be to live in such a paradise ! I started to walk on the promenade without troubling myself about the fact that I was hatless, and that there were many people passing by. Then I went in to put on a hat, and to ask my aunt and Bihovitz to come out with me. I walked as far as the Pont du Midi, and returned, being seized with a fit of intense sadness.

After all, the family circle has its charms. There has been card-playing and laughter; tea has been served; and I have felt pleasure at being amongst my own people, and surrounded by my beloved dogs—Victor, with his great black head; Pincio, white as snow; Bagatelle, Prater . . . All this was before my eyes, and at this moment I see the old men making up their table; those dogs; that dining-room . . . Oh! it oppresses, it suffocates me; I should like to take flight; I feel chained up as in a nightmare. *I cannot stand it!* I was not made for such a life. I cannot stand it! For an instant I felt some vanity in talking on serious subjects with the older men . . . but after all they are only obscure old men . . . What good can they do me?

I so much dread remaining at Nice that the thought drives me mad. It seems to me that another winter will be lost, and that I shall get nothing done.

The chances of working are denied me! General Bihovitz sent me a large basket of flowers, and in the evening mamma watered it to keep the flowers fresh . . . Well, these little nothings madden me beyond endurance; and this affectation of *bourgeoisie* makes me desperate.

Ah! divine mercy! ah! by the God of heaven, I assure you that I am not jesting!

As I came in from the pavilion, a bewitching moonlight lighted up my roses and magnolias . . . This poor garden which has inspired me with nothing but sad thoughts and atrocious vexation!

I went back to my room; my eyes were moist and sad—so sad.

The recollections of Rome overpower me . . . But I will not go back there. We will go to Paris . . . Oh, Rome! Why cannot I see Rome again, or else die here? I hold my breath, and stretch myself as if I wished to lengthen out as far as Rome.

Sunday, December 3rd.—The changes in the sky are my only amusements. Yesterday it was pure, and the moon shone like a pale sun; to-night it is full of dark fitful clouds, amongst which clear and brilliant patches like last night are visible. I made these observations on my way from the summer-house to my own room.

In Paris there is no such air, no such verdure, nor the sweet rain that fell last night.

Thursday, December 7th.—Petty domestic worries dishearten me.

I plunge deeply into serious reading, and see with despair how little I know. It seems to me that I shall never know all. I envy learned men, even those who are yellow, emaciated, and ugly.

I am in a fever to study, and have no one to guide me.

Monday, December 11th.—I become every day more enthusiastic about painting. I have been indoors all day, and have played music which exalted my mind and my heart. It was not till I had conversed for two hours with grandpapa on the history of Russia that I felt composed again. I hate to be . . . *sensitive* . . . In a young girl it means all sorts of littlenesses. Grandpapa is a walking cyclopædia.

I know somebody who loves me and understands me, who feels for me, and spends an entire life in making me happier—somebody who will do everything for me, and who will succeed—somebody who will never again betray me, though that happened once. And that somebody is *myself*. Let us not expect anything from men, for we shall find nothing but deceptions and sorrows.

But let us believe firmly in God and our own strength. And as I am so ambitious I will justify my ambition by accomplishing something.

Monday, December 18th.—Yesterday I was awakened to read a card from my father, which bore these words: “I am at the Hôtel du Luxembourg with my sisters; come, if you can, directly.”

By the advice of my mother, at one o’clock precisely I accept this invitation, and again before going in I ask if it is proper. All the answer I get is that my graceless father and aunt Hélène come to the carriage and carry me off very affectionately to their rooms.

Aunt Hélène and the princess do not interfere with anything; they speak to me of the Cardinal, and advise me to go to Rome in search of his nephew and his money.

“The poor young man is over there,” said I.

“Where?”

“In Servia.”

“Oh no! he is at Rome.”

Perhaps he has come back as there is no more fighting; I dined yesterday with a Russian volunteer just arrived from Servia.

Afterwards we talked of Tutcheff; I treated her in the most contemptuous manner, threatening her with an accusation for libel.

Let them attack my family or my mother; they have it in their power to defend themselves. But let them not touch me; for as true as I am a defenceless creature, whom it would be cowardly to slander, I will revenge myself bravely—for the very good reason that I fear nothing.

San Remo, Saturday, December 23rd.—My father consents to come with me for two days, but accompanied by mamma.

While awaiting mamma, to whom I have telegraphed, asking her to come, I am spending a few hours at Villa Rocca with Princess Eristoff. Aunt Romanoff—heroic creature!—remains in solitude at the hotel. She naturally refuses to

associate with the society I frequent. But do you see the part this woman is playing to humour my caprice? I adore her!

Monday, December 25th.—My father and mother and myself left San Remo yesterday. What were my thoughts during the journey? Of course, charming dreams and castles in the air dominated all other feelings, and created for me, as usual, a life quite distinct from all things human. This agreeable state was interrupted by the stopping of the train near Albiasola station, because of a land-slip on the line. So we were obliged to get out, to lay hold of our luggage, and walk for a few minutes to meet another train which was coming to pick us up. All this took place by the flickering light of torches, which against a black sky, and accompanied by the roar of the angry waters, was most picturesque.

This accident was the occasion of our entering into conversation with our fellow-travellers, one of whom was a military man. They carried our bags, and helped us also through this difficult passage. The officer was a tolerably well-educated and intelligent man, and to his surprise I drew him into a serious and even rather wild conversation—on politics.

As soon as dawn came I was at my window, so that I might not lose for a single moment the sight of the country near Rome.

Why can't I express all the beautiful things it brings to my mind, and which so many others have said so often, and in such charming language?

I was so absorbed in looking out for the different places . . . the front of our train was already under the glass roof of the station, and I was still looking out for the crowded roof of San Giovanni di Latorano. The wife of the Spanish Ambassador was there; she had come to meet some ladies. I

turned away my head when she recognised me; I was ashamed of coming back to Rome . . . I fancied that I was looked upon as an . . . intruder.

We alighted at the old hotel, and take the same rooms. I go up-stairs, and lean on the knob at the corner of the banisters, as I had done *the other* night.

With an angry glance at the staircase door I take possession of the red damask room . . . Would you believe it?—with thoughts of Pietro. . . .

Wednesday, December 27th.—Mamma was talking of the death of Rossi, when this amiable lobster came caracoling in behind us.

“Well,” said he, after the preliminary civilities, “so poor Pietro A—— has lost his uncle.”

“Yes, poor fellow! Has nothing been left to him?”

“Oh yes, the plate.”

This produced much gaiety. After which I asked Rossi, with very easy frankness, what had been said. (We were talking in Italian.)

“You see,” I added, “we are not known, and I might very well be taken for one of those foreigners who come to Rome to look out for a husband.”

We talked for some time, and I am almost convinced that the company did not attach any importance to the incident.

“No one has thought of him in regard to you; he is a poor fellow without fortune or position. At first it was believed. . . . In any case, you have given him a shock, and he will now perhaps amend his ways—that is to say, improve

“But he is a ne'er-do-well.” . . .

“Oh dear no; poor young fellow! He is suffering very much. . . .

CHAPTER V.

NICE, ROME, NAPLES, FLORENCE, SCHLANGENBAD, PARIS, 1877.

Nice, Wednesday, January 17th.—When shall I know what love is, of which I hear so much ? I might have loved A——; but I despise him. I did love the Duke of H—— to distraction when I was a child ; it was a love due entirely to the fortune, renown, or extravagances of the Duke, and to an unregulated imagination. . . .

Tuesday, January 23rd.—Yesterday evening I had such a fit of despair that I groaned aloud, and felt impelled to throw the dining-room clock into the sea. Dina ran after me, fearing that I had some sinister design ; but it was only the clock, after all. It was of bronze, with a Paul without a Virginia fishing with rod and line, and wearing a very becoming hat. Dina comes to my room ; the incident of the clock seems to amuse her very much. I laughed also. Poor clock !

Princess Souvaroff came to see us.

Thursday, February 1st.—The ladies were preparing to go and get rid of a few miserable hundreds of francs at Monaco. I brought them to their senses by a most bitter speech, and mamma and I went for a drive in a basket carriage, to show ourselves in the daylight, and to call on the Countess de Ballore, who is so amiable, and whom, like ill-bred persons, we neglect.

We saw Diaz de Soria, the incomparable singer. I invited him, as he had called. It seemed to me that I saw a friend in him. I feel just in the mood to betake myself to that stage-box on the left-hand side of the pit at the Théâtre Français, where Agar of the Comédie Française com-

pany is playing. I have heard *Les Horaces*. The name of Rome has over and over again rung in my ears with a superb and sublime sound.

On coming home I read Livy. The heroes, the folds of the togas . . . the Capitol, the Cupola . . . the *bal masqué*, the Pincio! . . . O Rome!

Rome, Thursday, February 8th.—I fell asleep at Ventimiglia, and did not wake up again, morally and physically speaking, till I got to Rome. I was obliged to remain there till the evening, in spite of my wish to go, for the train to Naples does not start before ten o'clock. A whole day at Rome!

At twenty minutes past nine I left Rome; I went to sleep, and found myself at Naples. I had not, however, slept soundly enough not to hear an irritable gentleman who was making complaints to the conductor about the presence of Prater. The gallant conductor stood up for our dog.

But here we are at Naples. I wonder if you feel as I do at the approach of a large and beautiful city; I am seized with palpitations, and become restless. I should like to have the town all to myself. It takes us more than an hour to get to the Hôtel du Louvre. The streets are obstructed, full of noise, and in a state of dreadful disorder. The heads of the women here are something too extravagant; they might pass for those female monsters exhibited in menageries with serpents, tigers, &c. At Rome I like only what is old; at Naples I admire only what is new..

Sunday, February 11th.—To understand our position in the Toledo, one must know by experience what it is to be there on a day when it is the custom to throw *coriandoli* (comfits made of chalk or flour). But he who has not seen it

can have no idea of these thousands of hands with black and scraggy arms, these rags, these splendid carriages, these feathers and gilt decorations, but especially of those hands and fingers whose agility is enough to make even Liszt himself die of jealousy. Amidst this rain of flour, these cries, this swarm of people, we were suddenly dragged off by Altamura, and almost carried to his balcony. There we met a number of ladies . . . and all these amiable people were offering me refreshments, and smiling. I retired to a half-lighted drawing-room, and there, covered from head to foot in my cloak, I began to weep, while at the same time admiring the antique folds of the woollen mantle. I was very sad, but it was a sadness mixed with pleasure. Do you feel a pleasure in sadness, as I do ?

Naples, Monday, February 26th.—I continue my excursions, and we go to San Martino, an ancient convent. I never saw anything so sympathetic. Most museums bore you, but the one at San Martino is amusing and attractive. The syndic's old carriage . . . and Charles III.'s galley have turned my head ; and then these corridors with mosaic floors, these ceilings with their grand mouldings ! The church and the chapels are marvellous ; their moderate size enables you to appreciate the details. What a collection of splendid marbles, of precious stones, of mosaics in every corner, from floor to ceiling ! I don't remember seeing any striking paintings, excepting those of Guido Reni and of Spagnoletto ; the careful works of Fra Buonaventura ; the old Capo-di-Monte porcelains ; the portraits worked in silks ; and a picture on glass representing the episode of Potiphar's wife. The white marble courtyard with its sixty pillars is of rare beauty.

Our guide tells us that there are only five monks remaining—three brethren and two laymen, who live somewhere aloft in one of the forsaken wings. We go up a sort of

tower with two balconies overhanging other heights which look like precipices ; the view from that point is astoundingly beautiful. Mountains, villas, plains, and Naples itself, are visible through a sort of blue mist imparted to it by the distance.

“ What is going on to-day in Naples ? ” I said, in a listening attitude.

“ Oh, nothing,” the guide answered, smiling ; “ you only hear the Neapolitans.”

“ Then do you always hear it ? ”

“ Yes ; always.”

A continual roar and clamour rose from the mass of roofs below, an uninterrupted explosion of voices, which you have no idea of in the town itself. It produces a sort of terror ; while the confused murmur, rising with that blue vapour, makes you realise, with a sensation of giddiness, to what a height you have climbed.

I am enraptured with these marble chapels. A country possessing such treasures as Italy is the richest in the world. Italy, as compared with the rest of the world, seems to me a magnificent picture beside a whitewashed wall.

How could I presume to form an opinion of Naples last year ? Had I seen it even ?

Saturday, March 3rd.—To-night I went to church— it is in the hotel itself ; there is an infinite charm in meditating on love under the roof of a church. When I saw the priest, the images, the lighted tapers imparting wavering shadows to the darkness, I remembered Rome. Divine ecstasy ! heavenly perfume ! exquisite rapture ! Oh for the power to write !

The feelings which absorbed me could only be expressed in song. The pillars of St. Peter’s, its marbles and mosaics ; the mysterious depth of the church ; the bewildering splendour and majesty of art, antiquity, the Middle

Ages, great men and their monuments—all this passed before me.

Saturday, March 31st.—What is the good of complaining? My tears are vain; I am doomed to unhappiness. Unhappiness yet a little while longer, and then for the artist's fame! And if . . . I should fail! . . . Have no fear; I shall not live to moulder away in some corner amid domestic virtues. I will talk no more of love, for I have used its name to no purpose. I will not call upon God any more; I want to die. O God, Lord Jesus Christ, let me die! I have lived but a short time, yet I have been taught much; everything has been against me. I want to die; I am incoherent and confused, like my writings; I hate myself as I hate everything that is worthless.

Let me die . . . my God! let me die! I have had enough of it!

Oh, for an easy death! to die while singing one of Verdi's beautiful airs. I feel no spite, as I used to do when I wished to live *on purpose* to prevent others from rejoicing and triumphing over me. Now, I suffer too much to care.

Sunday, April 1st.—I am like the patient and indefatigable chemist who spends his nights before his retorts so as not to lose the expected and longed-for moment. It seems to me every day that *it* must come, and I dream and wait . . .

I examine myself with curiosity and amazement, asking myself anxiously if by chance *this is it*. But I have formed such an exalted opinion of *it* that I have come to the conclusion that *it* does not exist, or else that *it* has come already, and that it is nothing very wonderful after all. But what of all my visions? What of all my books and poets? . . . Have they had the audacity to invent something which does not exist, in order to disguise inherent nastiness?

No; . . . for how could personal preferences be explained in that case? . . .

Naples, Friday, April 6th.—The king (Victor Emmanuel) arrived yesterday, and this morning, at ten o'clock, he called to see the Prince of Prussia. At the moment of his arrival I was standing on the stairs, and when he came opposite to me I said—

“ May I crave a word from you, Sire? ”

“ What do you wish? ”

“ Absolutely nothing, Sire, but to have the power of boasting all my life that I have spoken to the kindest and best of kings.”

“ You are very good; I thank you very much.”

“ That is really all, Sire.”

“ I thank you so much I do not know how to thank you enough; you are really very kind.”

He pressed my left hand in both his, an event after which I wear gloves for a week. It is owing to my gloves that I am writing as you see. What beautiful nails I shall have in a week! What are you saying of me? I was not much frightened. In doing what I did, I foresaw everything but the consequences to myself. To any one else this daring action would have brought only delight; but to me it brought a crowd of vexations. . . . I am doomed to misfortune. Doenhoff returned from the palace, where the prince went to return the king's visit. The king's aide-de-camp remarked, “ What strange behaviour of this young girl to put herself in the king's way! ” And the Prince of Prussia replied that young Russian ladies are very enthusiastic about the royal family, that they do all kinds of foolish things for the Emperor, and that they are as pure as the angels of heaven. Many thanks, good pedlar

Doenhoff has said a heap of things, and, at last, has come to reassure us.

After being violently agitated, and wild with terror, I begin to feel myself again. Never in my life have I been so frightened. In one hour I have lived through two years. How lucky every one else must be not to have spoken to the king!

We go out walking. Princess Marguerite and Humbert have arrived. Doenhoff is here, opposite our windows, with some of the king's gentlemen. (I have taken off my gloves.)

When we got home from the races, we found a gentleman in the ante-room. I was going to inquire who it was, when Rosalie rushed to me, and drawing me aside—

“Come quickly, but do not be excited.”

“What is it?”

“It is the king's aide-de-camp, who has called three times already; he comes from the king to make an apology.”

The next moment I was before him; and we were all in the drawing-room. He spoke in Italian; and I was astonished at the ease with which I conversed in that language.

“Mademoiselle,” he began, “I am sent by the king for the purpose of expressing to you how much he regrets all the vexation which you may have been made to feel yesterday. His Majesty heard that you had been . . . scolded by your mother, who may have thought that the king was annoyed. Not at all; the king is delighted, enchanted; he spoke of it all day long, and in the evening he called me and said—‘Go and tell that young lady that I thank her for her courteous behaviour towards me; tell her that her gracefulness and her generous impulse have touched me, and that I offer my thanks to her, and also to all her family. Far from being angry, I am charmed; tell her mamma so (*sua mamma*).’

Say that I shall never forget it. The king saw that this impulse came from your generous heart, and that was what pleased him. The king knows that you had no object in view, as you are strangers ; that is the very reason why he is so touched. He never left off talking of it, and has sent me to apologise for the annoyance you have had through it."

Mamina made Count Doenhoff believe that I had been locked up for twenty-four hours as a punishment for my escapade, and the rumour soon spread—especially as I had remained hidden behind the windows of the balcony while Dina went out walking with mamma.

I had interrupted him repeatedly, and at last I broke out with a flood of joy and gratitude.

"It is truly too kind of the king to think of sending to reassure me ; I was silly, and behaved as though I had been in my own country, and was meeting with my own Emperor, to whom I have spoken." (It is a fact.) "I should be so distressed if the king had felt the slightest annoyance at what I have done ; I was terribly afraid that I had offended the king. Perhaps I shocked him by my abruptness . . ."

"The king is never alarmed when there is a *bella ragazza* in question ; and I repeat to you again, in the name of the king—they are his own words, without any addition of mine—that, 'far from being annoyed, he was delighted, charmed, and grateful.' You gave him a great pleasure. The king had noticed you last year at Rome, and at the carnival in Naples . . . and he was very much displeased with Count Doenhoff, whose name he took note of, and who said something to prevent you from being present when the king took his departure."

I must admit that Doenhoff, "in his terror, had shut the door ; a fact which I had not noticed, being far too excited to even think of seeing the king again.

"I have spoken all the time in the name of the king, and have repeated to you his own words."

"In that case, Monsieur, take him back mine. Tell the king that I am charmed, and too highly honoured; that his attention has touched me most keenly; that I shall never forget the kindness and exquisite delicacy of the king; that I am too happy and honoured. Tell the king that I conducted myself like a silly girl; but as he is not so very angry about it. . . ."

"Delighted, Mademoiselle."

This will be my fondest recollection. How can one help adoring the royal family when they are so kind, so affable? I can well understand the affection which is entertained towards the king, Prince Humbert, and Princess Marguerite.

And, to end with, the gentleman begged mamma to give him her card to take to the king.

After this, I no longer dread what people may say about it—quite the contrary. Let's have a flourish of trumpets!

Since the king is not furious, I am in the seventh heaven.

It is going round the hotel that he kissed my hand.

Doenhoff has returned from the palace, where a dinner has been given for one hundred and thirty people. The king spoke of me, and more than once he repeated, "She is exceedingly pretty."

The king being a good judge, his opinion exalts me considerably in the eyes of Doenhoff and all the others.

Tuesday, April 17th.—Every citizen must go through his period of military service; so must everybody feel the power of love. I have served my eight days, and am free again till further notice. . . .

"Remittuntar ei peccata multa quare dilexit multum."—*Luke*.

"Dulciores sunt lacrymæ orantium quam gaudia theatrorum.—*Augustine*.

Florence, Tuesday, May 8th.—Would you like to know the truth? Well, remember what I am going to tell you—I love nobody, and shall never love, but one person, who will gracefully pamper my self-love . . . my vanity.

When you feel yourself beloved, you do everything for *the other* one, and then there is no feeling of shame; on the contrary, it makes you feel heroic.

I know very well that I would never ask anything for myself; but for another I would do a hundred meannesses, for it is by mean actions that one rises.

This again proves clearly that the finest actions are done for self . . . To ask for myself would be sublime, because it would cost me . . . Oh! how horrid even to think of it! . . . But for another it is a pleasure, and it looks like self-sacrifice, like devotion, like charity personified.

And on such occasions you believe in your own merit. You really believe yourself to be charitable, devoted, and sublime

Friday, May 11th.—Did I mention that Gardigiani had been to see us, and had given me encouragement, had promised me an artistic future, had found many good points in my sketches, and had expressed a great wish to paint my portrait?

Florence, Saturday, May 12th.—It wrings my heart to leave Florence . . . We are going to Nice! I look forward to

it as to crossing a desert: I should like to shave all my hair off, so as not to have the trouble of dressing it.

We pack, we are ready to start! The ink dries on my pen before I make up my mind to write down a word, so oppressed am I with regrets.

Nice, Wednesday, May 16th.—I have been running about all the morning, looking for a few trifles which are wanting to my ante-room; but in this horrid country there's nothing to be had. I have been to a stained-glass maker, to a tinman, and I don't know whom. The notion that my journal will not be interesting, and the difficulty which I find in imparting any interest to it, while I am keeping back some startling details, torments me. If I wrote only at intervals, I might perhaps . . . but these notes of each day will entertain only a thinking mind, some great observer of human nature . . . Those who have not the patience to read all, will not read any, and, above all, will understand nothing.

I feel happy in my soft and elegant nest, in my flowery garden; Nice is forgotten, and I feel as if I were alone in the country.

Nice, Wednesday, May 23rd.—Oh! when I think that we live but once, and that each minute brings us nearer to death, I feel as if I must go mad! I do not fear death, but life is so short that it is infamous to waste it!

Thursday, May 24th.—Two eyes are insufficient, or else I must remain idle. Reading and drawing tire me very much, and at night, when writing these sorry lines, I feel sleepy.

Ah, how delightful is youth!

With what pleasure I shall look back upon these days devoted to study and to art! If I were only to pursue this

course for the entire year ! But of what avail is a day, a week taken at random ? . . . Natures so richly endowed by God prey upon themselves in idleness.

I try to calm myself by thinking that I will certainly settle down to work this winter ; but my seventeen years make me blush to the roots of my hair. Nearly seventeen years, and what have I done ? Nothing . . . This is what overwhelms me.

I look out among the celebrities for those who have commenced late in life, in order to console myself : yes, but seventeen years is nothing for a man, whereas a woman of that age would be twenty-three if she were a man.

To go and live in Paris . . . in the North, after this glorious sun, these pure and delicious nights. What is left to desire or to love after Italy ? . . . Paris is, no doubt, the centre of the civilised world, of intelligence, of wit, of fashion, and we go there and stay and find pleasure in it ; in fact, it is the place to go to for . . . a multitude of things, and also in order to return with enhanced delight to the country of God and of the elect—the enchanted, marvellous divine country, all descriptions of which will fail to convey its surpassing beauty and mysterious charm.

On reaching Italy we may make fun of its hovels and its *lazzaroni*, and we may show much' wit, and even insight in doing so. But forget for an instant that you are witty, and that it is very amusing to jeer at everything, and you, like me, will be in an ecstasy, alternately weeping and laughing with admiration . . .

I was going to say that the moonlight is enchanting, and that in that mighty Paris I shall no longer enjoy this calm, this poetry, these divine delights of Nature and of heaven.

Tuesday, May 29th.—The more I approach the old age of
x 2

my youth the more indifferent I become. Few things disturb me now, whereas everything used to do so formerly ; so that in reading the account of my past life over again, I attribute too much importance to trifles through seeing how they made my blood boil. Confidence, trustfulness, and that sensitiveness which is, as it were, the down of a character, have been very quickly lost.

I the more regret losing that freshness of feeling, because it never comes back. One is more calm, but one's enjoyment is not so keen. I ought not to have known so early what deception meant ; and had that knowledge been withheld, I feel that I should have become a sort of supernatural being.

I have just devoured a book which has disgusted me with love. A charming princess in love with a painter ! Fie !

I say this, not to insult painters by a poor attempt at wit, but . . . I don't know ; it jars. My ideas have always been aristocratic, and I believe in races of men as in races of animals. Noble races often, and at the beginning always became so only through education, moral and physical, transmitting its effects from father to son. Why trouble about the cause ?

Wednesday, May 30th.—I have been turning over the leaves of the A—— period. The course of reasoning which I pursued is truly astonishing. I marvel and wonder, for I had forgotten all those true and accurate arguments, and my anxiety was considerable lest people should think that I had been in love (in the past) with Count A——. Thank God that, owing to this precious journal, no one will be able to think so.

Really I did not think I had said so many truths, or that I could have thought them. It is a year ago, and I was really

afraid that I had written nonsense ; but I didn't, and am so pleased. The only thing I don't understand is how I could act so foolishly and reason so well.

I must tell myself again and again that no advice in the world would have prevented a single step, and that experience was what I wanted. .

I am rather displeased at being so wise ; but it must be so ; and when I become accustomed to it, I shall regard it as a very simple matter, and will again raise myself into that ideal purity which is always somewhere in the soul. Then, which is still better, I shall be calmer, prouder, happier, because I shall be able to appreciate it ; whereas at present I am vexed, as if for another person.

Indeed, the woman who is writing, and her whom I describe, are really two persons. What are all her troubles to *me* ? I tabulate, analyse, and copy the daily life of my person ; but to *me*, to *myself*, all that is very indifferent. It is my pride, my self-love, my interests, my envelope, my eyes, which suffer, or weep, or rejoice ; but *I, myself*, am there only to watch, to write, to relate, and to reason calmly about these great miseries, just as Gulliver must have looked at the Lilliputians.

I have still plenty to say, in order to explain ; but let this suffice.

Monday, June 11th.—Yesterday evening, while they were playing at cards, I made a sort of sketch by the light of two candles which flickered very much in the wind, and this morning I have made a first draft of our players on canvas.

I am all eagerness to paint four persons seated ; of showing the positions of the hands, the arms, and the expressions. Hitherto I have only painted single heads, large and small ; I contented myself with sowing them, like flowers, on the canvas.

Paris, Saturday, July 7th.—I think I can, fairly say that I have become more reasonable, though very recently, and I see things in a tolerably clear light; and have got over many illusions and many vexations.

We only learn true wisdom by personal experience.

Sunday, July 15th.—I am bored to death; so much so indeed that I think there is nothing in the world which can amuse or interest me. I wish for nothing! I want nothing! Ay, I should very much like not to be ashamed of sinking into stupidity. In short, to be able to live without doing anything, or thinking of anything, like a plant, without any remorse of conscience.

Captain B—— has spent the evening with us, and we talked together; but I am fairly out of conceit with my conversational efforts since I have read what Mme. de Staël says about foreigners imitating the brilliancy of the French. According to her, one must hide in one's hole, and never dare to come in contact with the sublime genius of the French.

Reading, drawing, music, and *ennui, ennui, ennui!* Some living thing is necessary besides occupation and relaxation; and I am bored.

I am not bored because I am a marriageable young lady. No; you have too good an opinion of me to believe that. But I am bored because my life is cross-grained, and because I am bored!

Paris is killing me! It is a *café*, a well-managed hotel, a bazaar. Well, I can only hope that in the winter, what with the opera, the Bois, and my studies, I shall get used to it.

Tuesday, July 17th.—I have spent the day in seeing real marvels of old and artistic embroideries and costumes, which are in themselves genuine poems of chivalrous or pastoral life—all sorts of splendid things which have given me a glimpse

of a luxury I scarcely suspected ; and this luxury not in the *demi-monde*, but in good society. Ah, Italy! . . . If I give up a month twice a year to my clothes, it is only that I may not have to trouble myself about them afterwards. How stupid it is to devote one's chief attention to dress ! In my case, dresses lead me to costumes, and costumes to history.

Wednesday, July 18th.—Italy! This word is enough to make me tremble as no other name or person ever did.

Oh ! when shall I go there ?

I should be so vexed if it were thought that I write *Oh !* and *Ah !* through affectation. I don't know why I should think that I am not believed, but I feel so ; and therefore I make too many protestations, which isn't pleasant, besides being stupid.

You see, I want to alter my style, and write quite simply, and am afraid that upon comparison with my past extravagances no one will understand what I want to say.

Listen ! Since I left Naples—that is to say, since my Russian journey—I have already tried to correct myself, and I think that I have somewhat improved.

I want to relate things quite naturally ; and if I add some figures of speech, do not think that it is for the sake of ornament. Oh no ; it is simply to express, as perfectly as possible, the confusion of my ideas.

I am quite exasperated at not being able to write what will make others weep. I should so much like to make others feel what I feel ! I weep, and I say that *I weep*. This is not what I want to do ; I want to tell it all . . . in short, move others to tears.

This will come, but not of itself ; however, it's useless to seek for it.

Thursday, July 26th.—I have been drawing the whole day.

long ; playing the mandoline to rest my eyes ; and then again drawing, and then playing the piano. There's nothing in the world like art, in whatever stage—at its commencement, as well as at its highest development.

Everything is forgotten in thinking of what we produce : we look at these outlines and shadows with respect and tenderness ; we create, and feel ourselves almost great.

I am afraid of injuring my sight, and have not read in the evening for three days ; just lately I have begun to see everything confusedly at the distance of the pavement from the carriage, which is certainly not very far.

This disturbs me. If, after losing my voice, I am to be compelled to give up drawing and reading, in that case I shall not complain ; for that would be as much as to say that no one was to blame for all my other vexations, and that such is the will of God.

Monday, July 30th.—It is said that many *young girls* write down their impressions ; and that stupid *Vie Parisienne* says it in a tolerably contemptuous manner. I sincerely hope that I am not a neutral, envious, ignorant creature of this kind, inhaling mystery and depravity at every pore.

Fauvel is stopping my travels at Enghien, and is perhaps going to send me to Germany, which will again set everything topsy-turvy. Walitzky is a clever man, and understands every kind of ailment ; I had hoped that he was making a mistake in recommending Soden, but now Fauvel agrees with him.

Wednesday, August 1st.—“Two feelings are common to proud and affectionate natures—extreme susceptibility to the opinion of others, and extreme grief when that opinion is unjust.”

What adorable creature has written that ? I do not

remember; but I have already quoted that line just a year ago, and I beg you to remember it sometimes when thinking of me.

Sunday, August 5th.—When in want of bread, one certainly dares not speak of sweetmeats. Thus, at the present moment, I am ashamed to speak of my artistic hopes; I no longer dare to say that, in order to work better, I want such and such arrangements—that I want to be in Italy to study. It is very trying to me to say all this.

Even if *all* my desires were granted, I don't think that I could any longer be satisfied, as I would have been formerly.

Nothing restores lost confidence; and this, like everything irrevocable, makes me thoroughly wretched.

I am disappointed and melancholy; I take no notice of anything or anybody. My face is careworn; and this disfigures me by taking away that confiding look which I used to have. I can no longer talk; my friends first look at me with astonishment, and then take their departure; then I try to be amusing, and end by being extraordinarily extravagant, impertinent, and stupid.

Monday, August 6th.—You think that I am not distressed on account of Russia! Who is so wretched or so contemptible as to forget his country when it is in danger? . . . Do you think that this fable of the race between the hare and the tortoise, applied to Russia and Turkey, does not pain me? Because I talk of pigeons and American ladies, am I therefore not distressed—seriously distressed—on account of our war?

Do you think that the hundred thousand slaughtered Russians would have lost their lives if my vows could have saved, my anxieties could have defended, them?

Tuesday, August 7th.—I have been to stupefy myself at the Bon Marché, which pleases me, as everything which is well arranged does. We have had a supper party, and a merry one. I, too, have laughed; but . . . what matter! . . . I am desperately sad.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!! Oh! terrible, despairing, horrible, and frightful word!!! To die! My God, to die!!! To die!!!! Without leaving anything behind me? To die like a dog! just as a hundred thousand women have died, whose names are barely inscribed on their tombstones. To die like . . .

Fool, fool, that I am, not to see what God wills! God wills that I should renounce everything, and give myself up entirely to art. In five years I shall still be quite young—perhaps beautiful, after my style of beauty. . . . But if I should become only an artistic mediocrity, as so many are!

As far as the world goes it would be all very well; but to give up one's life to it, and not succeed. . . .

At Paris, as everywhere else, there is a Russian colony. It is not these paltry considerations that provoke me; but because, paltry as they are, they fill me with despair, and prevent me from thinking of my greatness.

What is life without congenial society? What can one do left entirely to oneself? This it is that makes me detest the whole world, my family—even to myself—and makes me utter blasphemies. To live, to live! . . . Holy Mary, Mother of God, O Lord Jesus Christ, O my God, come and help me!

But to devote oneself to art, one should go to Italy. Yes, to Rome. Oh! this granite wall against which I am dashing my forehead every instant! . . .

I will stay where I am. . . .

Sunday, August 12th.—I have sketched the portrait of Antoinette, the chambermaid of the establishment. She has

a charming face and blue eyes, large and brilliant, and of exquisite naïveté and sweetness. That's where it is; the sketch is always successful, but it is impossible to finish without having studied.

Friday, August 17th.—I am certain that I cannot live away from Rome. In fact, I am simply perishing—or, at all events, I have no wish for anything. I would give two years of my life to have not yet been in Rome.

Unfortunately, we only learn how to do things when there is no longer anything to be done.

Painting maddens me, because there is the material for marvellous productions in me, and yet, as regards studies, I am worse off than the first little street-girl who shows traces of talent and is sent to school. However, I hope that posterity, in its rage at having lost what I might have created, will at all events behead all my family.

You think that I am still anxious TO GO INTO SOCIETY! No, I am so no longer. I am soured and disgusted; and I am turning artist, just as malcontents become republicans.

I think I am slandering myself.

Saturday, August 18th.—When I was reading Homer I used to compare my aunt in her anger to Hecuba at the burning of Troy. Dull as one may be, and ashamed to acknowledge one's admiration for the classics, nevertheless it seems to me that no one can escape that adoration of the ancients. We may well be unwilling to go on always saying the same thing; we may well be afraid of seeming to transcribe what we have read in *professional* admirers, or of repeating our professor's words—especially at Paris we don't dare to speak* of these things, we really don't dare.

And yet, there is no modern drama, no novel, no sensational comedy, even by Dumas or George Sand, of which

I have so vivid a recollection, or which has made such a deep and natural impression upon me, as the description of the capture of Troy.

I seem to have assisted at those horrors, to have heard those cries and seen the fire, to have been with Priam's family, and with those miserable creatures who were hiding behind the altars of their gods, where the sinister gleams of the fire which was devouring their city would soon find them out and deliver them up. . . .

And who can help feeling a slight shudder when reading about the appearance of Creusa's ghost?

But when I think of Hector, who after coming to the foot of the ramparts with such excellent intentions, flies before Achilles, and runs thrice round the town pursued by his enemy I laugh. . . .

And as for the hero who, having passed a thong in or about his dead enemy's feet, drags him three times round these same ramparts, he makes me think of an odious urchin riding a-cock-horse on a stick with a huge wooden sabre by his side. . . .

I don't know but it seems to me that I shall not be able to satisfy my world-wide day-dreams except at Rome. . . .

There you feel, as it were, at the top of the civilised world.

I have thrown aside the *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie*; this French elegance, this extreme civility, this commonplace admiration, make me angry where Rome is concerned.

A Frenchman always seems to me to be dissecting things with a long instrument held delicately between his fingers and a magnifying glass in his eye.

Rome should be, as a city, what I imagined myself to be as a woman; every word used previously and for others is a profanation when applied to us.

Sunday, August 19th.—I have just finished reading *Ariadne* by Ouida. This book has saddened me, and yet I almost envy the fate of Gioja.

Gioja has been brought up on Homer and Virgil; after her father's death she comes on foot to Rome. There a terrible disillusion awaits her. She expected to find the Rome of Augustus.

For two years she studies in the studio of Marix, the most celebrated sculptor of the period, who, unknown to himself, falls in love with her. She, however, lives for art alone, until the appearance of Hilarion, a poet who makes the whole world shed tears over his poems, and who ridicules everything; he is a millionaire, beautiful as a god, and adored everywhere. While Marix worships her in secret, Hilarion gains her love from sheer caprice.

The end of the novel was saddening, and yet I would accept Gioja's fate without a moment's hesitation. To begin with, she adored Rome; and, further, she loved with her whole soul. And if she was abandoned, it was by *him*; if she suffered, it was through him. And I do not see how one can be made wretched by anything that comes from him one loves . . . as she loved, and as I shall be able to love, if I ever do love. . . .

She never knew that he had only taken her out of caprice.

"He loved me," she said, "it is I who have failed to retain him."

She had fame; her name was repeated with wonder and awe.

She never ceased to love him; as far as she is concerned, he has never descended to the level of other men; she always believed him perfect, almost immortal. She would not die then, "because he was still living." "How can one kill one's self when he whom one loves is not dying?" she asked.

And she died in his arms, and while heaving him say, "I love you!"

But to love like this one must find Hilarion. The man you will love in this way must not be of obscure parentage. Hilarion was the son of an Austrian noble and a Greek princess. The man that you love in this way ought never to want money, ought to succeed in everything, and fear nothing in the whole world.

When Gioja used to kneel down and kiss his feet, I love to think that his nails were pink, and that he didn't suffer from corns.

There's the rub; terrible reality! Lastly, this man must never meet with any obstacles at the entrance to a palace, or to a court circle; nor have anything to prevent him from purchasing a piece of sculpture if he wants it, or be vexed at not being able to do anything whatsoever, even the silliest thing. He must be above the slights, difficulties, and vexations of other people. He may be cowardly in love only—but cowardly after Hilarion's fashion, who smiled as he broke a woman's heart, and wept when he saw that she stood in need of something.

And, besides, it is very easy to understand. *How does one break hearts?* Either by not loving at all, or loving no longer. But is it voluntary? Has one any power in the matter? No! Well, then, there is no ground for any of those reproaches which are so absurd and yet so commonly made. We blame without taking the trouble to understand.

Such a man, when travelling, should always find a palace to rest in when he wishes to stop; a yacht to convey him wherever his caprice takes him; jewels to adorn a woman; servants, horses, even flute-players, *que diable!*

But this is a romance! Just so; but then this love is also an invention. You will tell me that men get loved who earn £50 a year, or whose income is £1,000, who have to be

economical about gloves, and to count the number of invitations they can afford to send ; but that isn't the same thing at all, not at all !

Or again ; we begin to feel an inclination, we love, we despair, we kill ourselves with charcoal, or our rival, or the traitor himself ; or we become resigned to it all. But that's not it at all—not at all ! Oh ! not by any means !

Susceptible as I am, the slightest thing vexes me.

"Marix and Crispin had sworn to kill him, but she could not understand the wish for revenge.

"'Revenge for what ?' she said ; 'there's nothing to be revenged for. I have been happy ; he has loved me.'

"And when Marix threw himself at her feet, and swore to be her friend and avenger, she turned away from him with horror and disgust.

"'To be my friend !' she said, 'and yet wish to injure him !'

I can quite understand that one may hate, even to the death, a man *one has loved*, but not him *one loves*.

I shall never love *like that*, if I find only what I have already seen. I should be too much disgraced through *him*.

Just think of it ! to live on the second floor with his relatives ; and I bet (according to what we heard from Visconti) that his mother only gives him clean sheets twice a month.

But let me rather refer you to Balzac for these microscopic analyses, for my weak attempts and wretched efforts fail to convey what I mean.

Thursday, August 23rd.—I am at Schlangenbad. How did I get here, and why ? This is the reason—it is because I am vexed, though I don't know why, at being separated from the rest ; and since we must suffer, it is better to suffer together.

They live in a sort of boarding-house at Schlangenbad ; but as I have more than enough of the baroness's boarding-house, I state that I prefer rooms at the Badehaus, which is the best thing to be got here.

My aunt and I take two rooms at the Badehaus for my baths, which is a convenient arrangement.

Fauvel has prescribed rest. Well, I get it here. Still, I do not think that I am cured yet, and in unpleasant things I am never mistaken.

I shall soon be eighteen years old. It is little to persons of thirty-five, but it is a good deal to me, who in a few months of life as a young lady have had but little pleasure and plenty of annoyances.

Art ! If I had not these three magic letters in the distance, I should be dead.

But for Art one needs nobody; we depend solely on ourselves. And if we succumb, it shows that we are of no account, and should not live any longer. Art ! I picture it to myself as a great light yonder, very far off; and, forgetting everything else, I will walk with my eyes fixed on that light Now, O God, do not terrify me ! something horrible tells me that Ah ! no ; I will not write it down. I do not want to distress myself ! an effort must be made ; and if There will be nothing to tell and God's will be done !

I was at Schlangenbad two years ago. What a difference there is ! Then I had every hope ; now I have none. Uncle Étienne is with us now, as he was then, and his parrot too—exactly the same as two years ago. The same journey along the Rhine, the same vines, the same ruins, castles, and old towers with legends to them

And here, at Schlangenbad, there are charming balconies, like nests of verdure ; but neither the ruins nor the pretty little modern houses delight me. I recognise merit, charm,

and beauty, whenever it is to be found ; but I can love nothing save the *South*.

And what in the world can be compared with it ? I don't know how to express it, but poets have asserted it, and scholars have proved it, before my time.

Thanks to the habit of carrying "a heap of useless things" with me, I can make myself fairly at home anywhere in an hour's time with my travelling-case, writing paper, and mandoline, a few good big books, my foot-bag, and my portraits. That is all. But with these things any inn chamber can be made comfortable. What I like most are my four big red dictionaries, my large green Livy, a tiny Dante, a middle-sized Lamartine, and my portrait, cabinet size, painted in oils, and framed in dark-blue velvet in a Russia leather case. With these my bureau looks elegant directly, and the two candles, casting their light on these warm tints so pleasant to the eye, almost reconcile me to Germany.

Dina is so good . . . so charming ! I should so much like to see her happily settled ! . . .

There's an expression ! what a wretched farce the life of some persons is !

Monday, August 27th.—I have added a clause to my evening prayer ; five words, "Protect our armies, O God ! "

I might well say that I am anxious ; but where such vast interests are at stake, what am I that I should have anything to say in the matter ? I hate idle compassion. I would only speak about our war if I could be of some service. I content myself by adhering *under any circumstances* to my admiration of our Imperial family, our Grand Dukes, and our poor dear Emperor.

Things are said to go badly with us. I should like to see the Prussians in this parched savage country filled with traitors and pitfalls ! The march of those excellent Prussians lay through rich fertile France, where at

every step they found towns and fields, where they had plenty to eat, to drink, and to steal. I should like to see them in the Balkans!

We must also take into account that we really fight, whereas they have in general purchased men and then butchered them.

Our gallant soldiers die like trained beasts, say prejudiced people—like heroes, say those who are just.

But all the world agrees in saying that there never yet was seen any fighting like that of the Russians at present. History will tell.

Wednesday, August 29th.—Having been vexed for a considerable time with the point—to me an obscure one—respecting the transition of Italy from Empire to Kingdom, and on to its final dismemberment, I took one of Amédée Thierry's books, and went with it into the wood, where I read, searched out, and learnt what I wished to know, wandering about the while, not knowing what direction I was taking, and vainly imagining encounters like that which I described last year.

The Russians go from bad to worse. We were reading the news of the war; the Shipka Pass is still in the hands of the Russians; to-morrow we shall know the result of the decisive action. I therefore made a vow not to say a word until to-morrow, in order that our side may be victorious.

I am eighteen years of age; it is absurd! My unused talents, my hopes, my whims, and my caprices, are becoming ridiculous at eighteen. Fancy beginning to learn painting at eighteen, when one has claimed to do everything earlier and even better than others!

There are some who deceive others, but I have deceived myself.

Thursday, August 30th.—I did not speak, and this evening at Wiesbaden we heard that the Russians hold Shipka, that the Turks are beaten (at least, for the present), and that we have received great reinforcements.

Saturday, September 1st.—I am very much alone, thinking and reading without any one to direct me. It is perhaps good for me, and perhaps not.

Who will guarantee that I am not crammed with sophisms and erroneous notions? This must be decided after my death.

Forgiveness, forgive! There's a substantive and a verb, much used in this world. Christianity bids us forgive.

What is forgiveness?

It is a renouncing of vengeance or punishment. But when we neither intended to take vengeance, nor to punish, can we forgive? Yes, and No.

Yes, because we say it to ourselves and to others, and we act as if the offence had never existed.

No, because we are not masters of our memories; and so long as we remember, we have not forgiven.

I have spent the whole day in the house opposite with my family, where I mended with my own fingers a Russia leather slipper for Dina; then I washed a large wooden table, like any housemaid, and set to work on it at making Varéniki (pastry made with flour, water, and new cheese). My people were amused to see me kneading moistened flour, with my sleeves tucked up, and a black velvet cap on my head "like Faust."

And then I put on a Robespierre coat of the colour of white india-rubber, and went with Dina to astonish the Tyrolean woman who sells a heap of odds and ends by asking her for the *caput mortuum* of M—. She did not understand, so after purchasing a bear from her we took our departure.

Sunday, September 2nd.—How can people who are free and unconstrained go and spend a day at Wiesbaden?

We are going there, however, to see the most ridiculous people in the world celebrate the defeat of the most elegant.

I was sleepy, and took black coffee at intervals.

Thursday, September 6th.—To remain at Paris. That is what I, and my mother too, have definitely fixed. I have spent the whole day with her. We did not quarrel with one another, and everything would have gone nicely if she had not been ill, especially in the evening. She has hardly left her bed since yesterday.

I have decided to remain at Paris, where I will study, and from there I will go in the summer for recreation to the watering-places. All my fancies are over; Russia has failed me, and I have been thoroughly chastised. And I feel that the moment has at last come for me to stop. With my capabilities, I can make up for lost time in two years.

So be it, then, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and may divine protection be with me! This is no passing decision, like so many others, but a final one.

Sunday, September 9th.—I cried to-day. The beginning of my spoiled life is painful to me. God forbid that I should try and pass for a misunderstood divinity; but I am unhappy! Many a time have I wished to believe that I was “condemned by fate,” and each time I have rebelled against that horrible thought. . . .

Nunquam anathematis vinculis exuenda!

There are people who succeed in everything, while with others everything goes wrong. And against this truth there is nothing to be said; that is just the dreadful part of it.

For the last three years I could have worked seriously ; but at thirteen I was running after the shadow of the Duke of H——. A sad thing to acknowledge. I don't blame myself, because I did not consciously waste my time ; I regret it, but I do not reproach myself altogether. Circumstances, combined with my own free-will, continually hampered though it was by my ignorance ; my enthusiasm, which I mistook for the scepticism acquired by a forty years' experience ; by all these I was tossed hither and thither, Heaven knows how.

Others, in similar circumstances, might have found substantial help, which would have allowed them to work in Rome or elsewhere ; or would have made a good marriage. But for me, nothing came of it.

I do not regret having lived in my own way ; it would be strange if I did, knowing as I do that advice is of no use to me. I believe only in what I feel.

Monday, September 10th.—We leave to-morrow morning.

I like Schlangenbad. The trees are splendid, and the air is balmy. You can be alone if you like. I know all the paths, and all the alleys. You might be happy if you could be satisfied with Schlangenbad.

My mothers do not understand me. In my desire to go to Rome, they see only walks on the Pincio, the opera, and "painting lessons" ; and if I were to spend my whole life in explaining my enthusiasm to them, they would perhaps understand it ; but as a useless thing, as one of my fancies . . . the petty troubles of everyday life have absorbed them . . . and then people say that the love of those things must be inborn, otherwise one can never understand, however intellectual, cultured, and excellent one may otherwise be. But is it not rather I who am silly ?

I should like to be a fatalist.

• • •
Paris, Wednesday, September 19th.—I have been reading

about my affair with A——, and I am very much afraid people might take me for an idiot, or for a person of rather light behaviour. Light? No! I come from an honourable family . . . What am I saying?

I was only silly. Do not think I am calling myself silly out of playfulness or coquetry; I say it with the deepest sadness, for I am convinced of my folly.

And was it I who wished to conquer the world? . . . At seventeen I am tired of everything—Heaven knows what I am. I only know that I am silly, and A—— is the proof of it.

And yet, when I speak, I am witty—never at the right moment, it is true; but yet . . .

Thursday, September 20th—Friday, 21st.—I am profoundly disgusted with myself. I hate everything I have done, written, and said. I detest myself, because I have fulfilled none of my hopes. I have deceived myself; I am stupid; I have no tact—and have never had any. Show me one really clever thing I have said—one wise thing I have done. Nothing but folly! I thought I was witty; I am absurd. I thought myself brave; and I am timid. I thought I had talent; and I don't know what I have done with it. And, with all that, the pretension of being able to write charmingly. Ah! my Emperor! you may possibly take all I have been saying for wit; it looks like it, but it isn't. I am clever enough to judge myself truly, which makes me seem modest, and I know not what besides. I hate myself!

Saturday, September 22nd.—I don't know how it is, but I think I should like to stay in Paris. I believe a year in Julian's studio would be good as a beginning.

Tuesday, October 2nd.—To-day we move to 71 Avenue des

Champs Elysées. In spite of all the bustle, I have found time to go to Julian's studio—the only good one for women. They work there every day from eight till twelve, and from one till five. A man was posing nude when M. Julian took me into the studio.

Wednesday, October 3rd.—Wednesday being a lucky day for me, and to-day not being a 4th, which is unlucky for me, I did my best to begin as many things as possible.

I sketched a three-quarter view of a head in charcoal at Julian's in ten minutes, and he told me that he had not expected anything so good from a beginner. I left early, as I only wanted to make a start to-day. We went to the Bois; I gathered five oak-leaves and went to Doucet, who made me a delicious little blue chaplet in half an hour. But what do I really want? To be a millionaire? To recover my voice? To get the *Prix de Rome* under a man's name? To marry Napoleon IV.? To get into the best society?

I want my voice to come back at once.

Thursday, October 4th.—The day passes quickly when you are drawing from eight till twelve, and from one till five. Going backwards and forwards takes up nearly an hour and a half, and then I was a little late, so that I had only six hours' work.

When I think of the years and years I have lost, I feel tempted in my anger to wish it all at the devil. . . . But that would be worse still. Come, miserable wretch, be glad to have begun at last! And to think I might have done so at thirteen! Four years!

I should have painted historical pictures by now if I had begun four years ago. All that I have learned only hinders me. I must begin over again.

I have been obliged to begin the front view of the head twice over before it turned out to my satisfaction. As for the study from the nude, it came of itself, and M. Julian did not correct a single line. He was not there when I arrived; it was a pupil who told me how to begin; I had never seen a study from the nude before.

All I have done till now has been but a sorry jest!

At last I am working with artists, real artists, who have exhibited at the Salon, and who sell their pictures and portraits—who even give lessons.

Julian is pleased with the way I have begun. "By the end of the winter you will be able to paint some very good portraits," he said to me.

He says that sometimes his female students are as clever as the young men. I should have worked with the latter, but they smoke—and, besides, there is no advantage. There was when the women had only the draped model; but since they make studies from the nude, it is just the same.

The maid at the studio *is* like those they describe in novels.

"I have always been with artists," she says, "and I am no longer *bourgeoise*—I am an artist."

I am, oh! so happy!

Friday, October 5th.—"You have done this by yourself?" asked M. Julian, as he entered the studio.

"Yes, Monsieur."

I was as red as if I had been telling a lie.

"Well, I am very, very pleased!"

"Really?"

"Very pleased!"

And wasn't I? Then followed a piece of advice. . . . I am still dazzled by the superiority of the others over me, but I am already less afraid. They are women who have been

working three and four years at studios and at the Louvre, and have worked seriously.

Saturday, October 6th.—I have seen no one, as I have been at the studio.

“Don’t be afraid,” said Julian; “you will get on fast enough.”

And when mamma called for me at five o’clock in the evening, he said something of this sort—

“I thought it was the whim of a spoilt child; but I must acknowledge that she really works, that she has determination, and is gifted. If she goes on in the same way, in three months her drawings may get into the Salon.”

Every time he corrects my drawing he asks with some distrust if I did it alone.

I should think so indeed. I have never asked for advice of any of the pupils, except how to commence the study of the nude.

I am getting rather used to their ways—their artistic ways.

In the studio all distinctions disappear; you have neither name nor family; you are no longer the daughter of your mother; you are yourself; you are an individual with art before you—art and nothing else. One feels so happy, so free, so proud!

At last I am what I wished to be for so long. I wanted it so long that I cannot quite realise it.

By-the-bye, do you know whom I met at the Champs Elysées?

Why, the Duke of H——, alone in a cab. The handsome, rather stout, young man, with copper-coloured auburn hair and a small moustache, has developed into a rubicund Englishman, with small caroty whiskers reaching from the ear to the middle of the cheek.

Four years, however, change a man. Half an hour afterwards I thought no more about him. *Sic transit gloria ducis!*

How awfully excited I was!

Monday, October 8th.—A new model for the heads—that is to say, in the morning (a sort of music-hall singer who sang during the rests)—and in the afternoon a young girl for the nude.

They say she is only seventeen; but I can assure you her figure has been rather spoilt. They say these creatures lead a dreadful life.

The pose being difficult I find it hard. What makes men ashamed of being naked is that they are afraid of their defects. If one felt sure of not having a spot on the skin, or a muscle ill made, or a deformed foot, one would go about without clothes, and one would not be ashamed. People don't realise the truth of this, but it is this and nothing else which makes people ashamed. Who can resist the temptation of showing something that is really beautiful, and of which one may be proud. Who, from King Candaules onwards, has ever kept for himself any treasure or any beauty without boasting of it? But as easily as one is satisfied with one's face, so fastidious is one instinctively for the body.

The sense of shame only disappears before perfection—beauty being all-powerful. And when you say anything else but "How beautiful!" it is that the thing isn't really beautiful, and there is room for blame and for any kind of opinion. That wretch of a model had straight and pretty if somewhat fat fingers, and a rather shapeless though regular and not over-big foot.

I said just now that perfect beauty keeps all other ideas away, and it is the same with anything else which is perfect. The music which lets you notice the defects in the stage

appointments is itself faulty. An act of heroism which at the time allows of any other feeling but admiration, is not as heroic as you could have imagined.

The thing you see or hear may be great enough in itself to fill your soul, and then alone is it all-powerful.

If, on seeing a woman naked, you feel that it is wrong, this woman is not the highest expression of beauty, since there is room in your mind for an idea other than that which should pass to your brain through your eyes. You forget the beautiful, to think of the nude. The beauty, therefore, was not perfect enough to occupy all your thoughts. And then those who display themselves are ashamed, and the onlookers are shocked.

One is ashamed because one knows that others disapprove; but if they did not disapprove, it would be the right thing, and so one would not be ashamed. To sum up, perfection and absolute beauty annul blame—or, rather, prevent its occurrence—and suppress shame.

Tuesday, October 9th.—I have drawn my singer from quite near and foreshortened. I have the worst place in the studio this week, having come late on Monday.

“It really isn’t bad,” Julian said. “I may say I am even surprised at your doing it so well. It’s the most difficult pose of all, and how could you do it from so near? Come, I see that you will get on famously.”

This is our way of living:—My people drive out and go to the theatre, while I mean to draw till the Naples carnival if I don’t change my mind, and if nothing new happens.

Wednesday, October 10th.—Don’t suppose I am doing wonders because M. Julian is surprised. He is surprised because he expected to find the whims of a rich young girl and a beginner. I need experience, but my work is

correct and like the model. As for the execution, it is just what may be expected after a week's work.

All my fellow-students draw better than I do, but none of them can get it as like and true in proportion. What makes me think I shall do better than they, is that, although I see their merit, I should never be content to draw no better than they, whereas generally the beginners are continually saying, "Oh! if only I could draw as well as such or such a one!"

These women of forty have practice, work, and experience; but they will never do more than they are doing at present. As for the young ones, they draw well, and have time before them, but no future.

Perhaps I shall never do anything, but it will be from impatience. I could kill myself for not having begun four years ago, and it seems to me that it is too late.

We shall see.

Thursday, October 11th.—It's all very well to say it's useless to regret the past, but every minute I say to myself, "How good it would be if I had begun working three years ago. By this time I should be a great artist, and I might," &c. &c.

M. Julian told the studio servant that Schaeppi and I were the most promising ones.

You don't know who Schaeppi is. She is the Swiss girl. Goodness, what a dialect! And M. Julian added that I might become a great artist.

I know it from Rosalie.

It is so cold that I caught cold; but I *forgive* that, if I can only draw.

And why draw?

To . . . to get all that I have been crying for since the world began. To get all that I have wanted, and still want.

To get on by *my* talent, or in any way I can, but to get on. If I had *all that*, perhaps I should do nothing.

Friday, October 12th.—"Do you know, Monsieur," I said to Julian, "I am quite disheartened. A lady said to me only yesterday that it was of no use for me to work, as I had no talent."

"The lady said that?"

"Yes, and in earnest too."

"Well, you may tell her that if in three months—three months are not long—if in three months you can't do her portrait, full face, three-quarters or profile, just as she likes—and not a bad portrait either, I say—like, and not badly done . . . Well, she will see. I say three months—and if I say it aloud, so that all the students may hear, it is because what I prophesy is nothing wonderful, but quite sure to happen."

Those are his exact words, said with a trace of Marseillais accent, which twenty years spent in Paris have not entirely effaced, and so much the better. I am so fond of a Southern accent.

Saturday, October 13th.—Saturday is the day for M. Tony Robert Fleury to come to the studio, the painter who did the *Last Day of Corinth*, which was bought by the State, and placed in the Luxembourg.

You know, the best artists in Paris come now and then to give *us* their advice.

I began last Wednesday, and he could not come on the Saturday of the same week, so that for me it is his first visit. When he came to my easel and began to pronounce judgment, I interrupted him—

"Excuse me, Monsieur . . . I only began ten days ago."

"Where did you draw before?" he asked, looking at my drawing. . . .

"Nowhere."

“ What do you mean by nowhere ? ”

“ Well, I took thirty-two lessons in painting to amuse myself ”

“ That isn’t working.”

“ I know, Monsieur . . . and . . . ”

“ You never drew from the life before you came here ? ”

“ Never, Monsieur.”

“ Impossible ! ”

“ I assure you . . . ”

“ You have never had advice ? ”

“ Oh yes . . . four years ago I took lessons as a little girl ; they made me copy engravings.”

“ That’s nothing at all—that’s not what I mean.”

And as he still seemed incredulous I had to add—

“ I will give you my word of honour, if you like.”

“ Well, then, you show quite extraordinary promise ; you are really gifted, and I advise you to work.”

“ I have done nothing else for ten days. Will you look at what I did before this head ? ”

“ Very well. I will finish with these young ladies and then come back.”

“ Well,” he said, after having visited three or four easels, “ show me, Mademoiselle.”

“ Here, Monsieur,” I said, beginning with the head of Archangelo ; and as I was only going to show him two, he said—

“ No, no, show me all you have done.”

I showed the study of the nude male figure unfinished, for it was only begun last Thursday ; the head of the singer seen from below, which he found very characteristic ; a foot, a hand, and the nude study of Augustine.

“ Did you do that study alone ? ”

“ Yes, and I had not only never drawn, but not even seen, the nude before.”

He smiled, and did not believe it at all, so that I had again to give my word of honour, and he again said, "It is marvellous, and gives extraordinary promise for the future. This study of the nude is not at all bad, and that part is even well done. Work away," &c. &c. . . .

Then more friendly advice. The other students having heard all this became jealous, because not any of them had heard anything approaching it concerning themselves, though they had been studying one, two, and three years, and drew from the life with splendid models, and painted at the Louvre. No doubt more is expected of them; but they might have got their meed of praise, too, in another way. . . .

It is true, then, and I . . . I won't say anything; it might bring me ill-luck . . . but I recommend myself to God. I am so afraid! . . .

I got a severe snub for it, though indirectly.

The Spanish girl—a good-natured girl on the whole, and most obliging, quite mad about painting, yet with a very incorrect eye—speaking of some Dutch woman, said that when you first come to a studio you are sure to astonish every one by rapid progress; that this little improvement which is a great deal for those who know nothing is easily acquired; that it is only when you know something that you have most to learn.

Just as if there were not now two or three beginners! And do they improve as much as I do?

Let me resume and finish up with my successes.

"Well, Mademoiselle," exclaimed Julian, crossing his arms in front of me.

I was almost afraid, and asked him, blushing all the while, what was the matter.

"But that is splendid; you work on Saturday till the evening when every one else stops work!"

"Yes, Monsieur ; I have nothing else to do, and I must do something."

"It is admirable. You know that M. Robert Fleury was anything but displeased with you ?"

"Yes, he told me so."

"Poor Robert Fleury ! he is still ailing."

And the master, sitting down in the midst of us, began to chat . . . which he seldom does, so we know how to value such a favour.

After his visit poor Robert Fleury had chatted with our good Julian. Now I wanted to hear something more, expecting only praises of course.

So I went to the master as he came to correct the drawing of an adorable little blonde girl, who was commencing her studies in the extra room.

"Monsieur Julian . . . pray tell me what M. Robert Fleury said of me . . . I know, I know that I know nothing ; but he has been able to judge . . . a little, how I am beginning, and if . . ."

"If you but knew what he said of you, Mademoiselle, you would blush a little."

"Never mind, Monsieur, I'll try to listen without too much . . ."

"He told me it was done very intelligently, that . . ."

"He would not believe that I had ever drawn before."

"Oh dear no. And while speaking to me he was still rather incredulous, so that I had to tell him how you had done the head of Archangelo that I made you begin again . . . you remember ? It was just like that ; like some one who knew nothing at all about it."

"Yes, Monsieur."

And we laughed. It was such fun !

Now that the surprises, astonishments, encouragements, incredulities all these delightful things are over, now begins the work.

Madame D.— dined with us. I was calm, reserved, silent, hardly amiable. I have no thought except for drawing, at present.

Whilst writing this I stopped, thinking of all the work that it will require, the time, the patience, the difficulties . . .

It is not as easy to become a great painter as it is to say the words; besides talent and genius, there is also that relentless mechanical labour . . . And I heard a voice say, "You will feel neither the time, nor the difficulties, and you will reach the goal unexpectedly!" And I have a firm belief in this voice, which has never deceived me. It has foretold me enough misfortunes for it not to lie this time. I have faith in it, and I feel that I am right to believe.

I shall get the *Prix de Rome*!

Monday, 15th October.—These are our models for the week :—

In the morning a girl of eleven for the head, very interesting, with hair the colour of burnished copper.

In the afternoon, a certain Percichini for the nude.

In the evening—for this evening it was the opening of the evening classes, from eight to ten—another man, also for the undraped model.

M. Julian was quite wonder-struck to see me there. In the evening he worked with us. I was very much amused: They joked about politics and such matters.

Events of the day are easily made piquant. But as he would not give his opinion I played the *Marseillaise* for him.

Let me see, how many were we this evening? Myself, the Polish girl, Forchammer, a French girl, Amelia (the Spanish girl), an American girl, and the master.

Dina was present. It is so interesting, the light falls so well on the model, the shadows are so simple.

Tuesday, October 16th.—M. Robert Fleury came in the afternoon and took particular notice of me.

I remained as usual the whole day at the studio from nine till half-past twelve. I cannot yet manage to get there precisely at eight.

At noon I go out, take lunch, and return at twenty minutes past one, stay till five in the evening, and come back from eight to ten, which makes nine hours a day.

That does not tire me at all. If more work could be done, I should do it. There are some people who call this working, I call it play, and I say it without boasting. Nine hours' work a day is so little, and to think that I shall not be able to do it every day, because it is so far from the Champs Élysées to the Rue Vivienne ; and also because often nobody will accompany me in the evening, because I must return home at half-past ten, and before I get asleep it is midnight, and the next day I lose an hour. Besides, by attending the class regularly from eight to twelve, and from one to five, I shall have eight hours.

In the winter it will be dark at four ; well, I must absolutely go in the evening.

We have a coupé always in the morning, and the landau for the rest of the day.

You see I must do in one year the work of three. And as I make rapid progress, these three years rolled up into one, will equal six years, at least, for a person of ordinary intelligence.

I speak like the fools who say, "What another would do in two years, she will do in six months." Nothing can be more untrue.

It is not a question of speed, otherwise one could do anything in time. No doubt, with patience, you can obtain certain results. But what I pledge myself to do at the end of a year or two the Danish girl will never do at all. When I set about rectifying human error, I get con-

fused and irritated, because I have never time to finish my sentence.

In short, if I had begun three years ago, I could be content with six hours a day; but now I want nine, ten, twelve, in fact, as many as I can get. Certainly, even if I had commenced three years ago I should do well to work as much as possible; but what is passed is past. . . . Enough! . . .

Gordigiani told me he had worked twelve hours a day.

From twenty-four hours take seven for sleep; two to undress, say your prayers, wash your hands at intervals, dress, do your hair and so on, two for eating and breathing-time, makes eleven hours.

It is quite true thirteen hours remain.

Yes, but my coming and going take an hour and a quarter.

•Well, yes, I lose nearly three hours.

When I work at home, I won't lose them any more. But then, if there are people to see, and drives and theatres! I shall try to avoid all that, for it only bores me.

Thursday, October 18th.—My study of the nude pleased Julian so much that he said it was quite "extraordinary and prodigious for a beginner. Just look, if it is not surprising! There is depth in it, and the tone is not bad, and it is really well-proportioned for a beginner."

All the students stood up, and came to see my drawing; while I stood by, blushing.

Oh dear, how delighted I am!

This evening's study of the nude was so bad that M. Julian advised me to do it again. In trying to do it too well I spoiled it this evening. The day before yesterday it was not bad.

Saturday, October 20th.—Breslau has received many

compliments from Robert Fleury ; I did not. The nude was pretty good, but the head was not. I think with terror of the time it will take me to learn to draw really well.

It is just fifteen days that I have been working, leaving out, of course, the two Sundays. Fifteen days!

Breslau has been working for two years at the studio, and she is twenty, while I am seventeen ; but Breslau had worked a great deal at drawing before she came here.

But as for me—poor me ! I have been drawing only a fortnight . . .

How well that Breslau does draw !

Monday, October 22nd.—The modèle was ugly, and everyone in the studio refused to draw him. I proposed to go and see the *Prix de Rome*, which were being exhibited at the Beaux Arts. Half of them walked, and Breslau, Mme. Simonides, Zilhardt, and I, drove there.

The exhibition closed yesterday. We walked about on the quays, looked at the old books and engravings, and talked art. Then in an open *fiacre* we went to the Bois. Can't you see me doing it ? I would not say anything, it would have spoilt their pleasure. They were so charming, so well-behaved, and we were just beginning to be at ease with one another.

Indeed, all would have gone well enough if we had not met the landau with all my family, which took to following us.

I made a sign to the coachman not to pass in front of us ; they saw me, and I knew it, but did not care to speak to them before my artist friends. I had my cap on my head, and I looked untidy and uncomfortable. Naturally, my people were furious, and, more than that, hurt with me.

I was dreadfully annoyed—in short, it was a tiresome thing to happen.

Wednesday, October 24th.—For the evening we have a young woman—rather a good figure.

M. Robert Fleury came yesterday evening and said I was wrong to miss the sitting, as I was one of the best workers. In short, M. Julian gave me the message in rather a flattering manner.

It is already very flattering that my absence should even have been noticed by a professor like Robert Fleury.

Yet, when I think I might have been working for four years, at the very least! . . . and I am always thinking of that.

Saturday, October 27th.—I have received many compliments, as they say at the studio.

M. Robert Fleury expressed to me his satisfaction and astonishment, telling me that I was making *surprising* progress, and that I was really *extraordinarily* gifted.

“Not many could have done so well with so little practice. This drawing is very good, you understand, very good, for you. I advise you to work, Mademoiselle; and if you work, I assure you that you may be able to do something not at all bad.”

“Not at all bad,” is the stereotyped expression.

I believe he said, “There are many who have already worked at drawing and would not do as well;” but I am not sure enough of it to put down so flattering a sentence.

I had lost Pincio, and the poor animal not knowing what was to become of him, came back to wait for me at the studio, whither he is in the habit of accompanying me. Pincio is a little Roman wolf-dog, white as snow, with straight ears, and eyes and nose as black as ink.

I hate little curly white dogs.

Pincio is not at all curly, and he takes the most extraordinary attitudes, so graceful, so like a goat among the

rocks, that I have never yet seen any one who failed to admire him.

He is almost as intelligent as Rosalie is the reverse. Rosalie has gone to her sister's wedding ; she went this morning after having accompanied me to the studio.

"But, Rosalie," said mamma to her, "you have left Mademoiselle alone at the studio."

"Oh no, Madame ; Pincio was with Mademoiselle."

I assure you she said it quite seriously ; but, as I am a little mad, I lost or forgot my guardian.

Sunday, October 28th.—Schaeppi has begun my portrait.

I had never thought such beings existed. It would never come into her head that a person whom she likes, who is sympathetic to her, could wear false hair and use powder.

A man who does not always tell the absolute truth is an impostor, a liar, a horrible wretch ; she despises him.

Yesterday, she and Breslau thinking of my uneasiness (I was at lunch), wanted to bring Pincio back to me at once ; but the Spanish girl and others began to cry out that they were making themselves my servants because I was rich. I questioned her a great deal about what they thought of me at the studio.

"They would like you very much if you had less talent ;" and then, "they do nothing but talk of you when you are not there."

It will always be the same, then ; shall I never be able to pass unnoticed, as others do ? This is flattering, but unfortunate.

The Spaniard is a girl of twenty-five, who pretends to be twenty-two, and who has a passion for painting, but no talent. At the same time she is amazingly good, and obliging towards every one. You would think she was paid to wait on every one, and to take care of the studio.

She trembles when Robert Fleury or Julian pays attention to one of the students. . . . She is jealous even of me, who have hardly commenced, and certainly I do not know as much as she does, though I have unfortunately some talent.

Saturday, November 3rd.—M. Robert Fleury had already corrected every one's work when I arrived. I presented my drawings to him, and then hid myself behind or beneath his stool as usual. Well, I was forced to come out, he said so many nice things to me.

"It no doubt still shows inexperience in the outlines; but it is astonishingly supple and true. That action is indeed very good. At present, of course, you are lacking in experience; but you possess everything that cannot be acquired. Do you understand? *Everything that cannot be acquired.* That which you do not know can be learnt, and you will learn it.

"Yes, it is wonderful; and if only you will work, you'll do excellent things; I will vouch for that."

"And I too, Monsieur."

It is two o'clock; I am rejoicing in my Sunday. From time to time I interrupt myself in this historic diary, in order to look at an anatomical figure, and some drawings of bare muscles which I bought to-day.

Wednesday, November 7th.—The weather is grey and damp; I live only in the unwholesome air of the studio. The city, the Bois, are death to me.

I don't work enough.

I am young—very young I know; but not for what I wanted to do. I wanted to be famous at the age I am now, and not to need any letters of recommendation. I was foolish and wrong to wish it, since I have done nothing more than wish it.

I shall succeed when the most charming of the three periods of youth is past—that period for which I wanted everything. To my thinking there are three periods of youth—from sixteen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five, and from twenty-five to . . . to what you will. The other youths which people have invented are nothing but consolations and nonsense.

At thirty maturity commences. After thirty one may be beautiful, young—*younger*, even ; “but it’s no longer the same tobacco,” as Alexandre Lautrec says (the son of the one at Wiesbaden).

Thursday, November 8th.—There is only one thing which could tear me away from the studio before it closes, and for the whole afternoon, and that is Versailles. As soon as they received the tickets they sent Chocolat to me, and I went back to change my dress.

On the staircase I met Julian, who was astonished to see me leaving so early. I explained to him, repeating that nothing but Versailles could induce me to leave the studio. He says it is all the more admirable, as I might so easily go and enjoy myself.

“I enjoy myself only here, Monsieur.”

“And how right you are ! You will see what a pleasure it will be to you in two months.”

“You know that I mean to be a real artist, and I don’t draw merely for amusement . . .”

“I should hope not ! It would be treating an ingot of gold as if it were copper : it would be a sin. I assure you that with the facility you possess, I see it by the surprising things you do, well, you don’t need more than a year and a half to develop a real talent.”

“Oh !”

“I repeat—a real talent.”

“Take care, Monsieur, I shall go away enchanted.”

“ I speak the truth ; you will see for yourself. By the end of this winter you will make really good drawings, then you will still continue drawing ; and I give you six months to get used to the colours, and then you will show what you can do.”

Heavens ! • As I drove towards home I laughed and wept for joy, and dreamed of people giving me five thousand francs for a portrait.

It is terrible for ladies to be alone at a station . . . until we are installed in our wretched seats at the tribune. It is raining.

They spoke of nothing but the validations of the elections ; but these validations gave rise to some incidents, so that the sitting was interesting.

I must not go often to the Chamber of Deputies, it might draw me away from the studio ; you get interested, and you go on and on, every day is a fresh page of the same book. I could become so passionately interested in politics that I should lie awake ; but my politics are there, at the Rue Vivienne, that is for me the road to get to the Chamber, after a very different fashion from the present. A year and a half —that's nothing !

So much happiness frightens me.

A year and a half for portraits ; but for pictures . . . suppose we say two or three years . . . We shall see.

I looked pretty ; but towards eight o'clock was very tired, which, however, did not prevent me from going to draw for at least an hour.

Saturday, November 10th.—M. Robert Fleury was unwell and tired, and hardly corrected half of our drawings. No one received any compliments—*nor did I*. I was rather surprised, as Julian thought that what I had done was good. That's true ; but within myself I was dissatisfied. I am annoyed.

Afterwards we made some sketches, one of which, a sort of caricature, was a success. Julian made me sign it and put it in his album.

How much more the unpleasant things strike one than the pleasant ones!

For the last month I have heard nothing but encouraging praise, except once, a fortnight ago: this morning, I am found fault with, and I remember nothing but this morning, and it is always like that in everything. A thousand people applaud, one alone hisses, and is heard above the thousand.

The nude studies of the afternoon and evening have not been corrected. Ah! I am not so much to blame! you remember that I did not like the models and that we only began on Tuesday; Monday there was some confusion on account of the models, and besides, I was placed just in front of the man, quite close, and below him; the most difficult pose of all. Never mind; it is a bad sign, my child, when one has to seek for excuses.

Tuesday, November 13th.—The opinion of M. Robert Fleury never agrees with that of M. Julian, so that the latter often refrains from saying what he thinks. The gentlemen down-stairs have Robert Fleury, Boulanger, and some one else besides, whereas we have only Robert Fleury. It is not fair.

There is to be a competition. First a competition for places, so that chance may not sometimes give a bad place to the best student, and the reverse to one who would not know how to make use of it. And then a competition which will last a whole week.

There is to be one every two months, I believe, and Breslau advises me very strongly to compete for a place, as it will be useful to me in two months' time, if not now.

While waiting for the carriage which is to come at a quarter to eight this evening, I am studying my figure showing the muscles.

Wednesday, November 14th.—I have been to the neighbourhood of the École de Médecine, to get various books and plaster casts. I went to Vasser's. You know Vasser, who sells all kinds of anatomical models, skeletons, &c. Well, I have some influence there through friends, and they spoke of me to M. Mathias Duval, who is professor of anatomy at the Beaux-Arts, and to other people; and some one is to come and give me lessons.

I am enchanted: the streets were full of students coming out from the schools. These narrow streets! these musical instrument makers, and all that kind of thing! Ah, heavens! how well I understood the magic, if I may call it so, of the Quartier Latin!

I have nothing of the woman about me but the envelope, and that envelope is deucedly feminine. As for the rest, that's quite another affair. It is not I who say this, since it seems to me that all women are like myself.

Speak to me of the Quartier Latin, and welcome. It is there that I feel reconciled to Paris: you could imagine yourself far away in Italy almost . . . although an Italy of a different kind, of course.

The people in society, otherwise known as *bourgeois*, will never understand me. Indeed, it is not to them that I address myself, but to those of our own set.

Unhappy girls, listen!

For instance, my mother is horrified at seeing me in a shop where one sees such things. Oh, such things! "Naked peasants!" Philistine! When I have painted a beautiful picture, they will see only the poetry, the flower, the fruit. They never think of the dunghill.

I see only the end, the goal. And I march straight on towards this goal.

I love to go to the booksellers and other people, who, thanks to my unassuming dress, take me for a Breslau or some one of that class; they look at you in a certain kindly encouraging way, which is quite different from what I am accustomed to.

One morning I went with Rosalie to the studio in a cab. To pay the man I gave him a twenty-franc piece.

"Oh, my poor child, I have no change to give you."

It is such fun!

Thursday, November 15th.—We have had the competition for places, a sketch of a head to be done in an hour.

It will be decided on Saturday; I am not anxious about it, however, for if I am last of all it will be only fair. I have been studying a month, the others at least a year each, roughly speaking, without counting what they have done elsewhere than in this studio; they have studied in earnest, being artists by profession. It is that rogue of a Breslau whom I fear most. She is admirably gifted, and not bad-looking; I assure you she will make her way. I cannot get it into my head that she has been drawing at Julian's about five hundred days, and I only thirty—that is to say, with Julian alone she has worked more than fifteen times as much as I have. If I am really gifted, in six months I shall be able to do as well as she does. Surprising things may happen, but there are no miracles in things of this sort, and yet 'a miracle is what I want!'

I am discontented at not being the best at the end of one month.

Friday, November 16th.—I have been to see poor Schæppi at a boarding-house in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. Quite an artistic garret, and so clean that there is a look almost of wealth about it.

Breslau and several other budding artists live there.

Sketches, studies, and a lot of interesting things about the room. This contact with artistic things, this atmosphere alone does me good

I can't forgive myself for not knowing as much as Breslau. . . . The fact is I have never gone deeply into anything in life, though I know a little of everything; and I am afraid it will be the same in this; and yet, no; from the way I am working, it must turn out well. It does not follow because you have never done a thing that you will never be able to do it. At each beginning I doubt afresh.

Saturday, November 17th.—M. Robert Fleury was not satisfied with the likeness. Now as I catch likenesses well, as a rule, and as you don't lose the qualities you already possess, this doesn't trouble me much. I shall begin again.

The competition was decided. There were eighteen competitors. I am thirteenth; so there are five below me; that's not so bad. The Polish girl *first*; quite unfair!

I was complimented on my studies from the nude.

I bought different kinds of anatomical models and skeletons, and all night I dreamt that they were bringing me subjects to dissect.

What would you have? I am worn out; my hands are no longer capable of anything but drawing and playing on the harp. And yet it is absurd that Breslau should draw better than I do.

My sketch was the most forward.

"All this in an hour," cried M. Robert Fleury. "She works like one possessed."

And I must tell you that M. Julian and the others said at the men's studio that I had neither the touch, nor the manner, nor the capabilities of a woman; and that they would like to know if there is any one in my family from whom I have inherited so much talent and vigour, nay even brutality, in drawing, and so much perseverance in my work.

Still, is it not absurd that I cannot yet make a composition?

I do not know how to balance my figures. I have tried to draw a scene in the studio. Well, it does not compose. It doesn't look like anything. It is true I did it entirely out of my head, from imagination, and I never troubled myself to notice how my people walked. No . . . it is frightful!

Sunday, November 18th.—In the evening I made a sketch of my washhand-stand—or, rather, of Rosalie standing before it; the sketch holds together, and has a look of reality about it; the arrangement pleases me; when I draw better, I'll do it again—perhaps in oils. A washhand-stand and a lady's-maid have never been done without a Cupid, a flower, a broken vase, a feather-broom, &c. &c., or something of the kind.

Friday, November 23rd.—That creature Breslau has done a composition—*Monday Morning, or the Choice of a Model*. The whole studio is there, and Julian is next to me and Amelia, &c. &c. It is done correctly, the perspective good, the likenesses, everything is there. When you are capable of doing a thing like that, you are certain to become a great artist.

You can guess, can't you? I am jealous. That is a good thing, because it is an incentive.

But I have been drawing these six weeks. Breslau will always be ahead of me, having commenced before I did

Now in two or three months I shall be able to draw as she does—that is to say, really well. I am pleased, besides, to find a rival worthy of me; the others would have sent me to sleep.

Ah! It is terrible, to want to draw like a master after six weeks' work.

Grandpapa is ill, and Dina is at her post, full of devotion and care. She has grown much better-looking, and is so good! If Providence does not send her a little happiness—*sapristi!*—I shall give *le bon Dieu* the benefit of my opinion.

Saturday, November 24th.—This evening at the studio there were present only Amelia, I, and Julian, the servant and Rosalie.

M. Julian sent for the competition drawings of the male students, our own, and also the caricatures of the male students, to show us.

We began to look at and judge our drawings, in anticipation of the real decision, which will take place on Tuesday, and will be given by MM. Robert Fleury, Lefebvre, and Boulanger.

There will be a contest between Breslau and a French girl (who has been four years in the studio, always does profiles, has no spark of genius, but draws perfectly), and also another girl. Amelia, the Polish girl, and that stout Jenny, send in paintings. When he came to my head, Julian said something of this kind:—

“You may possibly not have a good place because you are in competition with girls who have been three or four years in the studio, and who are really advanced, but your head is certainly one of the best as a likeness. Your work is phenomenal! Show it to any great master you like, and ask him how long it takes to be able to draw like this from Nature; and no one—no one, I tell you—will

say less than a year. Of course, however, it is very imperfect."

And he gave me a lesson *by comparing my drawing with that of the French girl.*

"And in your studies from the nude there is a great deal wanting, but there is no evident fault in drawing. If you were to tell any one that after a month or six weeks' work, you made your figures stand and balance like this—drawn from life, too—they would say you were making fun of them."

"And yet, Monsieur, I am not satisfied with myself."

And when I said it, I assure you I meant it.

"Not satisfied?"

"No; I still hope to do a little better . . ."

"If you continue like this, you will do wonders. What you do already is, as I have told you, phenomenal."

He never speaks so when many are present; it would cause a revolution.

Yes, no doubt I shall have a bad place. Those brutes do not know how short a time I have been drawing, and, not seeing the model, they will not be able to judge of the likeness.

I needed a little encouragement, because this morning, I assure you, I felt very down-hearted.

Monday, November 26th.—At last I have taken my first lesson in anatomy—from four to half-past, just after my drawing.

M. Cuyer teaches me. He was sent by Mathias Duval, who has promised to show me the *École des Beaux Arts*. I began with the bones, of course, and one of the drawers of my writing-table is full of vertebræ . . . real ones. It is horrible, when you think that the other two contain scented paper and visiting-cards from Naples, &c.

On returning from the studio, I found M. Cuyer waiting

in the twilight of the drawing-room, and on the sofa opposite I found mamma and Marcuard, most pompous of commanders, who had returned for ten days, and who kissed my hand covered with charcoal, and . . . which had been in contact with vertebrae, for I had stolen away from the drawing-room to take my lesson.

Tuesday, November 27th.—M. Julian came up to us, a little disconcerted, after the decision of MM. Robert Fleury, Boulanger, and Lefebvre. I give you his speech as nearly as I can:—

“Ladies, the examiners have only given places to six heads after the one which gained the medal, awarded, as you already know, to Mlle. Delsarte (the French girl). The others have been simply classified for places at the next competition; the three last are to draw lots.” In order, no doubt, to spare the feelings of the ladies.

A voice said to me that I should be one of those to draw lots; it would have been quite natural, and yet I felt vexed.

After the little speech, which made a considerable impression on every one, he continued—

“I cannot tell to whom these heads belong. Will one of you ladies kindly write the names as I go on? Who is the first?”

“Mlle. Wick.”

“Second?”

“Mlle. Bang.”

“Third?”

“Mlle. Breslau.”

“Fourth?”

“Mlle. Nordtlander.”

“Fifth?”

• “Mlle. Forchammer”

“Sixth?”

"Why, it's Mlle. Marie!" exclaimed the Polish girl.

"I, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"But it's absurd!"

I am among the first six; Amelia, Zilhardt, and the Polish girl come after me. I was the last to come to the studio, seeing that I have been there only since the 3rd of October. *Sapristi!*

They all came up to congratulate me. Mlle. Delsarte said all sorts of flattering things, and her sister Marie called us the two heroines of the competition.

"What you have done after so short a time is better than a medal at the end of four years' study."

A success, and what a charming one!

Friday, November 30th.—At last I took my mandoline to the studio, and every one was delighted with the charming instrument—the more so as to those who have never heard it before I seem to play well. In the evening, during the interval of rest, I was playing, and Amelia accompanying me on the piano, when in came the master, who stopped to listen.

If only you could have seen how delighted he was!

"And I, who always thought of the mandoline as a sort of guitar, on which people scraped—I had no idea it could sing; indeed, I could not have imagined such sweet sounds could be drawn from it; and how graceful it looks! Ah! I shall never speak against it any more. You would hardly believe what a delightful moment I spent. Ah! it is beautiful. You may laugh if you like, but I assure you it . . . scrapes something in the heart. 'Tis strange!"

Ah! poor wretch, you feel it then!

This same mandoline met with no success at all one evening when I played it at home, before a party of grand people, ladies and gentlemen; and yet they were just the

persons who should pay compliments, whether they are pleased or not.

The brilliant lights, the white shirt-fronts, and powder, sufficed to destroy the charm. Whereas the enclosed space of the studio, the quietude of the evening, the dark staircase, the fatigue—everything tends to make you impressionable to whatever there is in this world that is sweet, or strange, or pleasant, or charming.

Mine is a terrible profession. Eight hours work a day, besides the going to and fro, and, above all, the work which needs so much conscientiousness and intellectual effort. There is nothing so silly as to draw without thinking of what one is doing, without comparing, remembering, and studying; but to draw in that way would not be tiring at all.

When the days grow longer, I shall work still more, so that I may be ready when I go back to Italy.

I *will* succeed.

Wednesday, December 5th.—It has been dark all day, so that we could not draw, and I went to the Louvre with a Finnish girl; and as she looked like an English governess, I walked there, delighted with the *clic* of my sealskin cap, and mantle reaching to the ground.

It is really instructive to look at beautiful things with some one who knows about them.

Saturday, December 8th.—I went to the theatre; it was very funny, people laughed all the time; lost time that I regret.

I worked badly this week.

There would be many goings-on in the studio to tell about, but I take my studio work seriously, and I do not trouble myself about anything else; it would be beneath me. I regret that evening. I was not seen, and I did no work.

It is true I laughed ; but this inward satisfaction is of no use to me ; therefore it is disagreeable, since it gave me no pleasure.

Sunday, December 9th.—Dr. Charcot has just left ; I was present at the consultation, and heard, afterwards what the doctors said to each other, because I am the only person who keeps calm and collected, and I am looked upon as a third physician. At all events, they do not expect any catastrophe for the present.

Poor grandpapa ! I should have been so grieved if he had died just now, because we have often quarrelled ; but as his illness will be of some duration, I have time to atone for my hastiness. I remained in his room when he was at the worst. . . . To tell the truth, my appearance at the bedside of a sick person is always a sign of its being a serious case, for I hate assiduous attentions that are not needed, and I never show anxiety unless I allow myself to do so. You see that I never miss any opportunity of praising myself.

I saw the new moon with my left eye ; that disturbs me.

Pray don't fancy that I was rough with grandpapa ; I only treated him as an equal. But as he is ill—very ill—I regret it, and wish I had endured everything without saying a word.

We never leave him, for as soon as any one goes away, he asks for him to come back. George is with him. Dina is always at his bedside ; that goes without saying. Mamma is ill with anxiety. Walitzky—dear Walitzky !—runs hither and thither, attending on the patient, grumbling and consoling at the same time.

I said that I should wish to bear everything without saying a word ; I seem like an unhappy ill-treated creature ; there was nothing to endure, but I was irritated and irritable,

and grandpapa^s being just in the same mood, I lost my patience and answered rather sharply, and sometimes I was wrong. I don't want to pose as an angel disguised under a cloak of wickedness.

Tuesday, December 11th.—Grandpapa has lost the power of speech. . . . It is terrible to see this man—who so recently was still strong, energetic, and young—to see him look like this almost a corpse. . . .

I continue to draw from the bones. I am more than ever with Breslau, Schaeppi, &c. ; the Swiss set, in fact.

Wednesday, December 12th.—At one o'clock the priest and the deacon came and administered extreme unction to grandpapa. Mamma was crying, and praying aloud ; afterwards I went to lunch. Such are the animal needs which do and must exist in every one of us.

Saturday, December 15th.—As was expected, Breslau had an immense success. She draws so well. As for me, they found some very good points in my head, and some not at all bad ones in my study from the nude. I am I don't know what. Breslau has been drawing these three years, and I only two months. Never mind ; it is shameful. Oh ! if I had commenced three years ago—only three years ; it is not so very much—I should be known by now.

There is a comedy going on in the studio. A subscription had been organised to offer M. Robert Fleury and M. Julian a photograph of all the pupils of the studio. Just at this time the Spanish girl, forgetting herself through her over-anxiety to be the head of the studio, was rude to Breslau, who answered sharply, and the students divided into two camps.

The Swiss girls, five in number, one for all, all for one ! They no longer speak to the Spanish girl. The

descendants of William Tell refused to subscribe, and got quite angry. I called them together in the ante-room, and made a speech to show them the folly of their conduct in acting thus. They were offering an affront to the master, at the same time that they delighted the Spanish girl by making her seem of so much importance.

So they re-considered their decision. Then, in order the better to prove to the Spanish girl that I absolutely refused to recognise her as my superior, I offered to break open the money-box this morning at nine o'clock. The terrible Spanish girl had not yet arrived. They seconded the proposal, and proceeded to execute it, and I counted out a hundred and seven francs and one sou. Upon which I went to announce the result in the room of casts.

"Is Mlle. A—— there?" I was asked by a kind of apple-woman, who has her daughter taught drawing.

"No, Madame."

"How strange! I thought it was she who had . . ."

"All the pupils contributed, Madame; therefore all the pupils wished to know the result, and it was in their presence that the money-box was opened. Good morning, Madame."

The Spanish girl came. She said nothing, but I can boast of having another enemy. I can also boast that I don't care a fig about it.

Saturday, December 22nd.—Robert Fleury said to me: "You must never be satisfied with yourself."

So did Julian. Now, as I never have been satisfied with myself, I began to ponder on what they had said. And after Robert Fleury had been saying many kind things to me, I replied that he was quite right to do so, for I was thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, discouraged,

and in despair, which made him open his eyes with surprise.

And in truth I was discouraged. The moment my work does not strike people with astonishment I get discouraged. It is very unfortunate.

As a matter of fact, I have made unheard-of progress; I am constantly told that I show "extraordinary promise," that I get the likeness, that the "*ensemble* is good," and "in drawing." "What more do you want, Mademoiselle?" "Be reasonable," he said, in conclusion.

He stood a very long time before my easel.

"When one draws like this," he said, pointing first to the head, and then to the shoulders, "one has no business to draw shoulders like that."

The Swiss girls and I, all in disguise, went to Bonnat, to ask him to take us into his studio for male students. Of course, he explained to us that these fifty young men being under no supervision it was absolutely impossible. Then we went to Munkácsy (I don't know if I spell his name correctly), a Hungarian painter, who has a splendid house, and great talent.

He knows the Swiss girls, who had a letter of recommendation to him a twelvemonth ago.

Saturday, December 29th.—M. Robert Fleury was much pleased with me. He stood at least half an hour before a pair of feet that I had done lifesize, and asked me again if I had never before painted, and if I meant to take up painting seriously. How long should I be able to remain in Paris?

He wished to see my first attempts in oils, asking me how I had succeeded. I answered that I had painted only for amusement. As he remained a long time by me, every one came behind him to listen; and in the midst of what I may call general stupefaction, he declared that I might paint if I were so inclined.

To that I replied that I was not dying to begin, and that I preferred to perfect myself in drawing.

Sunday, December 30th, and Monday, December 31st.—I feel dull; we are not keeping up the holidays, and that makes me feel dull. I went to see the Christmas-tree at the house of the Swiss girls; it was bright and pleasant, but I was sleepy, having worked till ten at night. We had our fortunes told. Breslau will win prizes, I am to get the *Prix de Rome*, and the others will fail.

It is strange, all the same.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS : ARTISTIC LIFE—1878.

Friday, January 4th.—How strange that the old self should sleep so profoundly! Hardly anything of it remains; now and then a reminiscence which awakens past bitterness, but then immediately I think of . . . what? Of Art? It makes me laugh.

Is this the last stage of the creature? I have sought so long and so cruelly for this end or means of existing without cursing myself, or cursing the rest of Creation all day long, that I can hardly believe I have found it.

With my black blouse on I have a look of Marie Antoinette in the Temple.

I am beginning to become what I wished to be. Sure of myself, outwardly calm, I avoid annoyances and petty worries. I do few things that are useless.

In short, I perfect myself little by little. Let us understand what I mean by the word perfection—perfection as it applies to me.

Oh, time! It is necessary for everything. Time is more terrible, more irritating, more crushing than ever when it is the only obstacle.

Whatever may happen to me, I am more prepared for it than formerly when it made me furious to be obliged to own that I was not perfectly happy.

Sunday, January 6th.—Well! I am of your opinion; time passes, and it would be a hundred times more amusing to spend it as I wanted to before; but as that is impossible, let us wait for the results of my talent; it will still be not too late. . . .

We have removed; we live now at No. 67, Avenue de

l'Alma. From my windows I can see the carriages passing in the Champs Élysées. I have a drawing-room and studio in one to myself. Grandpapa had to be carried ; it was so sad to see ! As soon as he was brought into his room, Dina and I came to his side and waited upon him, and poor grandpapa kissed our hands.

My bed-room reminds me of Naples. . . . A glass was broken in grandpapa's room.

Yes, my room reminds me of Naples. The time for the journey is approaching, and I feel, as it were, the soft fumes of my former idleness stealing over me. . . . In vain !

Monday, January 7th.—To believe, or not to believe, in my artistic future ? Two years are not my whole life, and after two years one can begin again a leisurely existence, going to theatres, travelling, &c. . . . I want to become famous.

I will be.

Saturday, January 12th.—Walitzky died at two o'clock this morning.

Last night, when I went to see him, he said to me, half in fun and half sadly, "*Addio, Signorina*," to remind me of Italy. Perhaps it was for the first time in my life that I shed tears free from selfishness and anger.

There is something particularly distressing in the death of any one so absolutely inoffensive and absolutely good. He was like a poor dog who had never done harm to any one.

Towards one o'clock he had felt better, and so the ladies went back to their rooms. My aunt alone remained with him when he gasped for breath, so that she had to throw water in his face.

Coming to himself a little, he rose, as he was absolutely bent on bidding adieu to grandpapa ; but when he reached

the corridor, he had only time to cross himself thrice, and to call out in Russian . . . "Adieu!" in so loud a voice, however, that mamma and Dina woke up and ran to him, only to see him fall into the arms of my aunt and of Tryphon.

I cannot realise it; it seems to me impossible; it is so terrible.

Walitzky dead! It is an irreparable loss; one can hardly believe that such a character is to be found in real life.

Attached like a dog to all our family, and quite platonically. Oh yes! unselfish to a degree.

You read of people like that in books. If only he can know my thoughts! I hope that God may grant him the power of knowing what we think and say of him. Let him hear me then, wherever he may be; and if he has ever had to complain of me, he will forgive me for the sake of my deep esteem, my sincere friendship, and my heartfelt sorrow.

Monday, January 28th.—The competition is to be decided to-morrow. I am so afraid of getting a bad place! . . .

Tuesday, January 29th.—I was so mortally afraid of the examination that poor Rosalie had to make superhuman efforts to induce me to get up.

I expected either to obtain the medal, or else to be placed only among the very last.

Neither one thing nor the other. I remained in the same place I had two months ago; consequently it was a failure.

I went to see Breslau, who is still ill.

Tuesday, February 12th.—They misled me as to the time when I was to take my place, and then a Spanish girl and two others assured me that they had said nothing to me, and that

it was myself who had made the mistake. This lie, like all lies, made me indignant—all the more, because I must say it to the credit of humanity, that those whose part I had taken at the time of the affair of the Swiss-girls did not say a single word to support me.

I say it, that it may be known; as for me, I have no need of protection; I only protest when I am in the right."

This morning I could not work at all, I could see nothing; and in the afternoon Berthe came, and I gave myself a holiday.

This evening, at the Italian Opera, they played *La Traviata*. Albani, Capoul, and Pandolfini, are great artists, but it gave me no pleasure; yet in the last act I had not exactly the wish to die, but the idea that I should suffer and die just at the moment when all was about to end happily.

It is a presentiment I have. I was dressed *en bébé*—a very graceful costume when one is slight and of good figure. The white bows on the shoulders, the bare neck and arms, made me look like an Infanta of Velasquez.

Die? . . . It would be absurd: and yet it seems to me that I am going to die. I cannot live. I am not created according to the ordinary pattern. I have too much of some things and a lot of things missing, and a character not made to last. If I were a goddess, with all the universe to serve me, I should find that I was ill served.

It is impossible to be more capricious, more exacting, more impatient, than I am. Sometimes, or perhaps even always, I have a certain undercurrent of reason and calm: but I cannot explain my meaning exactly. I only tell you that my life cannot last. My plans, my hopes, my little vanities, fallen to the ground! . . . I have been deceived in everything!

Wednesday, February 13th.— My drawing makes no

progress, and I feel as if some misfortune were about to happen to me—as if I had done something wrong, and feared the consequences, or else some insult. It seems pitiful, but I am afraid in some ways.

Mamma makes herself quite unhappy, and it is her own fault. There is one thing that I beg and pray of her not to do—that is, not to arrange my things, not to put my rooms in order. Well, whatever I may say, she does it with an obstinacy which is almost morbid. And if you knew how exasperating it is, and how it increases my impatience and my brusque way of speaking, which do not need to be made worse than they are.

I believe she is really fond of me, and I am really fond of her, too, but we cannot be two minutes together without irritating one another to tears. In short, we are much worried when we are together, but we should be unhappy were we separated.

I mean to give up everything for drawing. I must remember this, for that is life to me.

So I shall become independent, and then, come what may, I am ready.

Friday, February 15th.—I shall not go to the opera to-morrow.

I draw as well as usual, but that does not prevent my being dissatisfied with myself. I told this to Robert Fleury some time ago, and Saturday, when he was correcting our studies from the nude, he said—

“Did you do that?”

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“You never drew the whole figure before coming here?”

“No.”

“I think you complain?”

• “Yes, Monsieur.” •

“Of not getting on fast enough?

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur."

"Well, if I were in your place, I should be very well satisfied."

It was said with a kindly good-humour that was worth many compliments.

Yes, but when shall I be able to paint portraits? . . . In a year . . . at least, I hope so.

Sunday, February 24th.—I shall go to the studio, and shall prove that one can succeed, when one has the will, and as much baffled, as desperate, and as furious as I am.

Oh! how long is the way! One gets impatient—yes, I get impatient; that is natural; but . . . at twenty I shall not be too old to begin to show my powers, and by the time I am twenty I shall know if my hopes are justified.

Saturday, March 2nd.—Robert Fleury was very pleased with me this morning.

Monday, March 4th.—My dog has been lost since Saturday. I kept hoping he would come back.

My poor dog, if there were room in my mind for any feeling, I should be miserable about him. My poor lost dog!

If I were to die owing to everything I want, to everything I have not!

Now I believe myself a misunderstood being.

It is the most abominable thing you can think of yourself.

A hundred thousand pretensions, and all equally unjustified. I knock myself against everything, and get bruised.

Tuesday, March 12th.—When I think of Pincio, who is indeed lost, my heart aches.

I really cared for him, and his loss affects me almost as much as Walitzky's death.

Especially when I think that the animal is in the hands of strangers, that he misses me, and that I shall never again see his little face, with the extraordinary black eyes and nose. . . . That's right ; I am making myself cry now.

Ah ! *sapristi*, a thousand . . . what you will ! I believe I would rather see C—, or anybody wounded, ill, or ruined, than never again see my dog, who loved me so. I feel true sorrow for his loss, and I don't care a straw for anything else.

Wednesday, March 13th.—Julian playfully admired my stoicism, and the Spanish girl said that those who work coldly will never do anything out of the common. As for her, she has so much enthusiasm that she has been working night and day for four years ; she can't succeed in putting together a head or a study from the nude, though she has a certain power of painting solidly.

If I were a man I should not care to marry her ; all she produces is disjointed.

My uncles, who themselves have no knowledge of friendship, such as exists between people like C— and myself, think that he inspires me with a tender interest. It is evident that they don't understand ; for to give one's love to C— would be to want to make oneself a home . . . on the bridge of Avignon.

Saturday, March 16th.—I went to see the exhibition at the Mirlitons. I really love my profession, and am always glad to convince myself of this afresh.

Robert Fleury said to me this morning, "For some time there has been a certain point beyond which you cannot go ; that is bad. With the true gifts you possess, you ought not to be stopped by easy things ; the less so, that you can conquer what is most difficult."

• Yes, I know it, *pardieu*. A portrait to do at home, and then the domestic worries. But that shall trouble me no

longer ; I will not let it. C—— will bring me nothing ; whereas painting will. And Monday you will see how I shall leap beyond the point of which Robert Fleury spoke. I must, above all, be quite convinced that I must succeed, and that I will succeed.

Saturday, March 23rd.—I promised you to get beyond the point of which Robert Fleury spoke.

I kept my word. They were extremely pleased with me. They told me again that it was worth while working with such genuine abilities, that I had made astonishing progress, and that in a month or two . . .

“ You will be among the best of the students ; and remember,” added Robert Fleury, looking at the picture of Breslau, who was away,—“ remember that I include those who are not here to-day.”

“ You may expect,” said Julian to me in a low voice, “ to be detested here, for I have never seen any one make such progress as you have done in five months.”

“ Julian,” said Robert Fleury, before everybody, “ I have just been giving the highest praise to Mademoiselle, who is wonderfully gifted.”

Julian, in spite of his great size, seemed to float on wings. For Robert Fleury is not paid, and only does the correcting out of friendship ; so that Julian is happy when his pupils interest the master.

Julian came while the study from the nude was being corrected (which he never does, as a rule) ; but I have noticed that he has been watching mine with interest since Monday.

In short, with my habitual modesty, I will dwell no longer on these flattering occurrences, but only notice an increase of fifty per cent. in the jealousy of some, in the jealousy and uneasiness of others.

The others begin to paint almost as soon as they feel inclined ; but I have placed myself under the especial care of

Robert Fleury, who is quite willing ; I do nothing, except by his orders. To-day he ordered me to do some studies from still-life from time to time, very simple ones, just to get into the way of handling the brush. This is already the second time he has spoken to me of painting.

Next week, or the week after, I shall paint for him, on a canvas, No. 8, my skull, nicely arranged with a book, or something else.

Monday, March 25th.—It is the competition to-day. A woman who looks a little like Croizette.

I have a fairly good place, and I think I am in the mood for work. And then I don't mean to tire myself by staying up late.

Robert Fleury came this evening ; he is certainly very pleased with me ; he questioned me on anatomy, and, of course, I answered without hesitation.

It is odious to be like me ; but I thank God I am good, and not in love with any one. If I were, I should kill myself with rage.

Saturday, March 30th.—I had not foreseen that from my place I should have to turn my head each time to look at the model. This movement is very trying to my nerves, and my drawing is as bad as it can be. I am sure I shall be the last, and I have told every one so.

The night classes are over, so I must arrange for some work to do at home.

Thursday, April 4th.—I went to the studio early, and was told of the decision, which is absolutely unheard of, and upset everybody.

Vick has the medal (that's natural enough). Then comes Madeleine (the girl who nearly always has the medal), and then I. I am so taken by surprise that I am not even pleased.

It was so surprising that Julian went to ask Lefebvre (the one who was elected first on the jury of the Salon) why he had placed us thus. And Lefebvre and the students down-stairs said that I had been placed third because they saw I had the true feeling for drawing. As for Breslau, it seems that her drawing was spoilt by *chic*. She sat far from the model, and so her drawing was somewhat wanting in firmness; but as the professors are prejudiced against women, they took that for *chic*.

Fortunately for me, Robert Fleury was away. Lefebvre and Boulanger were the only judges; otherwise they would have said that it was due to Robert Fleury's influence that I was third.

I don't know what to do with my evenings since the evening classes have been closed, and it makes me tired.

Saturday, April 6th.—Robert Fleury really gives me too much encouragement; he thought the second place should have been given to me, and he was not in the least surprised at my success.

It was absurd to see the fury of the others. I went to the Luxembourg, and then to the Louvre with Schaeppi.

To think that M——, after leaving us, probably went home to dream of my arms and of me, and will think that I am thinking of him!

Whilst I, undressed and untidy, with my hair tumbling down, and my shoes on the ground, was asking myself if I had bewitched him sufficiently; and, not content with asking myself, I asked Dina.

And yet, O folly of youth! two years ago I should have thought this was love. Now I am reasonable, and understand that it is amusing when you feel that you are making some one love you—or, rather, when you think you see some one falling in love with you. *The love one*

inspires is a sensation unlike anything else, which one feels oneself and which I formerly mistook for love.

Oh dear! oh dear! and I thought I was in love with A——, with his rather big nose, which reminds me of M——'s . . . Ugh, horrible!

I am so pleased to justify myself—so pleased! No, no, I have never been in love, and . . . if you could only imagine how happy I feel—how free, and proud, and worthy . . . worthy of him who is yet to come.

Tuesday, April 9th.—To-day I worked satisfactorily in the morning; in the afternoon I remained in bed, being unwell. It lasted two hours, after which I got up, almost glad to have suffered. It is so nice afterwards; you feel so happy to laugh at the pain. How glorious is youth!

Twenty years hence it will last a whole day.

I have finished the *Lys dans la Vallee*; the book is very fatiguing, in spite of its many beauties.

The letter from Nathalie de Manerville, which closes the book, is charming and true.

I read Balzac to my own detriment, for, indeed, the same time spent in working would help me to become myself a Balzac in art.

Friday, April 12th.—Yesterday Julian met Robert Fleury at the café, and Robert Fleury said I was a really interesting and surprising pupil, and that he hoped much from my future.

It is to that I must anchor myself, especially in those moments when all my brain is invaded by that inexplicable and terrible fear, and when I feel myself sinking in an abyss of doubt and torments of all kinds, without any cause whatever.

* Very often lately there have been three candles at home—a sign of a death.

Am I the person destined to go to the next world? It seems so to me. And my future and my fame? Oh, well, they will be done for.

If there were any man in the landscape, I should believe I was in love again; I am so terribly restless; but there is none, and besides, I am disgusted. . . .

And yet there are days when I think you do not lose your dignity by following your fancies; on the contrary, you assert your pride, and indifference to other people's opinion, by not resisting them. Ah! but they are all such poor, such unworthy creatures, that I am incapable of giving them a moment's thought. Firstly, they all have corns on their feet, and I would not forgive that to a king. Imagine me dreaming of a man with corns on his feet!

I begin to believe I have a true passion for my art, which reassures and consoles me. I want nothing else, and I am too disgusted with everything to think of anything else.

If it were not for that uneasiness, that fear, I should be happy.

It is quite fine—real spring-time. One feels it as much as one ever can in Paris, where even in the most charming of woods, under the trees, which seem most mysterious and full of poetry, one is sure to find a waiter, with his white apron turned up, and a glass of beer in his hand.

I get up at sunrise, and am at the studio before the model. If only I can free myself from this fear, this accursed superstition!

I remember that in my childhood I had a presentiment and fear almost like this. It seemed to me that I should never be able to learn anything but French, and that other languages could not be learnt. Well, you see, it was not so; and yet I had a real superstitious fear, just like this one.

I hope this example will relieve my anxiety.

I thought that *La Recherche de l'Absolu* was quite different, for I, too, am seeking after the Absolute. Now the

Absolute in feeling is the Absolute in everything. That is what makes me think out and set down a thousand attempts to express the truth, at the end of which I succeed to a certain extent, but do not hit the mark exactly.

Saturday, April 13th.—At twenty-two I shall be either famous or dead.

You think perhaps that one works only with the eyes and fingers?

You who are *bourgeois*, you will never know the amount of sustained attention, of unceasing comparison, of calculation, of feeling, of reflection, necessary to obtain any result.

Yes, yes, I know what you would say . . . but you say nothing at all, and I swear to you by Pincio's head (that seems stupid to you; it is not to me)—I swear that I will become famous; I swear solemnly—by the Gospels, by the passion of Christ, by myself—that in four years I will be famous.

Sunday, April 14th.—Poor grandpapa, he is interested in everything, and suffers so much at not being able to speak. I guess better than any one what he means; he was so happy this evening; I read the papers to him, and we all chatted in his room.

I felt at the same time grieved, happy, and touched.

And now human language cannot express my anger, my rage, my despair

If I had been drawing ever since I was fifteen, I should now be famous!

Do you understand?

Saturday, April 20th.—Last night, locking up this notebook, I opened the sixty-second one; I read over some pages, and chanced on A—'s letter.

It made me dream long, and smile, and then dream

again. I went to bed late, but it was not lost time; but moments like these don't come at will, but only when we are young. We must know how to make use of them, appreciate them, and enjoy them, like all God's gifts. The young do not know how to appreciate youth rightly; but I am like one who is old, who knows what each thing is worth, and who wishes to lose no particle of enjoyment.

On account of Robert Fleury I was unable to confess before mass, which necessitates my putting off the communion till to-morrow. The confession was singular; here it is—

“ You are not without sin,” said the priest, after the usual prayer. “ Are you not given to idleness?”

“ Never.”

“ To pride ?”

“ Always.”

“ Do you keep the fast days ?”

“ Never.”

“ Have you offended any one ?”

“ I don't think so, but it may be, perhaps, by trifle, my father, but nothing serious.”

“ May God forgive you, my daughter,” &c.

I am self-possessed; I proved it to-night by talking without jesting. I am calm, and have absolutely no fear, moral or physical . . . Often I say: “ I was horribly afraid of going to some place, or of doing something.” It is an exaggeration of speech common to almost everybody, which means nothing. What pleases me is that I am getting into the habit of speaking to everybody; it is essential if one wishes to have a good *salon*. Formerly, I used to speak to one person only, and take no notice, or hardly any, of the rest.

Saturday, April 27th—Sunday, April 28th.—I had the mad idea of letting them ask men to the midnight mass in our church.

On the right stood the ambassador, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and his wife, Madame Akenfieff. The duke is the son of the Grand Duchess Marie, who died at Florence, and is a nephew of the Emperor.

The couple were at Rome when I was there, and Madame Akenfieff was not received at the Embassy. Now she plays the part of Grand Duchess to perfection ; she is still a beautiful woman, and very stately, though very thin. Well, the husband is still full of delicate attention to his wife ; it is admirable and quite charming.

The Embassy gave an Easter supper, which took place after mass, two hours after midnight, in the house of the priest, which, being quite near the church, was chosen for the occasion.

But it was the ambassador who sent out the invitations, and who received ; so that we had the good fortune to be at the same table with the Grand Duke, his wife, the ambassador, and the best Russian society in Paris.

I was dull, and yet not vexed on the whole, for it will send me back to my work with new ardour.

Why does not Prince Orloff, who is a widower, fall in love with and marry me ? I should then be ambassador in Paris, almost empress. Did not M. Anitchkoff, who was ambassador at Teheran, marry a young girl for love when he was over fifty-five ?

I did not produce all the effect I wished. Laferrière came late, and I was obliged to put on a dress that fitted badly. I had to improvise a chemisette ; it was a low-necked dress, and had to be altered. On my dress depended my temper ; on my temper, my manner and the expression of my face—everything, in fact.

*Monday, April 29th.—*At work from eight in the morning to six in the evening, from which you must deduct an hour and a half for going out to lunch ; there is nothing so good as regular work.

To change the subject, I must tell you that I believe I shall never be seriously in love. I always discover something comical in the man, and then all is over. If he does not seem ridiculous, he is awkward, or stupid, or tiresome. In short, there is always a something that discovers the ass beneath the lion's skin.

It is true that until I find my master I shall not let myself be caught by any charm. 'Thank heaven, the mania I have of finding out people's faults will prevent my falling in love with one and all of the Adonises on earth! . . .

How silly the people are who go to the Bois, and how unable I am to understand their empty stupid existence!

Friday, May 3rd.—There are moments when one would throw up everything—the intellectual whirl, glory, and painting—in order to go and live in Italy, to live on sunshine, and music, and love.

Saturday, May 4th.—I love everything simple—in painting, in feeling, &c.—everything. My feelings have never been simple, and never can be, for simple feelings cannot exist where there are doubts and fears founded on previous experience. Simple feelings can exist only in complete happiness, or in the country, when one is ignorant of all those things which . . .

I am essentially of a hair-splitting character, as much through an excess of delicate perception as through self-esteem, a desire to analyse and to seek for the truth, through fear of following a wrong track or of a failure.

Well, when heart and mind are tormented with all these things, you attain only results which show fatigue; they may be violent, but are at the same time subject to strange and sudden changes, to ups and downs—in fact, an absolute and tormenting want of balance; yet on the whole this is preferable to an absolute evenness, which, as every one says,

is wearisome. This evenness excludes those extremely delicate shades which give supreme pleasure to those finely organised, hair-splitting natures who require subtlety even in what is great—nay, sublime, and without which you can never obtain such powerful and many-coloured effects

You would think I knew something about it; I know only that I write down my fancies, and steal my ideas from no one.

Sunday, May 5th.—I have been seven months at the studio.

I went again to the exhibition with Anna Noggren. We went through it, only glancing at everything, with the exception of the pictures, which were the only things that really interested us.

I was very much surprised at the portrait of Don Carlos, which is badly drawn, false in colour, and not like. As for the famous portrait of M. Thiers, I had not seen it at the Salon, and saw it for the first time to-day; but I feel sure that it has darkened in colour.

Carolus Duran I like best of all, for the life in his work; and Bonnat for his skill.

Bonnat's hands are marvellous.

Tuesday, May 9th.—I might have had a delicious hand if my fingers had not been shamefully spoilt by stringed instruments, and if I did not bite my nails. But the celestial instruments would not matter if I had decent nails.

My body like that of an antique goddess, my Spanish-looking hips, my small and perfectly-shaped bosom, my feet, my hands, and my childlike head—of what use is it all, since nobody loves me?

Poor Pincio and poor Walitzky! I thought of them to-day.

Saturday, May 11th.—Schaeppi, aunt Marie, and I went

to the exhibition to see the pictures and admire Don Carlos, who is the most magnificent and royal of men I have ever seen. He surpasses in distinction our Grand Dukes and our Emperor.

Dress him as you like, place him where you will, every one will ask, Who is that man?

It is impossible to conceal good birth; and when men of birth are ugly, or do not show their breeding, it is, you may be sure, that there is something shady about their origin. It is impossible to be more kingly, more dignified, more natural, than Don Carlos. If that man were as intelligent as any one else, it would be too much. He is not quite a fool, but he is

Sunday, May 12th.—I have painted my first study of still-life—a vase of blue porcelain with a bunch of violets, and a little shabby red book at the side, on a canvas, No. 3. In this way I shall go on with my drawing, and get used to the colours, by working two or three hours on a Sunday. Every Sunday I shall do something different.

Yesterday I was rude to my mother. Afterwards I went back to my little drawing-room, where it was dark, and, kneeling down, I took an oath before God that I would never answer my mother sharply again; and if she provoked me, that I would hold my peace, or go out of the room.

She is very ill; a misfortune soon happens, and I should never console myself for having behaved badly towards her.

Monday, May 13th.—For the afternoon places they drew lots; the first fell to me, and as I had not yet come, the next girl took my place.

Then I came in, and Breslau told me that I must be the last, having lost my place. Such a thing was never, never done before. You left the person in your place, and sat just behind her, but were never sent right to the back. Although

that may be the rule, I made them ask M. Julian about it. M. Julian replied that the rule certainly existed, but that it had never been enforced, and that he thought it shameful to have played me such a trick. I left in a rage, but came back to say that my absence would give only too much pleasure to a lot of stupid jealous girls.

The Spanish girl came up to try and calm me, because I threatened to leave the studio; the maid also came and said consoling things. But I answered them that they need not be afraid; I should certainly work, and that I should be very silly to waste my time, as that was just what would please the others. It wanted twenty-five minutes to the hour.

“They have succeeded,” said I, “in making me lose an hour, from one till two, but I shall employ these twenty-five minutes in calming myself, so as to be able to draw well, and to enrage those wretched creatures who have recourse to such petty tricks out of jealousy.” For those twenty-five minutes I led them a life!

Thursday, May 16th.—While I was preparing to paint my death’s head, having after my usual fashion heralded my project with trumpets and drums, Breslau has this week painted one. That will teach me not to chatter so much. Talking it over with the others, I said that really my ideas must be worth something, since there are people foolish enough to take up the worst of my chance suggestions.

Friday, May 17th.—I could become a *communarde*, just for the pleasure of blowing-up all the houses and destroying the homes.

One ought to love one’s home. There is nothing sweeter than to rest there, to dream of the things one has done, and the people one has seen . . . But to rest eternally! . . .

The days from eight till six pass somehow or another in working, but the evenings!

I mean to model in the evening . . . in order not to think that I am young, that time is passing, that I am bored to death, and disgusted, and that everything is horrible!

How strange it is, though, that some people have no luck, either in love or in the business of life. In love, it is my own fault. I took wild fancies to some, and forsook others . . . But in practical things!

I shall now weep, and pray to God to settle this matter for me. It is a very original idea to talk to the *bon Dieu*, but it does not make Him any kinder to me.

Others do not know how to ask. As for me, *I* have faith; I supplicate . . .

Doubtless, I have no merit.

I believe that I am soon to die.

Thursday, May 23rd.—I have begun to paint two oranges and a knife, at the studio. Since I have broken with Breslau, I am polite to the Spanish girl, who is the most obliging creature, putting herself out for me, arranging my still-life, and giving me advice.

One does not work as well in spring-time as in winter.

Saturday, May 25th.—“That is not getting on well enough for you,” said Robert Fleury.

I felt it myself; and if he had not been encouraging about my still-life studies, I should have fallen from the height of my hopes—and this would have been serious.

We went to the Français to see *Les Fourchambault*. The piece is very much admired, but I am not in love with it.

I had a hat . . . but that no longer interests me. What I want is to have an air of distinction. I had not been think-

ing of it much lately. Decidedly I am to be a great artist. . . . Every time I leave my work I am sent back to it by stinging blows of every kind.

Have I not had visions of political *salons*, then of the world, then of a rich marriage, and again of politics?

All that was at the time when I dreamed of, when I hoped for, the possibility of some natural, human, feminine arrangement of my life; but no, nothing. This constant, imper- turbable, astounding ill-luck does not even make me laugh any more.

It has given me great coolness, an immense contempt for every one, reasoning power, wisdom, and a number of qualities which go to make up a character which, while being cold, disdainful, and callous, is at the same time active, brusque, and energetic. As for the sacred fire, it is hidden, and the vulgar onlookers, the profane, do not even suspect it. They think I care not a straw for anything. I am without heart; I criticise, despise, and mock.

And all the more tender feelings thrown back into my inmost self, what do they say of this haughty assumption? They say nothing; they murmur, and hide themselves ever deeper, both hurt and grieved.

I pass my life in saying wild things, which please me and astonish others. . . . There would be no harm if one did not take a bitter tone, if it were not the outcome of this inconceivable ill-luck in everything.

For instance, when I made my famous request to the *bon Dieu*, the priest gave me the bread and the wine, which I took, and then the piece of bread without the wine, accord- ing to custom. This bread fell twice from my hands. It pained me, but I said nothing, hoping that it did not mean a refusal.

It appears, however, that it did.

• All this proves to me that there remains my art, to which I must devote my life. . . . No doubt I shall again leave it

for other things by fits and starts, but for a few hours only, after which I shall return chastened and wiser.

Monday, May 27th.—I got to the studio before seven, and went with the Swedish girls to have breakfast for three sous at a crêmerie. I saw the workmen, the *gamins* in their blouses, come to drink their poor cup of chocolate, just like the one I myself had taken.

“For you, Mademoiselle, to commence painting by still-life studies is just as if a strong man were ordered to take exercise by handling this” (and Julian raised and lowered his pen-holder). “I agree that you should not do the face, but paint feet, bits from the life; there is nothing better than that.”

He is perfectly right, and I am going to paint a foot.

I lunched at the studio; they brought me something from home, for I calculated that by going home to lunch I lost an hour every day, which makes six hours or one day a week, four days a month, forty-eight days a year.

As for the evenings . . . I want to do some sculpture; I spoke about it to Julian, who will mention it to Dubois, or get it mentioned to him, so that he may feel interested in me.

I had given myself four years; seven months have already passed. I think three years will be enough; that leaves me still two years and five months.

I shall then be between twenty and twenty-one.

Julian says that in a twelvemonth I shall paint very well—that may be, but not well enough.

“This way of working is not natural,” he said, laughing. “You give up society, walks, and drives—everything, in fact. There must be some purpose, some secret idea beneath this.”

He is not a Southerner for nothing.

To-day something happened almost like my quarrel

with the Swiss girl, only I played Breslau's part, and an old lady mine.

"Madame," I said, so as to be heard, "I am in my right, and I might keep this place if I were in the habit of causing annoyance to well-bred people. Take it, Madame; by the rules of courtesy it is yours. Thank God I have been well brought up, and have nothing in common with certain animals (excuse the term) who do not know how to behave." And as the poor old lady would not accept it, I added: "Take it, I beg of you, Madame; I give it no more for your sake than to glorify myself. I do this noble deed because I respect myself."

That was my vengeance, although it was half chaff.

Thursday, May 30th.—Generally their relatives and surroundings do not believe in the genius of great men At home they over-estimate my abilities, so that they would not be astonished if I were to paint as great a picture as the *Raft of the Medusa*, and if I were to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour. Is it a bad sign? I hope not.

Friday, May 31st.—My people went to see a *feerie* at the Châtelet; I went with them. When you have seen one, you have seen all. I was bored; and whilst looking mechanically at the advertisements on the curtain, I was thinking that my life has lost its brightness, is faded, and . . . *done for*. It is a pity to feel such a blank, such desolation around oneself. As a matter of fact . . . I understand it now. I fancied that I was born to be happy in everything; now I see that I am unhappy in everything; it is exactly the same thing, only that it is just the opposite. From the moment I have known what to expect, it is quite bearable, and it grieves me no longer, since I am prepared.

I assure you I say what I really think. What was awful, was the constant disillusion. To meet with serpents.

where you expected to find flowers! 'tis horrible; but these shocks have educated me into indifference. Everything goes on around me, I don't even look out of the carriage window as I go to the studio.

I close my eyes, or read the paper.

You think perhaps that this resignation is desperate. . . . It is caused by despair, but it is calm and gentle, if sad.

Instead of being rose-colour, everything is grey; that is all. You make up your mind to it, and feel calm. I don't know myself any more. It is not a passing mood, but that is what I have become. It seems strange to me, but it is none the less true. I don't even need money, only a couple of black blouses a year; linen which I could wash on Sundays for the week; very simple food, as long as there are no onions in it, and it is fresh; and . . . the possibility of working.

No carriages to ride in, the omnibus or my feet; I wear shoes without heels at the studio.

Why live then? Why? *Eh! parbleu!* in the hope of better days, and this hope never leaves us.

Everything is relative. For instance, compared with my past anxieties, the present is ease of mind itself. I enjoy it as I should an agreeable event. In January I shall be nineteen. Moussia will be nineteen! It seems absurd and impossible. It is fearful.

At times I am seized with a desire to dress, to go out, to show myself at the Opera, the Bois, the Salon, the Exhibition. But then I say to myself directly, What is the use? And it all comes to nothing.

Between every two words I write I think of a million things; I express my thoughts only by fragments.

What a misfortune for posterity!

No, it is not a misfortune for posterity, but it prevents me from making myself understood.

I am jealous of Breslau, who does not draw at all like a woman.

Next week I shall work so hard, you will see! . . . My afternoons will be devoted to the exhibition and the Salon.

But the week after next . . . I mean to draw well and I will.

Monday, June 3rd.—A sleepless night! Work from eight in the morning, and going about from two till seven in the evening, to the Salon, to look for a house, &c.

And of what use is this wonderful health of mine? this energy which spends itself and accomplishes nothing?

I work . . . Oh yes, to be sure! A miserable seven or eight hours a day, which have no more effect on me than seven or eight minutes.

We went to see a beautiful studio. I trembled with delight going through it; for even the sight of a large well-lighted studio makes you believe that you will accomplish great things.

To-morrow I will tell you in earnest my true opinion, my inmost thoughts, formed neither by other people nor by my surroundings. I will even tell you to-night!

In my heart, my soul, my mind, I am republican.

The old titles kept up; equality before the law; all other equality is impossible. Respect for families of ancient lineage; honour to foreign princes. Protection for the arts; luxury and elegance.

These dynasties, these Ministers who take root and then rot as they stand, infest a country. This court favour! There lies the misfortune; there the ruin! Whereas the constant renewal and change of the chief of the State, a frequent clean sweep of the Ministers, the officials well exposed to the breezes of public opinion—that is what is needed. Things like this make a country fresh and

healthy, and consequently capable of anything if it possesses intelligence ; and that will never be wanting to the French.

People reproach the Republic with bloodshed, infamous deeds, and a thousand other things. *Que diable !* Look at the beginnings of anything, especially when half the people do nothing but spoil, hinder, and oppose. Several attempts failed. There was the Napoleonic tradition ; there was Saint Helena.

And now, what do we find ? That sterile M. de Chambord, and after him the Orléans princes. The D'Orléans are not to my taste. One is not fond of degraded bastard things. As for Napoleon III., he destroyed the chances of his house for ever and a day. The present Republic is the true one—the one so long waited for, the crowning benediction of Heaven come at last.

What matter the few freethinkers who are to be found under all *régimes* ? What matter extravagant ideas ? The country is not a drawing-room !

Let party men choose their guests ; but the Republic is no party. She is the country as a whole ; and as more and more of her children rally to her, she will open her arms ever wider ; and when all shall have come, there will be none proscribed, neglected or favoured, and political parties will have ceased to exist. But France will be living.

For the moment, the Republic has too much to do to think of individuals.

It is criminal, they say, for the Republicans to have black sheep in their ranks. Yet what nation is without them ?

If all France were to become legitimist or imperialist, would they then become pure and without reproach ?

Good-night ! I am almost talking nonsense, through hurrying on so fast.

Wednesday, June 12th.—To-morrow I take up again my

work, neglected since Saturday ; I feel remorseful, and to-morrow everything shall go on as usual. The evening will be enough for my own affairs.

M. Rouher surprised me in several ways. Firstly, by his youthfulness—I had imagined him grave, slow, and decrepit, and saw him jump from the cab, offer his arm, pay the cabman, and run up the steps ; and then by his ideas—a half education, he says, leads to the absolute denial of all authority. He proclaims the benefits of ignorance (although he says it is a puzzling question, and asserts that newspapers are poison, scattered broadcast on to the public streets).

You may imagine with what curiosity I looked at him and listened to the man who had been Vice-Emperor !

But I need not here give you my judgment—firstly, because I have not seen him enough, and, secondly, because I don't feel inclined to do so to-night. He gave us several interesting details, with which he is in a position to be perfectly acquainted, concerning the attempt on our Emperor in 1867, and then about the Imperial family, and he asked me if we knew the Prince Imperial. As you may imagine, I was orthodox with the master of the Bonapartists.

I am even surprised at my delicate flattery and tact. Gavini and the Baron seemed to approve me completely, and M. Rouher himself was pleased, but what a display of damp fireworks !

They spoke of votes, laws, pamphlets, faithful followers, traitors, before me. Did I listen ? Oh, I should think so ! It was like a door opening into Paradise. And yet I have said that women should meddle with nothing, being only capable of doing harm, and not serious enough to stop short of excess.

* I am sorry that I am a woman, and M. Rouher, that he is a man.

"Women," he said, "have not the worries and anxieties that we have."

"Will you allow me to say, Monsieur, that we all have them alike? But the worries of men bring them distinction, glory, and popularity; whereas those of women bring them nothing at all."

"You believe, then, Mademoiselle, that we are always thus rewarded?"

"I believe, Monsieur, that it depends on the man."

You must not think that I attacked him just in that way, suddenly. I remained at least ten minutes in a corner, somewhat puzzled; for the old fox looked by no means delighted at my being introduced to him.

Would you like to know something? I am delighted. Now I feel inclined to tell you all the clever things I said, but I must not. I only tell you that I did my very best not to talk commonplaces, and to seem full of good sense, and in this way I give you the best idea I can of what happened.

Gavini said the Bonapartists were happy in having the sympathy of pretty women, bowing towards me at the same time.

"Monsieur," I replied, turning towards M. Rouher, "I give my sympathies to your party not as a woman, but as a man, and a man of principle."

Saturday, June 15th.—Only think! Robert Fleury would not say anything to me, my drawing was so bad. Then I showed him the one of last week—and got praise for it, I am thankful to say. There are days when everything fatigues one.

Wednesday, July 3rd.—M—— came to bid us good-bye, and, as it rained, he proposed to accompany us to the exhibition.

We accepted; but before going, while we were alone, he begged of me not to be so cruel, &c. &c.

"You know that I am madly in love with you—that I suffer. If you but knew how terrible it is to see nothing but mocking smiles, to hear nothing but chaff, when one is truly in love!"

"You exaggerate your own feelings."

"Oh no! I swear to you! I am ready to give you every proof . . . the most absolute devotion, the fidelity, the patience of a dog! Only say one word—tell me that you have some confidence in me. . . . Why do you treat me as if I were a mountebank—a being of inferior race?"

"I treat you as I treat everybody."

"Why? since you know that I love you as no one else does—that I am devoted to you heart and soul?"

"I generally do inspire feelings of this kind."

"But not like mine. Let me believe, at least, that you have not towards me . . . a feeling of repulsion."

"Repulsion! Oh no! not that, I assure you."

"But to me indifference is as terrible."

"Ah! well . . . "

"Promise me that you will not forget me during the few months I shall be away."

"That is not in my power to do."

"Give me permission to remind you from time to time of my existence. . . . Perhaps I shall amuse you, or call up a smile. . . . Let me hope that sometimes, at rare intervals, you will send me a word . . . only one word."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh! without your signature—simply this: 'I am well.' Nothing more; and it will make me so happy!"

"I sign everything I write, and I always honour my signature."

“Then you do give me permission ?” “

“I am like the *Figaro*, I ‘am willing to receive any correspondence.”

“Good God ! If you knew how terrible it is never to obtain a serious word, to be for ever scoffed at ! . . . No, I entreat of you, be in earnest ; you would not have it said that you did not take pity on me, even at the moment of our parting. Will you not let me hope that my unbounded devotion, my attachment, my love ? . . . Impose on me any conditions, any proofs, you will ; but let me hope that one day you will be more . . . kind. . . . That you will not always laugh ?”

“As for proofs,” I said, rather seriously, “there is but one.”

“And that is ? I am ready and willing to accept anything.”

“Time.”

“Time ? Be it so ; you will see.”

“I shall be very happy.”

“But, tell me, have you confidence in me ?”

“Confidence ? I have so much confidence in you that I would trust you with a letter, and feel quite sure that you would not open it.”

“Dreadful idea ! No, I mean absolute confidence.”

“What great words !”

“And if the feeling is a great one ?” he said, softly.

“I should be only too happy to believe it ; these things flatter one’s vanity. There, I consent to have a little confidence in you.”

“Really and truly ?”

“Really and truly. And now you are satisfied, are you not ?”

We went to the exhibition. I am out of patience because M.— is happy, and pays his addresses to me as though I had accepted him.

I have a sensation of real pleasure this evening ; the love of M—— produces absolutely the same effect on me as did that of A——, so you see that I didn't care for Pietro. I was not even in love with him ! I was but just on the threshold of being in love ; but you know what a horrible disenchantment it was. You can understand that I don't intend to marry M——.

"True love is always worthy of respect," I said to him ; "you need not be ashamed of it ; only don't get exaggerated ideas about it."

"Your "friendship" !"

"A vain word !"

"Then your"

"You are too exacting !"

"But what am I to say, since you will not let me gain your love little by little—since you refuse me your friendship. . . . ?"

"Pure illusion !"

"Love, then ?"

"You have taken leave of your senses."

"Why ?"

"Because I detest you."

Friday, July 5th.—At the concert of the Russian gipsies I don't want to go away and leave a bad impression. We were six — my aunt, Dina, Étienne, Philippini, M——, and I. When the concert was over, we went to eat ices, and called to our table the prettiest gipsies, and two of the gipsy children, to whom we gave ices and wine. It was quite amusing, to talk to these girls, who are all young and virtuous. They are well looked after.

• Afterwards my aunt gave her arm to Étienne, Dina gave hers to Philippini, and I mine to M——. We walked home, the weather being so fine. M——, who had become calm,

spoke to me of his love. . . . It is just as it was before; I don't love him, but his fire warms my heart. That is what I mistook for love two years ago!

He is eloquent. The tears even came to his eyes. As I came nearer home I did not laugh so much. I was softened by the beauty of the night and this idyll of love. Ah! how sweet it is to be loved! There is nothing in the world so sweet. . . . Now I know that M—— does love me. One cannot simulate like that. And if he loved me for the sake of my money, he would have been disheartened before now by my disdain; and besides, there is Dina, who is supposed to be as rich as I am; and there are many other marriageable girls. . . . M—— is not a beggar, and he is a perfect gentleman. He might have found, and he *will* find, some one else.

M—— is very nice; I was perhaps wrong to leave my hand in his at the moment of our parting. He kissed my hand; I owed him that at least. Besides, poor fellow, he loves and respects me so much! I questioned him as if he had been a child; I wished to know how he came to love me, and since when. It seems that he loved me from the first. "But it is a peculiar love," he said. "Others are women for me, but you are something apart from and above the rest of the world. It is a strange feeling; I know that you treat me as if I were some hunchbacked clown; I know that you are not kind, that you have no heart, and still I love you. One has always a certain admiration for the heart of the woman one loves, and I I am not, so to speak, in sympathy with you, although I adore you."

I continued to listen; for I tell you, in real truth, words of love are worth all the sights of the earth, except those to which you go in order to be seen. But then it is still a kind of song, a manifestation of love! You are looked at, you are admired, and you open out like a flower under the rays of the sun.

Soden, Sunday, July 7th.—We left at seven. Grand-papa wished me to stay, but I bid him good-bye; then he kissed me, and all at once he began to cry, his nose puckered, his mouth opened, his eyes shut, just like a child. Before his illness, my love for him was nothing; but now I adore him. If you only knew what interest he shows in the smallest things—how he loves us all since he has been in this terrible condition! A moment more, and I should have remained. . . . What folly to be always so sensitive! Fancy a person transported from Paris to Soden. A deathly silence expresses but feebly the quiet which reigns at Soden. I am stunned by it, as one might be by a great noise.

Here there will be time for meditation and for writing.

What depressing stillness! I hope you will be able to read dissertations in plenty!

Dr. Tilénus has just gone; he asked me the necessary questions about my illness, and did not say, like the French doctors, "Well! it will be nothing; we shall make you well again in a week, Mademoiselle."

To-morrow I begin my cure.

The trees here are fine, the air is pure, the country suits my face. In Paris I am only pretty, if I am even that; here, I look sweet and poetical, my eyes are larger, and my cheeks thinner.

Soden, Tuesday, July 9th.—They bore me to death, these doctors! I had my throat examined; pharyngitis, laryngitis, and catarrh. . . . Only that! . . . I amuse myself by reading Livy, and taking notes in the evening. I intend doing it every evening. I need to read Roman history.

Tuesday, July 16th.—I am determined to succeed, by my painting, or by some other means, be it what it may! Do not imagine, however, that I have taken up art only from vanity. There are perhaps few girls of so artistic a temperament.

in everything as I am. You must have perceived it, you who are the intelligent portion of my readers. For the others I don't care a straw. They will only think that I am extravagant, because I am strange in everything, though involuntarily so.

Wednesday, July 24th. — Dr. Tomachewsky, who is physician to the Opera at St. Petersburg, must know something; besides, his opinion coincides with that of Dr. Fauvel and others; and I myself, too, know that the Soden waters, by their chemical composition, are quite unsuited to my illness. If you are not ignorant, you must know that it is to Soden that consumptive patients are sent.

Yesterday, at six in the morning, my aunt and I, accompanied by Dr. Tomachewsky, went to Ems to consult the doctors there.

We have now returned.

The Empress Eugénie is at Ems. Poor woman !

Thursday, August 1st. — I disguised myself as a queer-looking old German woman, full of odd little ways; and as every new arrival arouses intense interest amongst the frequenters of the Kurhaus I created quite a sensation.

But I committed the imprudence of not ordering anything from the waiter, suspicion was aroused, I was followed, pursued, and all was over.

I assure you, it is dull work to make five-and-twenty persons split their sides with laughter without being amused yourself.

Friday, August 2nd. — I have been thinking of Nice these last days. I was fifteen; ah ! how pretty I was then !

My figure, my feet, my hands, were perhaps unformed, but my face was bewitching. It has never been so since. On

my return from Rome, Count Laurenti almost upbraided me. . . .

"Your face has changed," he said to me; "the features, the complexion, are as they were before, but it is no longer the same. . . . You will never again be as you are in this portrait."

He spoke of the portrait in which I was leaning my elbows on the table, with my cheek resting on my hands. "You seem to have come into the room, to have leant your head on your hands, and with your eyes looking out into the future, to be saying to yourself, half in terror, 'And is this life?'"

When I was fifteen there was something childlike in my face, which was there neither before nor after I was fifteen; and that expression is the most bewitching one in the world.

I have discovered some walks in Soden. . . . I do not mean the usual paths up which every visitor thinks himself obliged to climb, but alleys and woods where one sees no one. I love this quiet. Paris or else the desert for me! I do not speak of Rome; it would make me cry directly.

Old Livy tells his story so well; and when in a certain passage you feel that he masks a defeat, or excuses a humiliation, it is almost touching. I tell you Rome has, as yet, been my only love.

Imagine my delight when I hear the ladies talk of their nerves, their acquaintances, their doctors, their dresses, their children! But I isolate myself; I go into the woods, or else I shut my eyes, and then I am where I please.

Tuesday, August 6th.—My hat amuses me, and amuses Soden. I bought of the woman who serves out glasses of water at the springs a blue woollen stocking she had just commenced; at the same time she showed me how to work it.

I at once took up both idea and stocking, and sat down, with Mme. Dutine, in front of the hotel windows to knit the stocking, whilst my aunt and the others went for a walk, I know not in what direction.

A change has come over me. I have become calm, very quiet, and gentle; I am becoming German; I knit stockings—or, rather, a stocking, which will last for ever, because I do not know how to do the heel. I shall never do it, and the stocking will grow longer, and longer, and longer

It will not even be long.

It is pouring. My wit is boundless. Sweet Germany!

My walks do me good. I read, and do not lose my time. Ye sages, glorify me!

Wednesday, August 7th.—Oh! God grant that I may go to Rome! If you knew, O God, how I long for it! Show to thy unworthy child a goodness beyond what she has deserved. Oh! grant that I may go to Rome it is impossible doubtless, for that would be happiness!

It is not Livy who has given me these ideas, for my old friend has been neglected for some days.

No, not Livy, but only the memory of the Campagna, the Piazza di Popolo, the Pincio, and the Cupola in the setting sun

And that divine adorable twilight of the dawn. When the sun rises, and one begins to distinguish little by little how empty and void are all other places! And how holy is the emotion called forth by the memory of the miraculous city so full of enchantment! I think it is not I alone, but every one whom she inspires with inexplicable feelings, due to some mysterious influence some combination of the fabulous past with the holy present; or else I know not how to express it If there were a

man I loved, my wish would be to lead him to Rome, and there to tell him of my love ~~in~~ face of the sun as it sets behind the divine Cupola . . .

If I were struck down ~~by~~ some immense misfortune there, I would go to weep ~~and~~ pray with my eyes lifted to that cupola ; and if I should become the happiest of all mankind, then also would I go there

How flat and *bourgeois* to think that one lives in Paris and yet it is the only city in the world possible, after Rome.

Paris, Saturday, August 17th.—This morning we were . still at Soden.

I had vowed that I would prostrate myself to the ground five hundred times if I found grandpapa alive ; I have fulfilled my promise. He is not dead, but it is almost as bad ; all the same . . . my cure at Ems is a failure.

I hate Paris ! one can be happier, more contented, and satisfied there than elsewhere. In Paris life may be more complete, more intellectual, more glorious—I am far from denying it—but for the life I lead one needs to love the town itself. Towns, like persons, are either sympathetic, or antipathetic to me ; and I cannot make myself like Paris.

Monday, August 19th.—Mlle. E——, who was governess at Madame Anitzkoff's, is now with us, and will be a kind of governess.

I shall show her great respect when I go out shopping, so that shē may be treated with respect, for she herself is not imposing, being short, carotty, young, and sad looking ; a round face, like the moon when the moon is dull. The effect of her face is to make one laugh ; her eyes full of a comical dreaminess ; but with the kind of hat I have thought of she will do, and I shall go to the studio with her.

I console myself for having left Ems, when I see how happy grandpapa is to see me again, dying as he is.

I have a terrible disease; *I am disgusted with myself.* It is not the first time that I have felt I hated myself, but that does not make it less terrible.

To hate another person whom you can avoid is one thing, but to hate yourself, that is indeed torture.

Saturday, August 24th.—I spent an hour in making a sketch of grandpapa lying down; it is on a canvas No. 3. They say it is very good; but you know those white pillows, the white shirt, the white hair, and half-closed eyes, are anything but easy to paint.

Of course I did only the head and shoulders.

I am glad to have this remembrance of him.

The day after to-morrow I shall go the studio, so as to feel less impatient; I cleaned my paint boxes, sorted my colours, and cut my charcoal. During the week I have done all I had to do in the way of business.

Thursday, August 29th.—I don't know by what act of providence I was late. At nine o'clock I was not yet dressed, when some one came to tell me that grandpapa was worse. I dressed, and went to see him several times. Mamma, Aunt, and Dina, were crying. M. G—— came in and out as he liked. I said nothing to him. It is no use preaching at such a terrible time. At ten the priest came, and in a few minutes all was over.

I remained on my knees with him to the end, passing my hand over his poor forehead, or feeling his pulse. I saw him die. Poor dear grandpapa, after so much suffering! I do not like to utter commonplaces. During the religious service which was held by his bedside mamma fell into my arms. They had to carry her away, and put her

to bed in her room. Every one wept aloud; even Nicholas. I cried, too, but silently. He had been laid on his bed, which was ill-arranged. These servants are abominable. They show a zeal which hurts me. I myself arranged the pillows, covering them with fine cambric, trimmed with lace, and draped a shawl round the bed *he* loved—an iron one—which would seem poor to other people. All round I put white muslin. White becomes the goodness of the soul which has taken its flight, the purity of the heart which has ceased to beat. I touched his forehead when it was already cold, and felt neither fear nor disgust. The blow was expected, yet one is stunned when it falls.

I wrote out the telegrams and announcement of the funeral. And I also had to take care of mamma, who had a violent fit of hysterics. I think my behaviour was quite what it should have been. And I do not think because I didn't cry aloud that I have less feeling than the others.

I can no longer distinguish my dreams from my real feelings.

They had to send for mourning dressmakers, &c. My family are capable of dispensing altogether with the outward show of mourning; they will not understand that the world does not take into account the mourning of the soul, and that in their eyes the more crape you display the more convincingly you prove yourself to be a good mother, a good daughter, or an inconsolable widow, as the case may be.

The atmosphere is filled with a fearful mingling of the smell of flowers, of earth and incense. It is hot, and they have closed the shutters.

At two o'clock I began the portrait of my poor dead grandfather, but the sun came into the room at four, so I had to stop, and it will only be a sketch.

I do not know how everything should be done, but I

try instinctively to conform absolutely to etiquette, although I have a heart.

Every moment I open this book, to set down what happens.

Friday, August 30th.—Real life is a hateful and tiresome dream . . . Yet, how happy I might be with just a little happiness. I possess in the highest degree the art of making a little go a long way, and I am not affected by what affects other people.

Sunday, September 1st.—And I see nothing for me . . . nothing but painting. If I were to become a great painter, it would be a divine compensation; I should have the right, before my own conscience, of having feelings and opinions of my own. I should not despise myself for writing down all these trifles. I should be somebody. . . . I might have been nothing, and should be happy in being nothing but the beloved of a ~~man~~ who would be my glory. . . . But now I must be somebody by my own effort.

END OF VOL. I.

